



1935

BWANA

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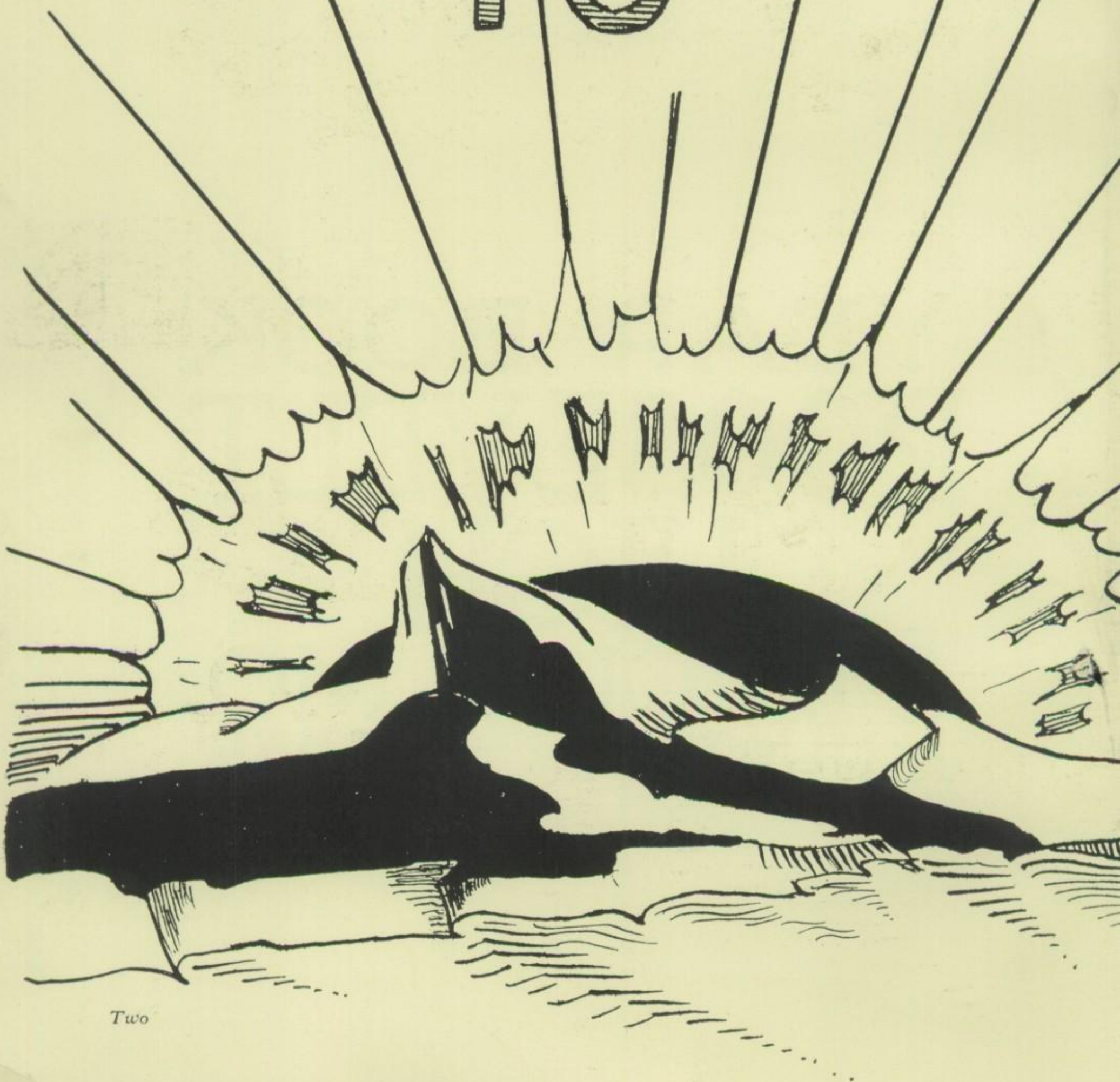
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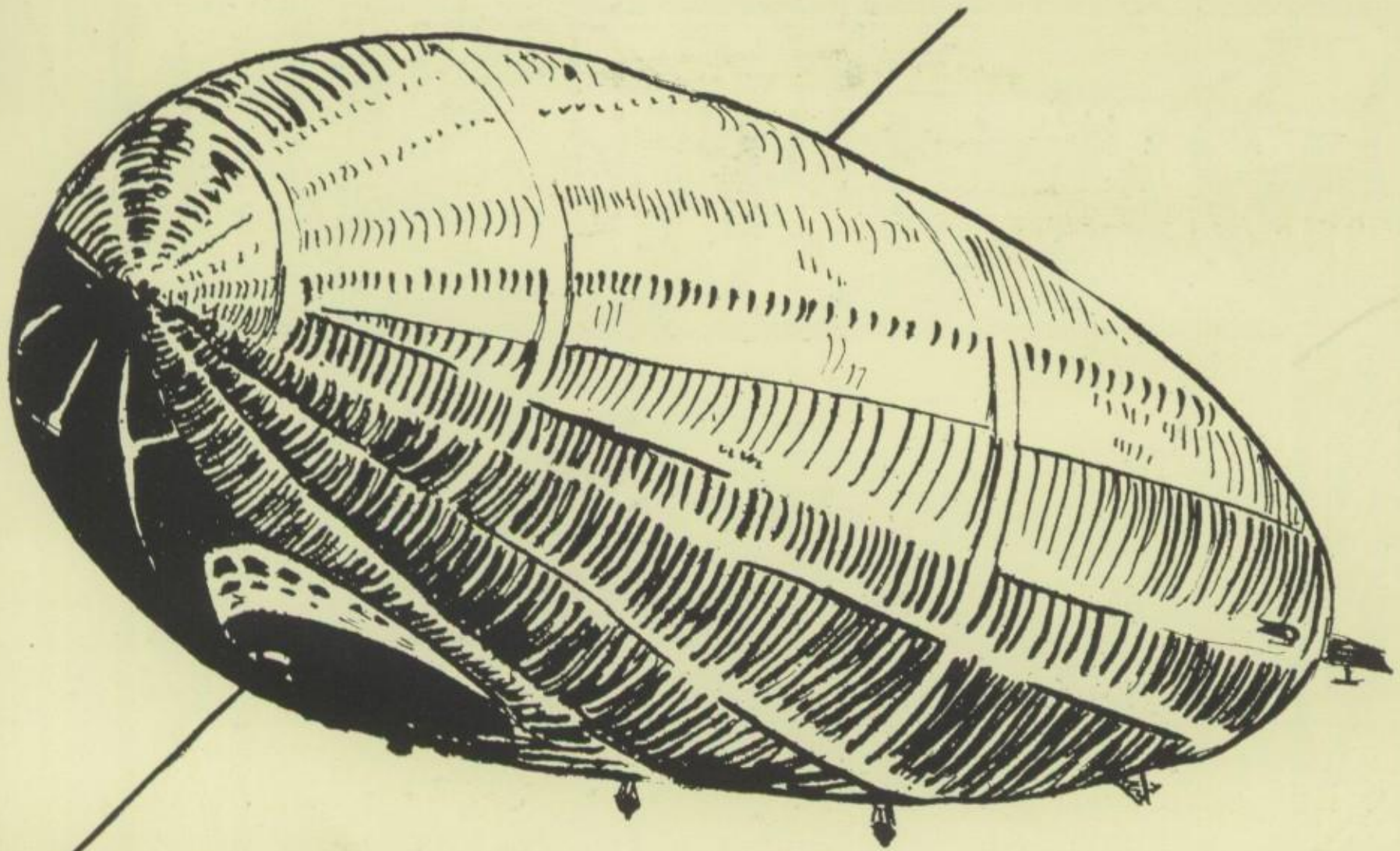
BWANA

YEAR BOOK
ROOSEVELT
HIGH
ST. LOUIS, MO.
JANUARY 1935

DEDICATED

TO





UNCONQUERED WORLD



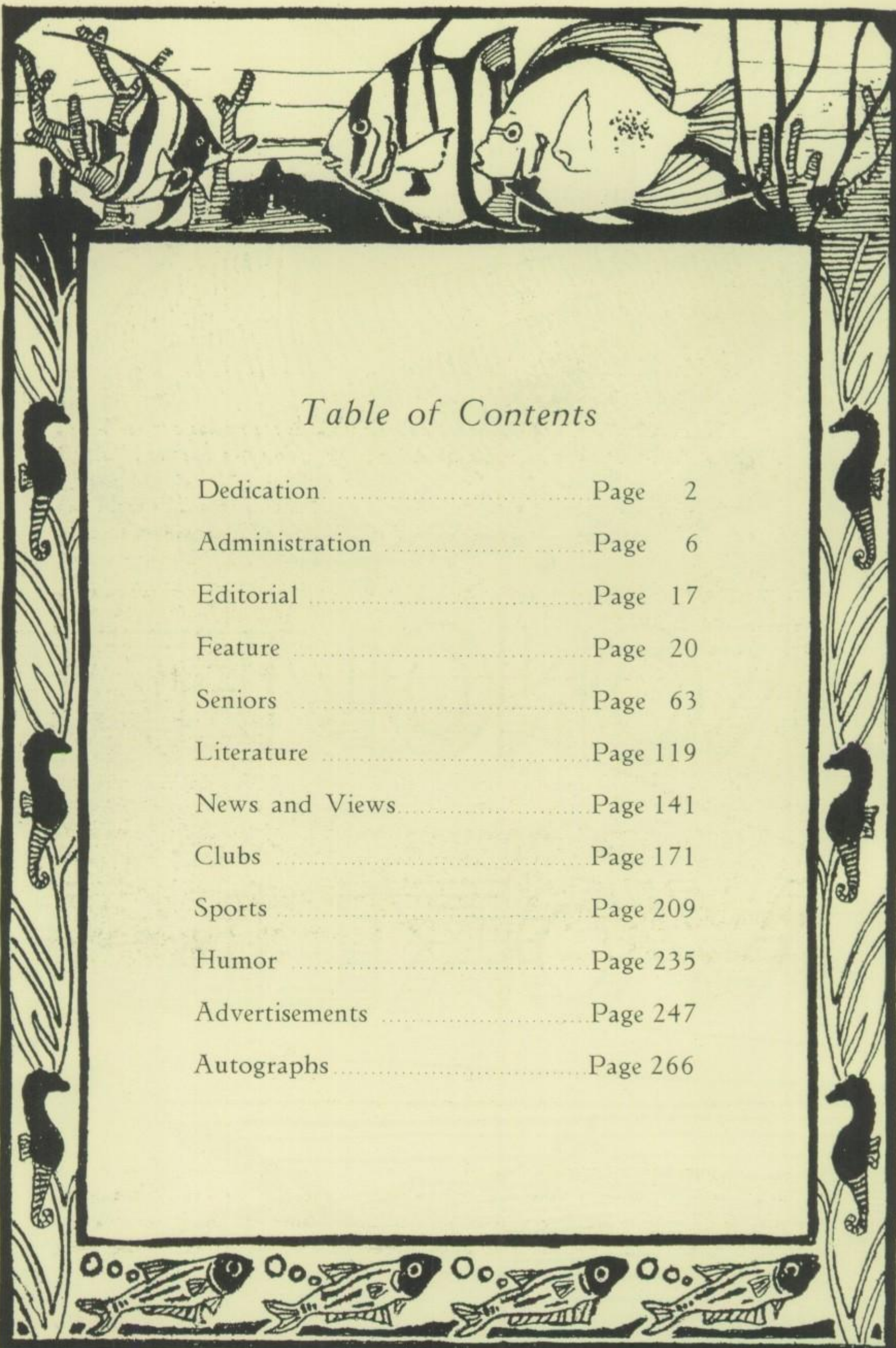
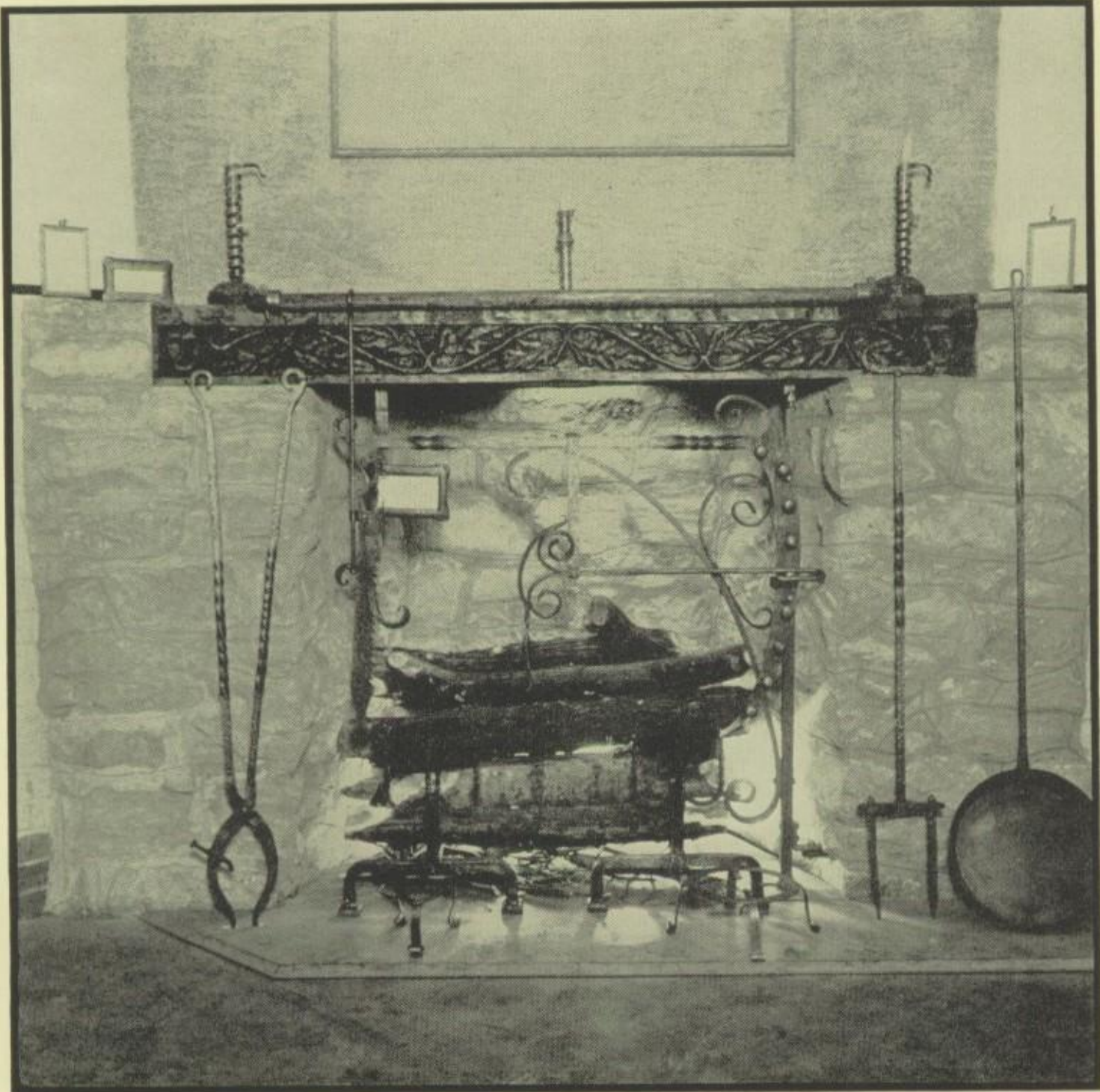


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MAX PAFFRATH

BWANA



*"Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed."
"Snow-Bound" by Whittier.*

This replica of a colonial fire-place, located near the entrance to Room 42, was made by boys in the manual training classes. The crane, trammel, and also many of the smaller articles seen in this picture are made of wrought iron. They are exact reproductions of objects found in many of the well-ordered homes in America in the eighteenth century.

Five

BWANA

A MESSAGE FROM MR. AMMERMAN

Thoreau tells us we should spend more time in "building air-castles in Spain" and more time in "putting foundations under those air-castles".

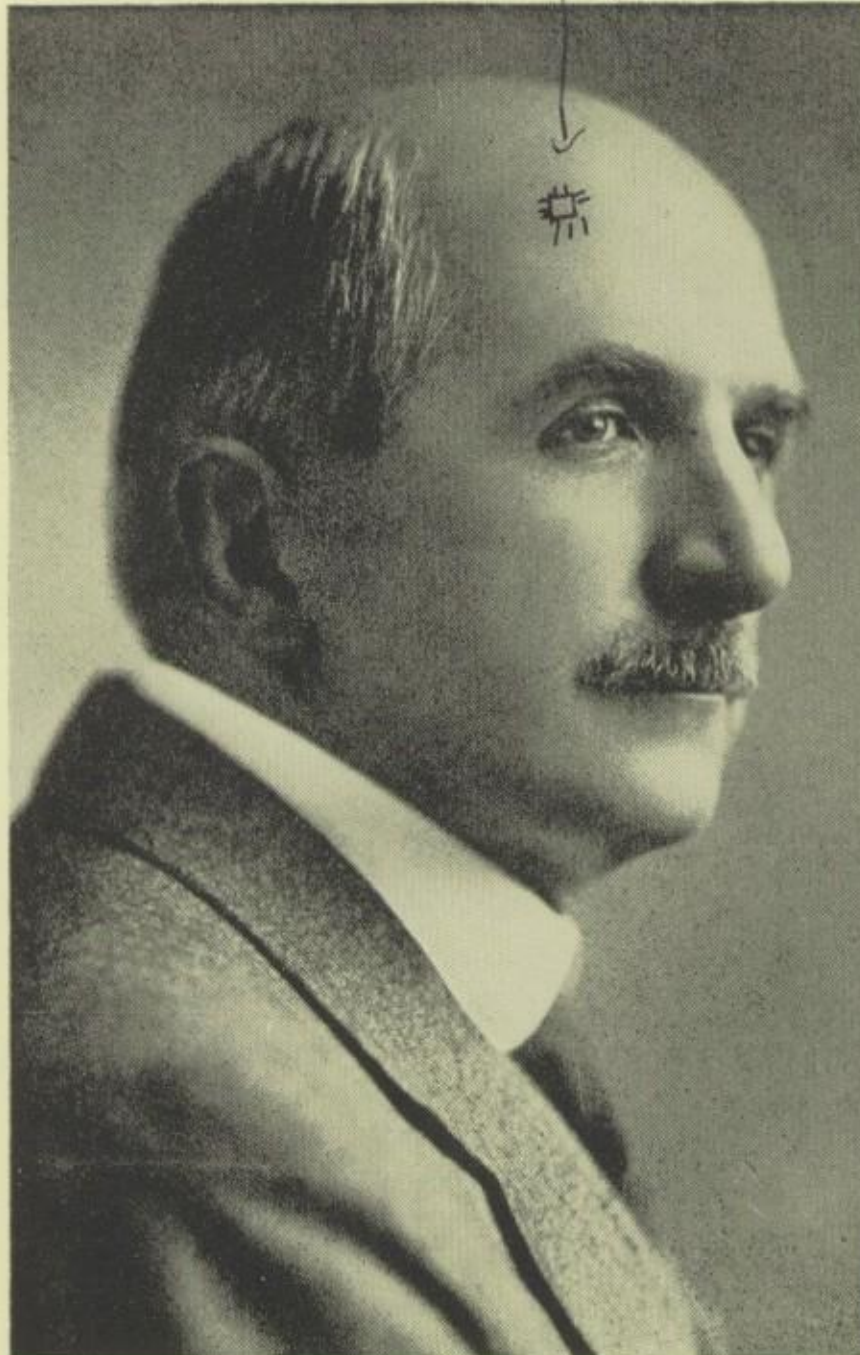
How different this is from the spirit of the times! We think we must do so many things. The day is so full. We do not give ourselves the chance to dream and plan. We accomplish so little. Thoreau is right. We need to "build more air-castles in Spain".

CHARLES AMMERMAN



BWANA

Leakage



MR. CHARLES AMMERMAN
Principal

Chuck

BWANA

A MESSAGE FROM MR. SACKETT

The year 1935 is significant to high school boys and girls because it marks the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first secondary school of America. I want to give you a little sketch of the history of our American public high school.

By secondary education we mean, in general, education in high schools. Where there are junior high schools, the seventh and eighth grades are usually included in this classification; junior colleges, where only two years of college work are taught, are also included.

The first secondary school in America was the Boston Latin School. It still exists as one of the public high schools of Boston, and its principal, or head master as he is called, is Mr. J. L. Powers. On April 23, 1635, only five years after the settlement of Boston and one year before the founding of Harvard College, the citizens "voted that our brother Philemon Pormont shall be intreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing of children with us." It was a school for boys only; girls had not yet had the opportunity of showing that they have equal mentality. It was a free school supported by donations of the citizens.

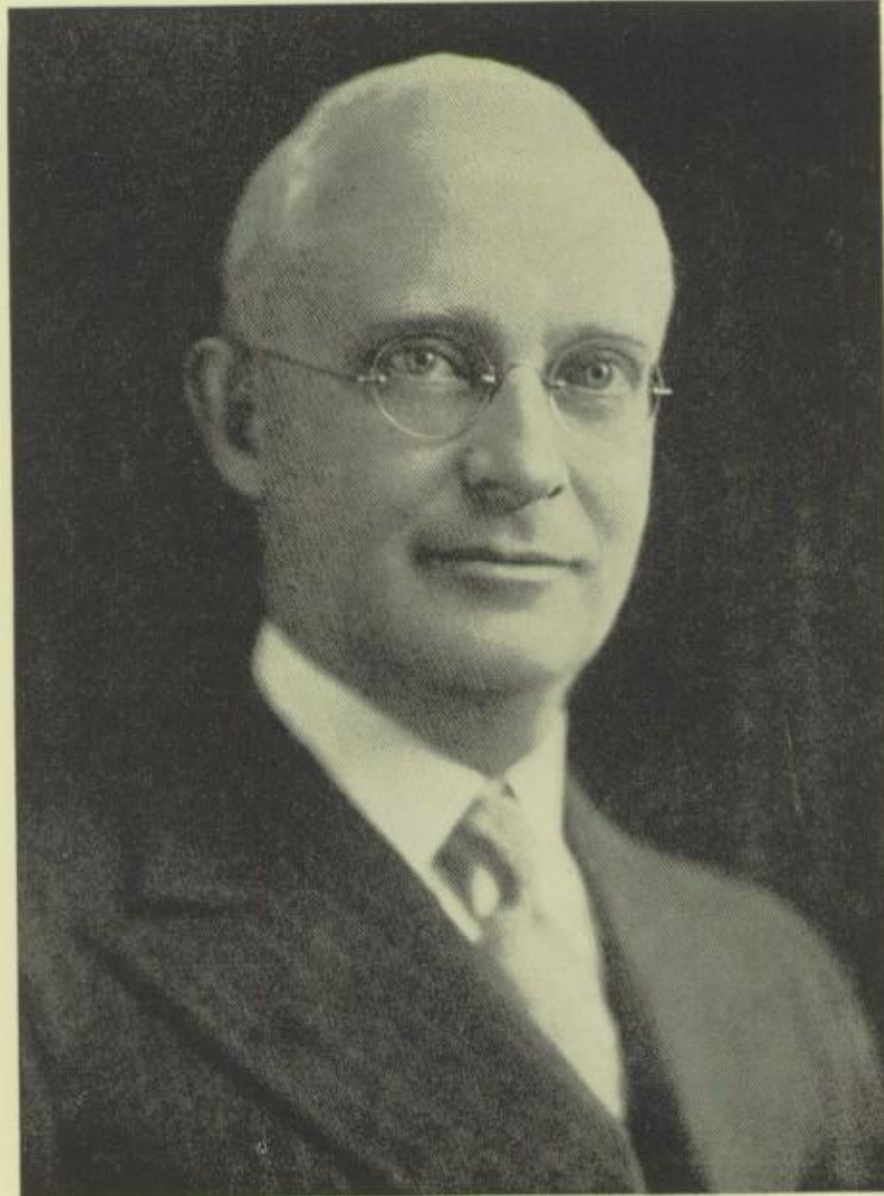
When the colonists settled in America, they naturally tended to found schools similar to those of the home country. In England at this time the prevailing secondary school was the Latin grammar school. This taught chiefly Latin and Greek, and its only purpose was to prepare for college. Pupils entered at an early age—when they were eight or nine—and they were ready for college when they were fourteen! But college in those early days consisted of only more Latin and Greek; the college graduate did not have as good an education as the graduate of a modern high school.

So, in schools like the Boston Latin School, pupils entered early, and early in more than one sense, for school began at seven or eight in the morning. There was a two-hour intermission at noon, and then pupils returned for the afternoon session which lasted until nearly dark!

Girls, however, were not entirely neglected. A few were taught before or after school; and they were taught also on Thursday afternoons, when boys had a half-holiday. Later they were educated in boarding schools called "female seminaries."

But the Latin grammar schools did not fit the pioneer conditions of America. In 1749 Benjamin Franklin published a proposal that a new type of school be established that would put more emphasis on practical education rather than on entrance to college. The number of college students in those

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MR. C. HAROLD SACKETT
Assistant Principal

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days formed a much smaller percentage than today. Such a school, called the Philadelphia Public Academy, was opened in Philadelphia in 1851. The movement spread, and a hundred years later it was estimated that there were six thousand of these academies. At first there were separate academies for boys and girls, but in 1784 one was opened for both girls and boys. This was the beginning of coeducation—the education of boys and girls in the same school.

But as the Latin grammar schools were replaced by the academies, most of the latter were to die and to be replaced by high schools, and the academies gradually became merely schools to prepare for college.

The first high school opened in Boston in 1821, and still exists. It was first called the English Classical School, but three years later the name was changed to English High School. It was a school for boys. In 1824, Worcester, Massachusetts, opened a high school for girls; New York and Boston followed with similar institutions in 1826. The Boston school, however, was so popular that two years later it had to close: so many parents demanded admission of their daughters that the city could not stand the extra expenditure. In this same year, 1826, the first coeducational high school was opened at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

And now, after three hundred years all of the Latin grammar schools and most of the academies have disappeared, but there are about twenty-five thousand public high schools!

C. H. SACKETT



BWANA



WALTER EMES



ROBERT HARLE

Mayors of Roosevelt High

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ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL



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For
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BWANA

BWANA ART MATERIAL

For the art work found in this book we are indebted to the pupils of Miss McColl's seventh term class. (The designs for automobiles, aeroplanes, and locomotives were copied from drawings by Norman Bel Geddes.)



BWANA

UNCONQUERED WORLDS

EVERY exclamation point was once a question mark; every astounding discovery, a baffling mystery. Those marvelous discoveries which are the results of courage, of faith, and of fierce energy have done much for humanity. But it is the baffling mysteries, those eternal, maddening question marks, that are the salvation of the human race. Our generation should be thankful that there still remains so much to be solved, for, if the world ever erases the last challenging question mark, it will probably die of boredom.

It is natural for us to desire that which is out of reach. It is true that we are forever seeking the mysterious things that elude us. But, after all, which is more marvelous—the possession of the object which beckoned us, or the “thrill of the chase?” Too often we learn that the moon which glowed as an enchanted fairyland of radiant of light is only a cold, dark body covered with extinct volcanoes. If a scientist were able to reach Mars, he might be painfully disappointed by the planet itself, but would he ever forget the thrill of his mad whirl through the stratosphere?

Why have explorers chosen such lives of danger? What will be their reward? Certainly not the gratitude of a nonchalant world which in a few years will look upon their achievement as a matter of course! Explorers exist simply because of those same accursed—yet, oh, how blessed—question marks, those beckoning, challenging mysteries that have driven men insane, that have claimed human lives, and that are still so wonderful because they have kept the world from becoming stale.

No one has ever been given a chance to live until he has been challenged; no one has ever truly lived until he has accepted. Let us not become so satisfied with the achievements of others that we overlook the defiance in the unconquered worlds about us. It is easy to loll in satisfaction, but it is not thrilling. How stupid to say that there is nothing left to be discovered when a million moons are glaring their challenges! It is to these beckoning, mocking moons, these symbols of untamed perils, these lands of fascinating mystery, that the youth of today owes its chance for an adventurous and active life, spurred on by the insistence of determination. And it is to these eternal, maddening question marks that the 1935 BWANA is dedicated.

AUDREY THYSON



BWANA

THE ROOSEVELT SPIRIT

To Theodore Roosevelt, "unconquered worlds" held an appeal which engaged his noblest efforts. His indomitable will, his aggressive spirit, and his thirst for the new, the unknown, kept him ever entering upon the uncharted course.

New worlds to conquer are ours. True, much has been accomplished in many new fields of activity in recent years. But there remain just as many fields to be opened for exploration as have already been conquered. A few years ago, the possibility of a conversation between a person in New York and one in London seemed fantastic. This feat has now been accomplished; and before long, through the use of television, we shall be able to see the person to whom we are talking. Medical science, too, has progressed to a point undreamed of. Forty years ago "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" caused mirth wherever mentioned. Today, men like Lindbergh and Post have flown over the ocean and around the world. Regular airplane passenger service is maintained between distant points. But there are many battles yet unfought and frontiers yet unsubdued. We are just beginning to learn the secrets which the stratosphere holds. We may certainly expect that there will be as great progress in the fields of transportation, science, and wireless communication in the coming years as there has been in the past.

We at Roosevelt would do well to strive for that desire to do, that desire to explore the new, that desire to achieve which was so firmly possessed and so eloquently expressed by him whose name our school bears. We may, by reflection upon the events of that life so full and eventful, gain for ourselves a spark of the Roosevelt spirit.

NORTHCUTT COIL



BWANA

UNCONQUERED WORLDS

SINCE time immemorial, there have always been worlds to conquer. In the beginning there was so very little known of our surroundings that the thought of conquering the realms of the land, the sea,—yes, even the sky, must have been bewildering. Then, gradually, the world, like a moth, came out of its cocoon to try its wings.

Think of the courage and stamina of those first pioneers in the fields of exploration on land and sea. It is difficult to realize the fears of Columbus upon starting on his unforgettable voyage, the anticipation of hardships by the Pilgrim fathers and other founders of our country, and the anxiety of pioneers such as Daniel Boone.

After our country had been explored and settled, did not our people go on conquering worlds in the sense of trying to solve problems of government? Let us not forget Raoul Amundsen and Commodore Peary, brave adventurers, who explored the north pole. To cite a still more recent example, what of Colonel Lindbergh? Was he not helping to conquer the realms of the sky when he succeeded in crossing the Atlantic Ocean by aeroplane in 1927? Rear-Admiral Byrd has certainly added to our knowledge of the world in which we live by his marvelous work in Little America.

Surely we can take these examples of courage and bravery as models in our daily life. When it seems to us that everything has been fathomed, we must realize that our knowledge, in comparison to the mysteries which still lie before us, is comparatively small. Most of us today have neither the ability nor the inclination to go down in history as great navigators or as explorers of a new land. However, each of us must attempt to conquer his own world in his own small way. We must set a goal and allow no obstacle to intervene until that goal is reached. Let us conquer our own world.

DOLORES PITTS



Feature Section

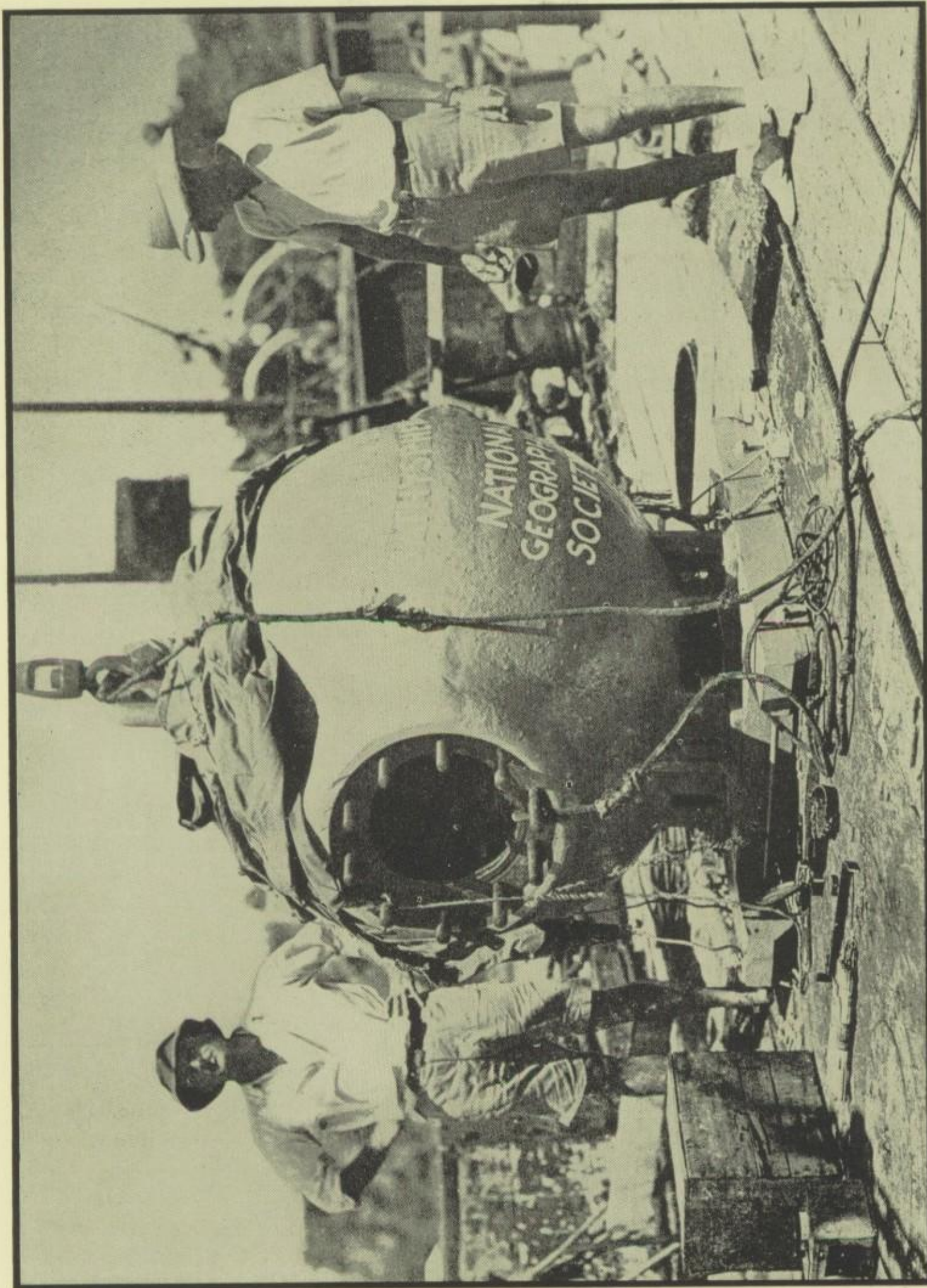
AN EXPLORER OF THE DEEP

E HEAR much about the daring of those who explore the far North, the adventures of those who seek the far South, of those who fly over tropical jungles or unexplored countries, but until Dr. Beebe devised the globe that enables him to go down to the depths of the sea, we knew very little of the beauties and mysteries of the deep.

Charles William Beebe, who was born on July 20, 1877, is an author as well as a diver. He writes in a most entertaining style, with a human, moving, and whimsical manner, interspersed with occasional side trips into fancy and philosophy. We, however, are interested in him as a deep sea diver, the one man who knows more of deep sea life from personal observation than anyone else. He has made several descents to a quarter of a mile, and one to 2,510 feet. From the bathysphere in which he descends, he has taken pictures and gathered information heretofore impossible to get.

In 1929 Mr. Otis Barton and Dr. Beebe conceived the idea of descending into the ocean in a large steel sphere with heavy quartz windows. This sphere was to be strong enough to permit them to enter, be sealed up, and to be kept alive at the bottom of the ocean. Mr. Barton did most of the work, but Dr. Beebe helped him with a few small suggestions. Most of all, however, Beebe aided him with his indomitable spirit and his unshaken belief in the success of the venture. When the steel sphere finally took shape, they in turn called it a tank, a cylinder, and a ball. One day Beebe was writing the name of a deep sea fish—*Bathytroctes*—and he decided that the Greek prefix meaning deep was very appropriate. He coined the word *Bathysphere*, and so it remained.

The first time William Beebe descended into the ocean several miles off the coast of the Bermuda Island, he realized that he had added thousands upon thousands of wonderful miles to his possible joy of earthly life. When he crawled painfully into the sphere, his emotions were such that he was nearly tongue-tied. The only thing he could ask for was a pillow to make himself more comfortable. The inside of the sphere was four and one-half feet in diameter, and at first it seemed quite roomy, but Beebe said the longer he was in it, the smaller it felt. He was slowly and gently lowered over the side, and the last visible link he had of the world he was leaving was the hull of the ship. When he reached the depth of six hundred feet, he began to realize the great adventure he had undertaken. It is true that other human beings had been to that depth before, but he was the first man to look out at the strange illumination that his electric torch made when it cut through the dark blue. When he reached the depth of eight hundred feet, he called a halt. He felt that was deep enough for his first dive. He was on deck about an hour after he had started, feeling rather surprised that he had suffered no ill effects from his journey. When he climbed out of the sphere,



Courtesy of Acme Newspictures

JUST BEFORE DR. BEEBE (RIGHT) AND OTIS BARTON (LEFT) DESCENDED INTO THE SEA

(The record dive of 2,510 feet was made on August 11, 1934)

BWANA

however, the lower half of his body was practically paralyzed, and his legs and feet were sound asleep. The most impressive thing about the descent was, to Beebe, the slow change of color from dark blue to blacker blue.

After his first trip, Beebe began to wish for all sorts of new apparatus. The next trip he made was five days later, and he and Otis Barton had devised a number of improvements. There were shelves for books, writing materials, and sample colors, and the inside of the sphere was painted black so that there would be no reflections. A camera was placed in a tight brass box so that moving pictures could be taken, and sheets of zinc and pads of waterproof paper were taken to make needed notes.

The most exciting places to dive are probably the reefs and shallows far from shore, like those of Bermuda. In the Galapagos, jet black rocks, over which crawl crabs, cast jet black shadows, and red octopi creep out of the crevices. The Australian barrier reef is shrouded in mystery, and expeditions are just beginning to explore it. Alaskan ocean life, however, is certainly the most weird. Sharks, although not Arctic as a race, are frequently seen in Alaskan waters. To dive there, it was necessary for Beebe to encase himself in a heated wool-lined suit. The waters in the South Pacific are exactly the opposite of the Alaskan waters. There are the most luxuriant reefs and shallows. Many types of fish exist, and a thousand printings need never repeat species, form, pattern, or color in their composition. The thing that impressed Beebe most when he dived in the tropics was the brilliance of color. The fish are rainbow-tinted, and corals send up unearthly purple branches. Here one can climb into growth formed from boulders six to eight feet across. After Beebe had dived down one place in the tropics many times, he said that the individual fish could be recognized immediately and were claimed as friends.

It is hard to picture what it is like a mile beneath the surface. It is darker than anything or any place at all in the upper world—a darkness so intense that nothing can penetrate it. The temperature lies between the freezing point of fresh water and salt water. Some deep-sea fish are soft when brought to the surface, others have scales as hard as a surface fish. The fish have two alternatives to find their way in the dark. They may develop long tenacles, called feelers. In this case, the eyes in time become reduced and are not visible at all. On the other hand, as they enter the lightless zone, Nature may come to the aid of some of the deep sea beings and provide illumination from their own bodies. On some fish there are searchlights on cheeks, foreheads, and tails, which no doubt are of great importance in signalling and answering in the search for mates. Others have glows of fire on their sides which perhaps send messages of friendly recognition to scattered members of the school. The lantern-fish, instead of having half a dozen scales like those caught in the net, are ablaze with their full armor of iridescence. Beebe caught the flash of their light organs for only an instant. At eleven hundred

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feet, Beebe saw strange fish. As he watched them, from the sides of several of them flashed six or eight bright greenish lights, which had such a blinding effect on his eyes that the fish vanished completely, leaving not a trace of light behind them. To this day, Beebe has no idea what they were.

At the surface of the ocean the fish are usually ultramarine blue on top and white underneath to match the colors of the open sea. Surface fish are seen to a depth of one hundred feet. A little deeper, most of the fish are rather transparent, and still deeper the fish are semi-transparent, silver, or pink. About five hundred fathoms downward is the scarlet and black zone. Most of the fish are black, and the majority of the worms and crustaceans are flame-red.

As far down in the ocean as the sunlight penetrates, there are minute plants that furnish food to numberless fish, shrimp, and other sea creatures. Beginning half a mile down, however, is a world of non-vegetarians. The surface creatures form the food of the tenants of the twilight zone, and these in turn are devoured by the monsters of the black depths.

Beebe noticed that ocean life was still abundant at twelve hundred feet. At twelve hundred fifty feet several of the silver hatchets passed, going upward. Suddenly Beebe saw not one form of ocean life, and between twelve hundred fifty and thirteen hundred feet were fifty feet of terrible emptiness. Not one light or organism was seen, and the ocean appeared to be an entirely different shade of blue. It seemed to Beebe that its most prominent characteristic was its transparency. At thirteen hundred feet, much to Beebe's relief, life, mostly luminous, again became visible. Barton had just read the thermometer at seventy-two degrees when he saw three squids shoot in and out of the light, changing from black to barred white as they moved. At fourteen hundred feet Beebe saw several creatures of remarkably large size which hovered in the distance.

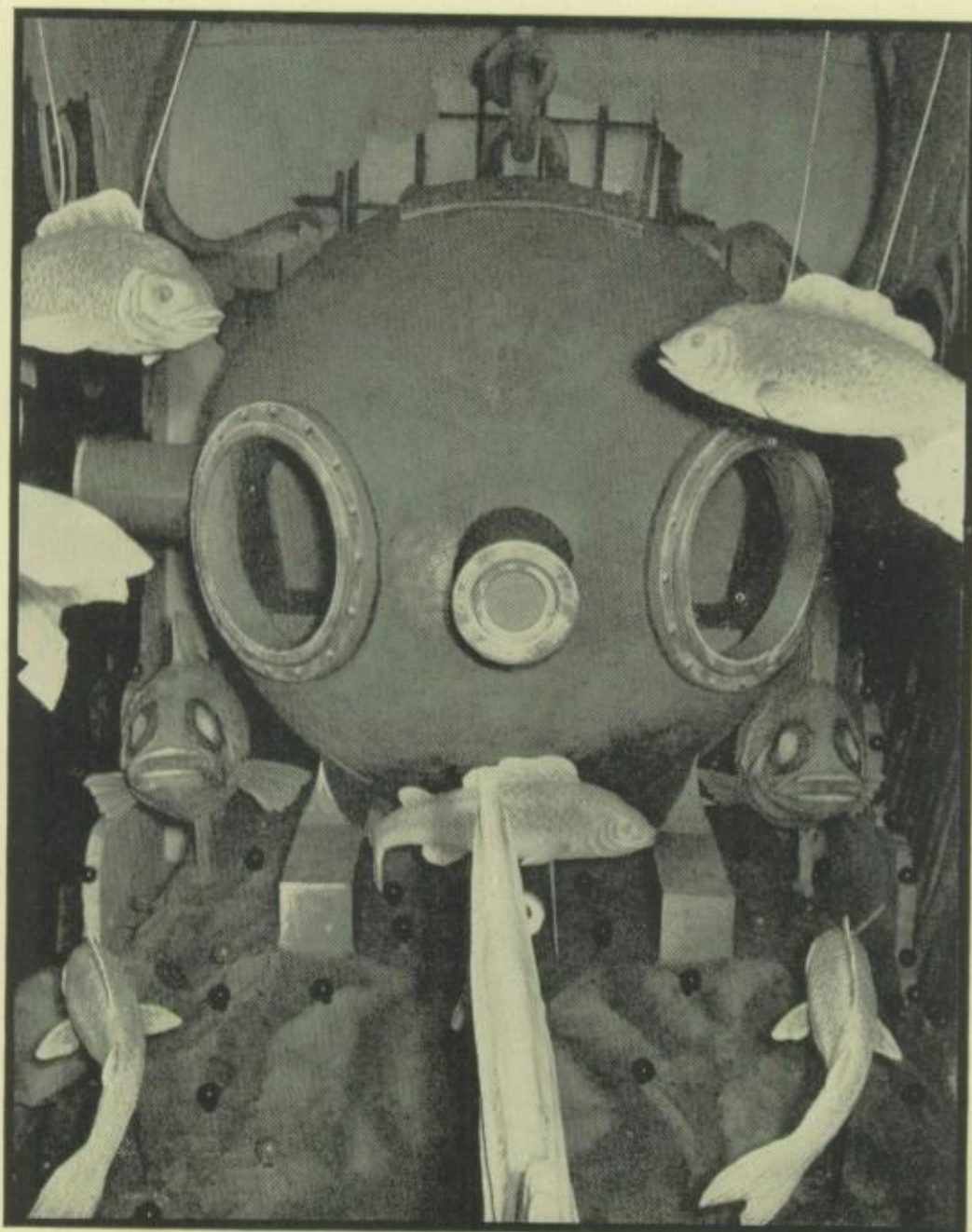
On June 20, 1930, Beebe had made fifteen descents, one to fourteen hundred feet and several to eight hundred feet. Beebe said that several times he saw an amazing change of courtesy between the larger and smaller fish. To the ever-occurring question of how did he feel, Beebe can only quote the words of Herbert Spencer. He felt like "an infinitesimal atom floating in illimitable space."

SALLY CHASE



Twenty-three

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Courtesy of St. Louis Post-Dispatch

DR. BEEBE'S FLOAT

In the 1934 Veiled Prophet's Parade, the outstanding float, that of Dr. William Beebe's bathysphere, was one of most suggestive and interpretive that the city has seen for some time. The blue and green indirect lighting showed the beauty of the sea floor. It was a color scheme of intermingled pink, white, and soft purple tints. The pink sea anemones and corals made one almost gasp with their startling likeness to these animals of the sea. Nothing was too vivid; nothing was out of place. One saw devil-fish, sharks, and lesser animals of numerous descriptions seemingly swimming around in the depths. The representation of the bathysphere itself was very convincing. It was a silver sphere with openings on all sides, representing the quartz windows in the original.

MARGARET HILL

Twenty-four

1935

EXPLORING THE STRATOSPHERE

ONLY recently have people in general become interested in the stratosphere. It has been only within the last fifty years that much of the knowledge which we now possess of the gaseous portion of our sphere has been accumulated. The principal reason for the rapid growth of interest in this field is the possibility of using it as a lane for long distance flying. This would be desirable because it would mean the elimination of the storms, fogs, and winds encountered in the lower atmosphere and because much greater speed would be possible since less resistance would be offered by the air. There are, however, several problems involved. The most important of these is the difficulty of designing aircraft suitable for use in this region of extreme cold and diminished supply of oxygen. These problems are not beyond solution. Probably the intensive study which is being made of the stratosphere at the present time may lead to its being conquered in the near future.

Until almost the end of the nineteenth century observations had been confined to the lower regions, and the conditions in the upper regions of the atmosphere could only be surmised. Observations made up to a height of two or three miles by means of sounding and passenger carrying balloons had shown that up to about three thousand meters above the earth conditions are very variable with regard to air currents and temperature. Above that level the changes in temperature were found to be more uniform, and the winds become generally more easterly in direction and much stronger. From this knowledge scientists assumed that decreasing temperature and increasing wind velocity would continue until the outermost portions of the atmosphere were reached.

In 1898 this supposition was upset by de Bort, a French meteorologist, who, by means of sounding balloons, made observations at higher altitudes than had formerly been attained. His conclusions were consistent with the early observations up to about eleven kilometers above sea-level. At that point, however, the temperature remained constant or even increased with the altitude. The first name given to this newly discovered region was "isothermal layer"; later it was changed to the present term, "stratosphere".

The work and theories of de Bort have been confirmed and further advanced by numerous scientists since that time, among whom Gold, Milne, and Humphreys have been particularly important.

Auguste Piccard, a Swiss-Belgian professor, accompanied by his brother Jean, made a stratosphere flight in 1913 in an effort to measure the density and temperature of the gas inside their balloon. In May, 1931, and in August, 1932, Piccard made two more balloon ascents to study the cosmic rays in the stratosphere. It was believed that this would lead to other discoveries, such as the reason for the fading of wave-length and the cause of

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the queer signals which interest Marconi. Professor Piccard has proved that the air in the stratosphere, instead of lying in layers each colder than the one below, stands in huge columns, each with its own temperature, and is much less dense than near the earth's surface. On October 23, 1934, Professor Piccard and his wife made a balloon ascent in which they hoped to reach a height of sixty thousand feet. Their purpose was to observe the cosmic rays. They were forced to land without making the intended study. Piccard's flights are important and have served to focus public attention upon the stratosphere.

A very recent stratosphere flight was the National Geographic Society-United States Army Air Corps Stratosphere Expedition, which was planned in the fall of 1933 and took place in July, 1934. The members of the crew were Major Wm. E. Kepner, pilot; Captain Albert W. Stevens, observer, one of the foremost aerial photographers in the world; and Captain Orvil A. Anderson, alternate. The base of the flight, Stratocamp, was located in the Black Hills of South Dakota, twelve miles southwest of Rapid City. This site was chosen because it was a point far enough west to permit the balloon to drift seven or eight hundred miles east and land in comparatively unforested country; the record of the region was promising for good summer flying weather; and the spot was sheltered from surface winds. The camp, established in June, was like a small city with its own drainage system, sawdust-paved streets, waterworks, two electric lighting systems, parking spaces, a fire department, a hospital and an ambulance, traffic officers, three telephone lines, two radio stations, and a special weather station, which ranked in fullness of information furnished with the half dozen most important weather stations in the United States. It was inhabited by scientists, army officers, veteran balloonists, troops, and many civilian workers; all of whom were kept busy for almost two months in preparation for the flight.

As the instruments were to be of full laboratory size to insure accuracy, it was necessary to build a gondola larger than any previously sent aloft. In view of the enormous weight of the gondola and instruments and the height to which the weight had to be lifted, the balloon had to be the largest ever constructed. At the end of five months, the balloon, airtight and holding three million cubic feet of gas when fully inflated, was completed.

The crew took a Fairchild aerial camera to record instrument readings, showing the position and altitude of the balloon at all times, the rate of ascent or descent, the direction of drift, and the velocity of air currents. The instrument that would afford new information regarding the distribution of ozone and the height of its center of concentration was the spectrograph. Three electroscopes for use in obtaining data on the penetration of cosmic rays and a Geiger counter apparatus to record the directions of movement of cosmic rays were also taken. Two sealed barographs were hung outside to determine the altitude reached. An extra light transmitting and receiving



Official Photograph U. S. Army Air Corps

THE CREW OF THE U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS—NAT'L GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY STRATOSPHERE
BALLOON "EXPLORER"

(Reading from left to right: Cap't A. W. Stevens, Major W. E. Kepner, Cap't O. A. Anderson)

BWANA

set, enabling them to receive weather and other important information and to give reports of their changing positions to the earth during the trip, was built for the flight by the National Broadcasting Company.

This preparatory work, begun early in June, was completed July 9. As photography was to play an important part in the work, it was essential to make the flight during very special weather conditions covering an area of seven or eight hundred miles to the east. Cloudless skies and good visibility were needed. Current weather maps were completed every morning and evening. On July 27 the weather conditions were suitable.

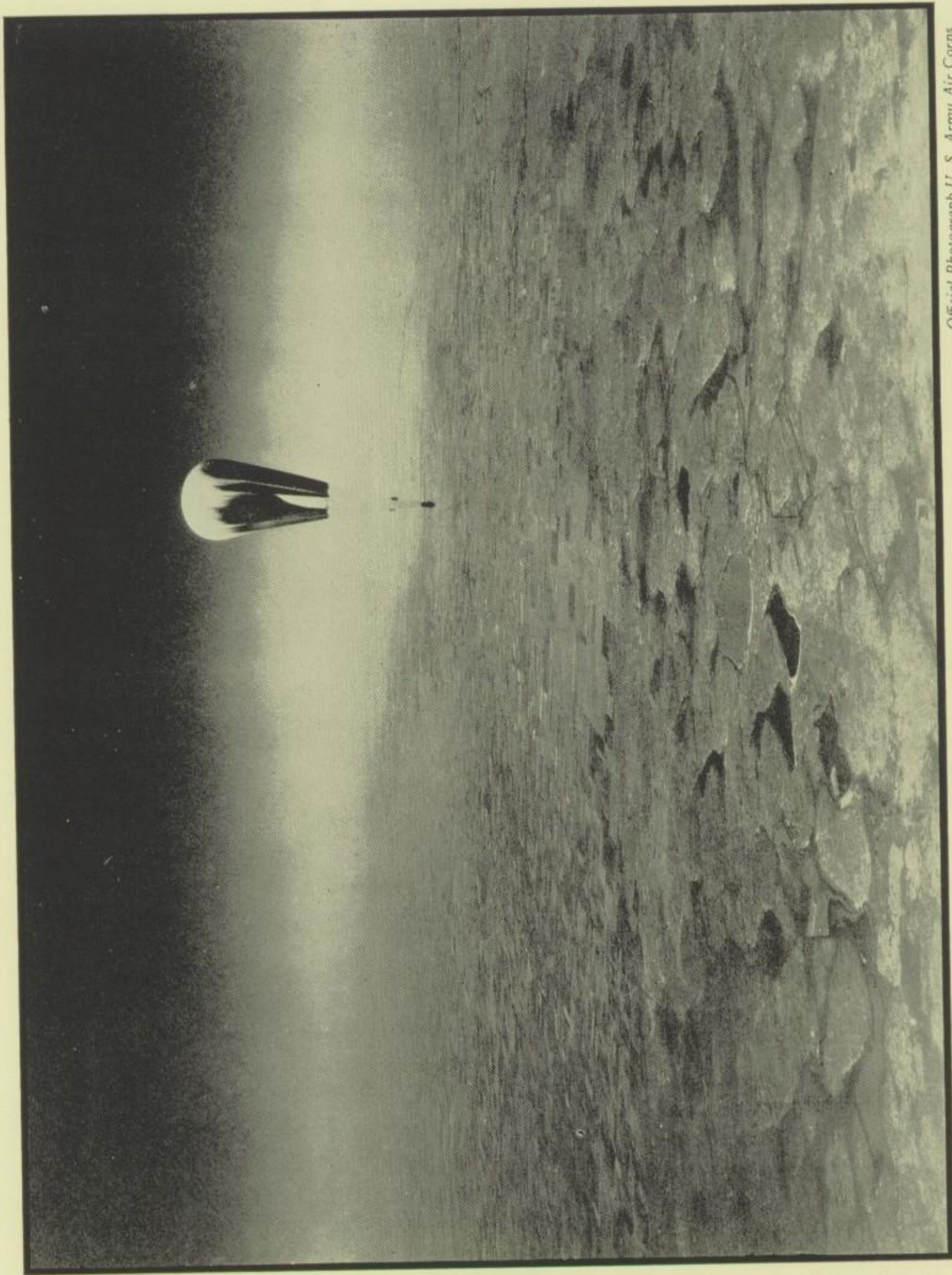
The men took off shortly after sunrise. At forty thousand feet they stopped. On no previous flight had a balloon been stopped halfway between the ground and the maximum altitude. They had planned that at a height of about sixty-five thousand feet the balloon would stop rising and that by discharging additional ballast they would rise to at least seventy-five thousand feet. At sixty thousand six hundred thirteen feet, however, only six hundred twenty-four feet from equalling the official world record for altitude in a balloon ascent, the bag ripped. In three-fourths of an hour they had descended to forty thousand feet. Half an hour later they were down to twenty thousand. It became urgent to lessen the weight in the gondola. They discharged ballast, attached some of the instruments to parachutes and dropped them, poured out the remaining liquid air, and threw out the two empty containers attached to parachutes. Even in this crisis Captain Stevens, Major Kepner, and Captain Anderson were careful to throw out nothing in a way which might injure people on the ground. At a little more than half a mile from the ground the men jumped, coming down safely in a cornfield near Holdrege, Nebraska. They really should have left sooner, but they did not wish to abandon the scientific apparatus and wanted to be near it when they landed. Lieutenant J. F. Phillips and Sergeant G. B. Gilbert, making pictures as they followed in an airplane, photographed the final collapse of the balloon.

Much of the valuable apparatus was a mass of wreckage, and many feet of film were a total loss. If some of the negatives on which nearly all the reports were registered can be salvaged, much valuable information will be disclosed. It is believed that some of the photographs will furnish valuable scientific information. The preliminary reports from the several scientific laboratories are somewhat encouraging; and, if sufficient data were saved, it is possible that the laboratory measurements originally planned can be made.

The balloon, gondola, and apparatus of the flight, which lasted nine hours and fifty-seven minutes, cost less than sixty thousand dollars. This cost, borne largely by the National Geographic Society, was also shared by individuals, corporations, and laboratories interested in the advancement of knowledge.

During the flight small quartz tubes containing ten different kinds of spores furnished by the Department of Agriculture were hung outside. In

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Official Photograph U. S. Army Air Corps

THE U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS—NAT'L GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY STRATOSPHERE BALLOON
"EXPLORER" ENTERING THE STRATOSPHERE

BWANA

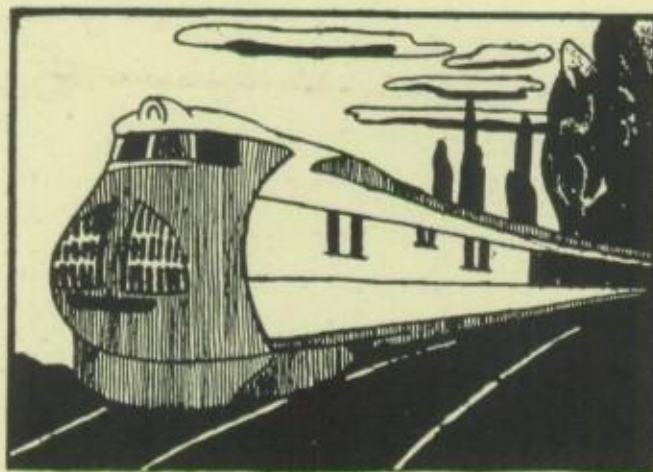
spite of the rough treatment, including the intense cold, thin air, and the blazing sunlight of the stratosphere, the spores were unharmed.

The distinguishing feature of the stratosphere is its temperature. This varies with the conditions existing at the surface of the earth, such as the season, latitude, surface altitude, and barometric pressure. The average height of the lower boundary of the stratosphere is about seven miles above sea-level, varying sometimes because of the same conditions that cause the temperature to vary. It is generally believed that the temperature begins to decrease again at the altitude of forty or fifty miles. Other interesting characteristics of the stratosphere are its freedom from storms and clouds, and its very moderate winds.

Humphreys, in giving his summary of the situation existing in the earth's atmosphere, said: "We have two distinct atmospheres that intermingle but slightly: a lower one with a large negative temperature gradient; and an upper one with a small positive gradient. The lower contains two-thirds to three-fourths of the entire mass of such gases of the air as oxygen, nitrogen, and all members, except helium, of the argon family; a still greater proportion of the carbon dioxide and nearly all the water vapor."

The data obtained from this flight make it the most important exploration of the stratosphere. Captain Stevens, Major Kepner, and Captain Anderson deserve much credit for their work.

FRANCES WILLERT



OUR OWN STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT

LET us curl up in our comfortable overstuffed chairs, tune in on our favorite radio program, and page through the latest number of the current magazine. What's this? "EXPLORERS ASCEND TEN MILES INTO THE STRATOSPHERE." This sounds interesting; let's see the next headline. "After months of preparation, scientists reach their goal." As we read the article, we are living each moment of that historic ascent; in fact, we imagine that we are actually floating up into the rare atmosphere.

We look up for a moment to glance at our altimeter. Our hearts give a sudden leap as we discover that we have risen ten miles. We hastily look out of the nearest port-hole, and, to our amazement, we beheld a glorious sight. The sky is a deep violet—almost black—ten times darker than on the earth. Old Sol seems much brighter up here than he does at sea level. We can't believe our eyes; we take another look. We see below us a giant relief map of tiny forests, rivers, and fields. The mountains look like miniature reproductions, and even the widest rivers appear to be nothing more than long, silver strings. We make a few hasty calculations and find that, if there were no mist, we could see a circle of earth having a diameter of 560 miles; this is equal to a surface of 250,000 square miles. We are really up in the air!

Long before this thrilling half hour, however, the stage had been set for the ascent. Experts had spent many months designing and building our balloon, one of the largest ever made. Almost two acres of rubber-impregnated cloth were used in shaping the enormous envelope. While it was under construction, it had been exposed in no way to weather conditions. All windows in the factory had been sealed and only filtered air had been admitted; the workers had discarded their shoes and donned cloth coverings for their feet; every seam in the giant bag had been cemented and reinforced with tape on both sides. Indeed, every effort had been made to build a perfect balloon. Our gondola is a large, air-tight ball seven feet in diameter made of aluminum .138 of an inch thick; it is provided with two manholes and eight little portholes; and it contains enough room for two men and the circular instrument boards that run all the way around. The earphones on our helmets and the microphones attached to the wall enable us to talk to practically anyone in the United States. For weeks before we hopped off, we received weather reports twice a day from the U. S. Weather Bureau. Finally word came last night that our ascent could be made this morning. Four inches of sawdust were spread within a level circle 200 feet in diameter; this was covered with canvas ground cloths to keep the fabric dry and clean. Next, the bag itself was brought from its factory and placed within this circle. Tanks containing 200,000 cubic feet of hydrogen were emptied into the giant envelope partially inflating it. While this was being done, instruments and batteries were being installed in our gondola according to a definite schedule. Everything moved like clockwork. When the ground activities had been

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completed, and the final farewells made, the order to cast off was given. At last, we were on our way into the stratosphere.

We slowly ascended for a few hundred feet, levelled off to make the final adjustments to our instruments outside the gondola, and then sealed ourselves in our lofty, air-tight prison. For the first time we discovered what a livable place it is. We do not feel the effects of the rare atmosphere even yet since the air pressure within is the same as it is at ground level. Our breathing apparatus has been working very efficiently for such a simple device: an electric fan sends blasts of air across the coils of liquid oxygen and toward the screen of chemicals that is absorbing the carbon dioxide generated by our breathing. We are comfortably warm even though the thermometer outside one of the ports reads 80 degrees below 0, Fahrenheit. The Geiger counter apparatus, designed to record the directions of the movements of the cosmic rays, is particularly interesting. The magnetic relays of this instrument click when a ray passes through the apparatus in a certain narrow path. You remember that when we were still on the ground the rate of clicks were one or two a minute; but listen to them now! These relays sound like the many typewriters in a large newspaper office. Evidently, then, these rays are coming in more than fifty times as fast in the stratosphere as they did at ground level. Unfortunately, we cannot determine the origin of these rays. Our calculations fail to show whether they are produced in the far off nebulae, the stars, the depths of infinite space, the upper layer of our atmosphere, or indirectly by the sun. Although the mystery of the cosmic rays is still unsolved, we can say that we have contributed some knowledge toward their measurement.

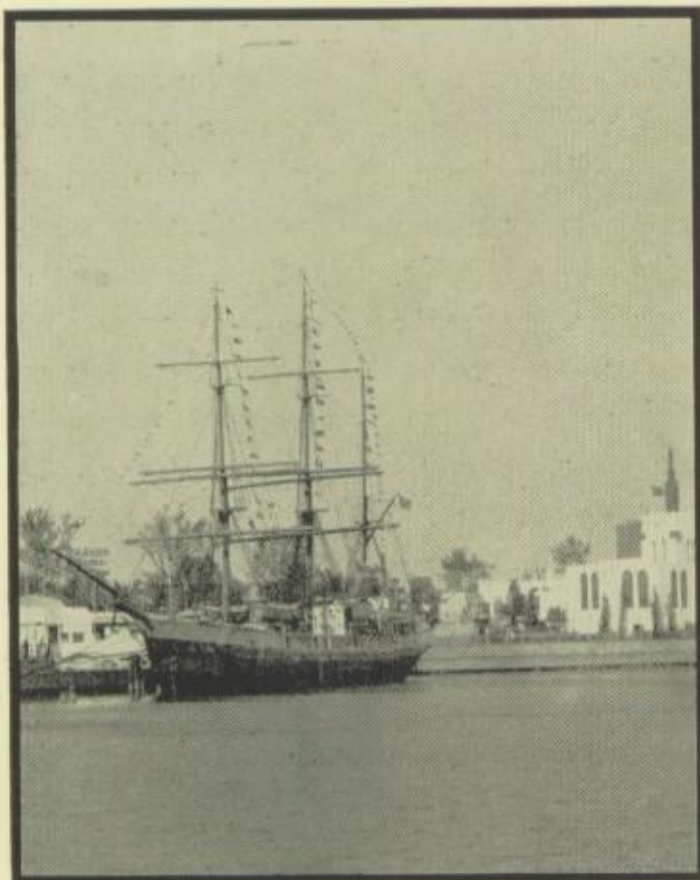
But we have forgotten the radio. Let's see what we can get. Listen, we're receiving orders from earth! "Call your station—call your station—call your station—that is all." What can that mean? Perhaps they want us to land; maybe we are in danger because of a sudden change in weather conditions. Hurry, open that hydrogen valve! We must get down to earth as soon as possible. Can't we fall any faster? Listen, another message! "This is station KGPC, the Metropolitan Police Department. The correct time is fifteen minutes, twelve and one-half seconds past seven o'clock. KGPC, St. Louis."

Oh, everything's all right. We just forgot that this is an imaginary trip. Now that we are "safely back" in our comfortable chairs beside our radio, we are thoroughly convinced that all of this exploring in the stratosphere is much more than just the wild idea of a few explorers and scientists. We know that some day our present fuel supply will dwindle down and we hope that, when it does, man will have successfully harnessed the cosmic rays. When this has been achieved, man will have conquered another world.

ROBERT BARD



BYRD'S FIRST SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION



IF YOU were at Chicago's 1933-34 World's Fair, you probably saw at least the outside of that grand old ship, *The City of New York*, which carried Byrd and his men to the Antarctic on their first expedition. I said "old," and in truth it is an old ship, for it was built in 1886 by K. Larsen for the purpose of catching seals along the coast of Greenland. It is a priceless vessel, not only because of its historical value, but also because it is made of a lumber that can withstand the crush of the ice as no steel or other lumber could. The ship's sides are thirty-nine inches thick; and the hull is a little thicker.

The City of New York had eight cabins aft: the kitchen, the library, Commander Byrd's own cabin, and five cabins for the seventy-seven men on the expedition.

The ship carried an engine but was primarily a sailing vessel, barque rigged; although not noted for speed, she rode easily in a heavy sea and seldom shipped water over the bow. Because she lacked speed, she was towed from New Zealand to the pack ice by the *Eleanor Bolling*, the steel ship of the expedition. After passing through the roughest seas in the world, called the "Roaring Sixties," the *Eleanor Bolling* was re-christened the *Evermore Rolling*. *The City of New York* carried supplies and the three airplanes: the *Floyd Bennett*, the *Stars and Stripes*, and the *Virginia*.

Byrd took a large library, old motion picture releases, and many games, such as blackgammon and checkers, to amuse the men. He had generators so that the men would not complain of the lights in the dark months to come. Dried and dehydrated vegetables, canned meats, and sweets were on board. All vegetables had to be soaked over night in water, and some of the biscuits of dehydrated "this, that, and the next thing" were so bad that the men ate them only after the dogs refused.

The expedition landed at Ross Barrier on the Bay of Whales, the same place that Amundsen had chosen on his expedition in 1911. Little America was built on an ice barrier under which are 1400 feet of water. All the buildings are buried under snow; the two main buildings, the administration building and the mess hall, about 200 yards apart, are connected by a tunnel through

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the ice. The tunnel was lined on either side with stores of food and supplies. Because of the high winds, all the houses were built without eaves.

During six dark winter months, from May to October, many things were done. Plans were made and maps were drawn for the flight to be made in the summer. The men rose at seven and worked eight hours every day. Everyone spent fifteen minutes each day under the battery of sun-lamps. The evenings were spent in the library or in the mess hall, which was converted into a workshop during the hours between meals; the time was spent checking instruments, testing equipment, and repairing tools. A Norwegian on the trip amused himself by building an exact reproduction of *The City of New York*; others built sleds or other articles.

The clothing of the men was copied after that of the Eskimos. The garments, parkas, were made of the skins of reindeer and caribou. Boots, called mukluks, caps, and gloves were also made of fur. In very cold weather, about 70 degrees below, masks were worn to protect the faces from the sand-like snow. At this temperature the breath could be heard as the moisture froze.

At the first sign of the sun the men celebrated. As the temperature rose to twenty-five degrees above zero the men amused themselves by seeing which one could stay out longest when stripped to the waist. They also took snow baths and held snow fights.

With the coming of summer, expeditions were sent out to various points to establish supply bases of food to be used in case the plane was forced down on its way to or from the pole. No precaution could be spared in this effort to reach the pole. On November 4, an expedition headed by Larry Gould set out to make a 400-mile journey to the Queen Maud Mountains and carry on geological survey. The men obtained many very good specimens. Later Byrd flew beyond the farthest point reached by the first expedition and succeeded in erecting a supply base further in the desolate Queen Maud range. The flag ship *Floyd Bennett* (named after one of Byrd's men in his expedition to the North Pole, who sacrificed his life in service for others) was gone over and made ready for long travel. The amount of cargo to be carried was estimated to the milligram. Then various test flights were made, until it was positively determined that the ship could fly over the highest of the Queen Maud Range.

On November 25 the *Floyd Bennett* was warmed up. First the plane was dragged from its shelter, and the motor was covered with a heavy tarpaulin hood under which several portable stoves were placed; large quantities of oil were cooked on the stove while the engine was being thoroughly warmed; then a chain gang was formed, and the oil was transported to the plane and emptied into the motor. The men waited anxiously for the sound of the popping of the exhaust. After the motor had started, Mr. Balchen, the pilot,



Photo by Miss Lawton

REAR-ADMIRAL BYRD'S SHIP ON VIEW AT THE
CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

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throttled it so that the plane could be loaded. The cargo consisted of a dog team and sled, many bundles of food, skis, snow shoes, medicine, extra clothing, and two motion picture cameras. Byrd himself supervised the final tests of the controls; when he was convinced that everything was in good condition, he motioned to Captain McKinley and Balchen to get into the ship. After giving last instructions to June, the other pilot, he climbed aboard himself. The temperature was about twenty-five degrees above zero, the weather was clear, and the visibility nearly perfect. The landscape was a mass of color; far down south the horizon was colored with indigo and ultra-marine and shaded from royal purple to cold violet and grayish blue. To the north a faint flush of pink was overlaid with mauve. They hopped off—to be the first men to fly over the south pole.

The group left at the camp listened anxiously to the radio reports from the plane for nineteen hours.

"Ship slightly tailheavy" was the first message. "Shifting dogs forward."

"Flying 9000 feet high. Hard to get higher with our twelve thousand pound load."

"Breathing difficult in this rarefied air."

Then there was silence for over an hour and the group around the radio hoped and feared in turn.

"Entering Queen Maud Mountains," came the wireless. "Flying slightly over 1000 feet. Entering pass in Axel Heiberg Glacier."



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Then the men around the operator grew tense.

"Losing altitude. Must dump something quick. Air very bumpy."

With their hearts in their mouths the men listened anxiously.

"Dumped food. Missed rocks by yard! All clear."

After that there was easy going, over a terrain much like that near Little America. Shortly after midnight came the message.

"Circling the pole. An absolutely smooth expanse of snow."

On the return trip it seemed that the *Floyd Bennett* was going to crash on the rocks. One hundred gallons of gasoline were dumped this time, necessitating a stop at one of the caches established previously. At ten the morning of November 26, the plane coasted to a landing at Little America ending the 1500 mile flight to the pole.

Beginning December 5, Admiral Byrd explored over 35,000 miles of territory by means of airplane and discovered a new range of mountains. Two weeks later the geological party discovered a rich vein of high-grade coal in the region of Mount Nansen. The coal is definite proof that the region had been tropical or semi-tropical at one time.

Soon the light began to wane and Byrd wirelessly for *The City of New York*. The planes and wireless tower, as well as the buildings of Little America were left, completely guarded against cold. On February 18, Byrd and his men bade farewell to the scene of their explorations.

This expedition is very important both for the valuable geological findings and the great work in exploration.

DOROTHY BRANDING



ADMIRAL BYRD: THE NORTH POLE

OMMANDER RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, hero of North Pole and trans-Atlantic flights, holds a unique position in the hearts of the American public. He is admired for his daring, esteemed for his scientific attainments, and genuinely beloved for his modesty and charm. The steady growth of his popularity has been a just reward for these virtues, as well as for his breath-taking exploits.

Almost ever since he could toddle Byrd has been an adventurer. At the age of twelve he traveled around the world alone.

He went to England to help fly the ill-fated ZR-2 to America. He was assigned to the trans-Atlantic flight of the Navy's NC boats in 1921. As flight leader with the National Geographical Arctic Expedition in 1923, he and his planes flew six thousand miles over the icy wastes of the north. On May 9, 1926, he and Floyd Bennett circled the North Pole, the first time it had been circled by air. In June, 1927, after forty-two terrible hours in the air, he crossed the Atlantic from New York to France.

Before Admiral Byrd started off on his great trip to the North Pole, he met with disaster. As his heavily loaded plane, the *America*, soared upward, the weight was too much for the three-motored plane and it crashed, injuring Byrd and critically injuring Floyd Bennett.

Byrd left Wiscasset, Maine, June 20, 1925. After an uneventful voyage of three thousand miles he reached Etah, North Greenland, the home of the northermost Eskimo tribe—a primitive people who live as they have lived for thousands of years. Since they dwell north of the ice that fills the dreadful Melville Bay, they are not touched by civilization.

Byrd selected Etah as his base because it is the nearest accessible harbor to the area in the Polar Seas which he wanted to reach. The harbor is free enough for a flyer to be able to take off a plane without striking a mass of ice if he is careful. Ice and heavy weather had delayed him many times but had never seriously menaced his planes.

Byrd's first reconnaissance flight was to Cape Sabine, which lies on his proposed course toward the Polar Sea, thirty miles from Etah. He found that the ice began several miles north of Etah and covered all the water to the north as far as he could see. He flew low, hoping to find the ice smooth enough to land on, but it was rough and corrugated, and generally in such condition that the landing upon it would have been as disastrous as landing among large rocks: the plane would have been completely demolished and, of course, the flyers probably would not have been able to walk away from the wreck. Byrd realized that the ice-landing skis would be of no use under such conditions. There were pools of water on the ice, and here and there seemingly open leads were found to be filled with attached pieces of ice. In all the hundreds of square miles of ice, both land and sea, he did

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not find a single place where a landing could be made without disaster. This land, uninhabited, had been visited only once or twice before by Admiral Peary.

When Byrd reached Cape Sabine, he passed over the spot where eighteen of General Greeley's men died from cold and hunger. The men in the expedition said they had never seen a bleaker spot. Over to the north they could make out Bache Peninsula, which Peary had traversed in 1898, and where his hunters killed oxen for a fresh meat supply. Beyond Cape Sabine, the view that opened was superb. The men were stirred with the spirit of great adventure, with the feeling that they were getting an idea, never before possible, of the Arctic's ruggedness and ruthlessness.

They believed that they had a new story to tell of the grandeur of Ellesmere Island. It was evident that the greater part of the land they saw had been inaccessible to the foot traveler, who, keeping largely to the water routes, with the view cut off by the fiords' great perpendicular cliffs, could not have realized the colossal and varied character of the glacier-cut mountains. No idea of the extremely irregular and rugged character of Ellesmere Island can be secured from the maps and charts.

Upon their return, a driving snow-storm set in which almost caused the destruction of the boats and planes. Then they were across the landing, reaching the eastern end of Bay Fiord. The crossing of the glacier had taken only a few minutes. What a contrast to the crossing Fitzhugh Green made in 1914 when he struggled up over the steep ice slopes and crevasses for days in temperatures down to sixty degrees below zero! Surely the plane had altered polar exploration.

Byrd could have used any of three places for his starting point: Point Barrow, Etah, or Spitzbergen. Point Barrow, Alaska, is not accessible on account of the ice until late summer, except by a long flight over the mountains. By that time clear weather over the Polar Sea is replaced by fog. Although Point Barrow is the northernmost point of Alaska, it is nearly four hundred miles farther from the Pole than Etah or Spitzbergen. Etah is reasonably accessible by August 1, but presents no good take-off for a land plane. Moreover, it is very foggy and the local winds are very sudden and very strong. In contrast, the ice surrounding Spitzbergen is subject to the warming influence of the Gulf Stream. On that account, King's Bay, which is only seven hundred and fifty miles from the Pole, can be reached as early as April. Unquestionably it is best suited for a starting point.

Byrd's plan was to fly westward at first and to explore Peary Land in the north end of Greenland. He hoped to come down on some large snow-drift, using skis, and leave supplies in case the party was forced to walk back from the Pole. So he began to build a raft. Just as they finished the raft, the very thing they dreaded happened. The ice started moving with great force, and they had a great struggle, saving the raft and even one of the steamers. A big iceberg came lowering in with the tide. On account

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of drifting snow, they did not see it until it was almost upon them, seriously threatening the ship's rudder. They had to rush dynamite to the corner of the incoming monster to split it into pieces that could be handled or that might be swept clear by the current.

Then they came upon the large snow-drift which they had hoped to discover. Because of the dreariness of the region, the men named the camp Gray Hook. They found that they had to dig down through the snow to build a fire on which to heat the cans of oil before they could pour it into the engines that had already been warmed under a big fireproof canvas bag heated by a pressure gasoline stove below. A field-kitchen was put up in the vicinity of the raft and plane, and meals were served in the open in the cold as the men worked. Fuel drums were hauled up by hand and sled, heavy parts brought alongside, equipment and instruments for the exploring were assembled near by under cover, and all was made ready for a hop-off in case of necessity. Then they started exploring.

After spending weary months at this camp Byrd started homeward, making the return trip in record time. The successful landfall at Gray Hook demonstrates Commander Byrd's skill in navigating along a predetermined course. He had been successful in his flight northward into an unconquered world.

AUDREY SAYLOR

THE PIONEERS

*Like relentless ocean tides
Never pausing, never slowing,
As an age-old river flowing
Ever onward.
Pioneers, the strong, undaunted,
Surging forward, always striving,
Like the winds eternal driving
Ever onward.*

*This their watchword: Courage, comrades,
Stop not here nor rest; before you
New unconquered worlds lie waiting.
Onward, ever onward.*

—Ken Jones
Term 4



THE HOUSTON-MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION

PROBABLY Mount Everest, in the Himalayan range in northwestern India, seems very distant and uninteresting to you, but since the world is continually being linked closer and closer together, it is not so far away, after all.

This great mountain, which is 29,141 feet high, has never been climbed. Thirteen men have lost their lives in attempting to climb its steep, treacherous sides. Finally a group of Englishmen thought of flying over it in airplanes. The dangers of such a venture were so great that they were not even known. No one knew what air pockets and other barriers to successful flights were present over this, the highest mountain in the world.

The brave men who first ventured over the peaks of Everest were all well-known Englishmen. One of them, the first pilot to fly over, was Lord

Clydesdale, a British sportsman and air enthusiast. The leader of the expedition was Air Commander Fellowes, former British war ace and aide-de-camp to the king. The other pilot who actually flew over Everest was Lieutenant McIntyre. The two pilots were accompanied by photographers, representatives of British newspapers, whose duty it was to take all possible pictures, as they were very necessary for map making and the surveying of the mountain ranges.

Many precautions had to be taken by these flyers. At the height of 26,000 feet, man loses consciousness; and, since the flight was to take the men up to a height of about 34,000 feet, huge cylinders of oxygen had to be used.

A man breathes about as much oxygen in one minute as could be captured in a soda bottle, so you see how much oxygen had to be provided. The oxygen was heated to prevent its freezing before it reached the men. The men were clothed in one-piece suits that zipped up the front and were heated. The boots, goggles, and gloves had to be heated, too. Strangest of all, the cameras had to be heated so that they would work.

Two of the men narrowly escaped dying when their oxygen supplies were momentarily cut off. Bonnet, the photographer, in his eagerness to get as many pictures as possible, stepped on the tube connecting him with his oxygen tank. He almost lost consciousness before he noticed that his tube



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was broken. He bound it up with his handkerchief and thus saved himself. Lieutenant McIntyre had a terrible moment when he found that his microphone, connecting him with the pilot, had slipped from its position in his mask and that the thin, cold air was getting in his lungs. He lost no time in screwing it in.

Probably one of the strangest facts about Mount Everest is that a stream, or pennant, of ice particles flows from its peak, day after day. The Indians think that this mountain is the home of the Ruler of the Earth, and that this snow plume hides the temple of the goddess, who rules all the people of the earth. Because of the fear that the inhabitants of Nepal, the territory



contiguous to this great mountain, have of airplanes, the flyers had orders to fly at as great a height as possible.

The men decided to take no parachutes, as they felt that if they were forced to die, they would rather die with the plane, and immediately, than jump into the ragged crags and crevasses of the mountains with parachutes.

Commander Fellowes and another pilot, each with a photographer, went out one clear day to photograph the huge mountain Kanchanjanga, which is the sister mountain of Mount Everest. The day was fine and very clear when they started, and the men felt sure of getting some good pictures. When the flyers were above the mountain of Kanchanjanga, however, a startling change took place. A cloud began to form and the entire face of the mountain was covered with a veil of clouds. Where a moment before they had been able to see the huge peaks of the mountains, there was only a group of clouds. Suddenly the planes were caught in an invisible air-pocket

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and they were "flung about like corks in a breaking wave." The two planes were helpless, and the pilots were unable to control them. One of the machines was flung downward and just barely missed disaster. Fortunately, the two planes soon passed out of that area and were brought into the airport without further accident.

A few days later, on the morning of April 3, 1933, at approximately eight o'clock, the men took off on their second flight in two Westland planes.



The pilots flew only by instruments because the mountains were not reliable horizons by which to judge the height of a plane. Everything went on smoothly until the two planes were twelve miles from Everest. There they were caught in the grasp of a huge downfall of wind and lost two thousand feet before the pilots, Clydesdale and McIntyre, could control the planes. They lost so much altitude that they doubted that they would be able to clear the peak of Mount Everest. However, they passed about one hundred feet above it. The two planes flew entirely around the mountain three times, while the photographers took all the pictures that they possibly could. They then re-

turned to the airport at Purnea, the base of the expedition.

When these pictures were developed, it was found that, in several of the photographs, a small, black spot appeared on the film. When scientists were consulted on this question, they said that undoubtedly this spot was a lake which was filled by hot springs. Imagine, a lake filled by hot springs at a height of 20,000 feet! But that is just one of the odd things that these flyers found.

This expedition was made possible by the financial support of Lady Houston of England, for whom it was named.

Although this great mountain has been conquered by air, it is as yet unconquerable by land.

PATRICIA DOYLE

Pictures used here by courtesy of American Boy Magazine



Forty-three

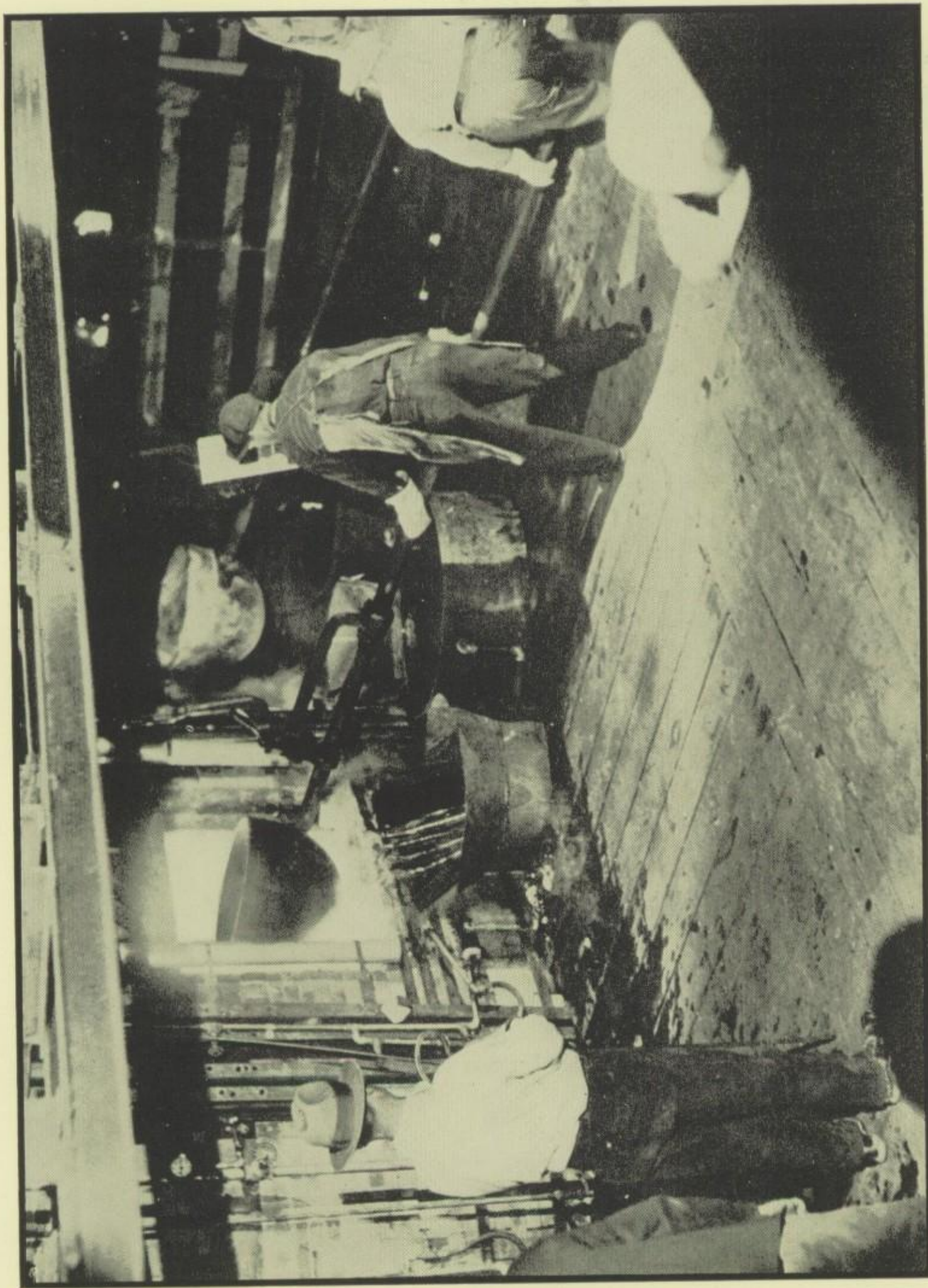
THE WORLD'S LARGEST EYE

UCH has been written recently on the topic of the "World's Largest Eye," the huge mirror which is to be used in the largest telescope in the world. Scarcely a day passes that there is not a picture or a short article in one of our newspapers telling of the progress in the making of this telescope. Two mirrors have been made, but only one of them will be used in it. One was cast in March, 1934, and, after ten months of cooling, was declared perfect but for one flaw. The second mirror was cast in the following December, and, after being poured, was found to be perfect. However, only one telescope will be made, for two would cost too much. This second mirror will take ten months to cool.

Leaders in many branches of science co-operated with the International Education Board of New York, which provided the \$6,000,000 telescope fund.

The 200-inch mirrors poured recently were made of super pyrex-borsilicate glass. The process of pouring this glass to form the mirrors was slow and extremely difficult. It was poured from small ladles, one hundred and thirty in all, because the glass has such heat that the iron ladles become so hot that flakes of iron melt off and fall into the mould, spoiling it. Ten ladles were used in all. While some were being plunged into cold water to cool, others were in use. The workers at this glass works are "infra-ray tanned" because glass of this type is particularly rich in infra-red rays. Even though this mirror is of great size, it is not as heavy as it would appear. Instead of being a deep disk, the mirror is comparatively thin, with an intricate system of ribs and webs on the back to give strength to the surface.

When these mirrors have finished cooling, they will be ground and polished. In the final stages of polishing, men will work less than an hour a day on them; otherwise, the heat from their bodies might affect the curves on the surface. These new mirrors will be coated with aluminum, although ordinarily telescope mirrors are silvered. Inside a huge vacuum chamber, individual atoms of aluminum will be deposited on the glass surface, giving it a reflective power greater than that of silver, and one that is especially sensitive to weak ultra-violet rays. A great number of auxiliary instruments will be used in this telescope, such as thermocouples, spectroscopes, and photo-electric cells. Among other unique devices will be a solar furnace consisting of mirrors and burning glasses with which a heat of 6,000 degrees Centigrade is hoped to be reached by focusing the sun's rays. Huge motors and cylinders of compressed air will move the whole base under the control of an astronomical clock, so that after the instrument has been pointed at a star, it will automatically follow the object as the earth turns. A change of a few degrees of temperature would influence the "figure" of the mirror, throwing its focal point out; consequently, the huge dome will be double-walled to prevent



Courtesy of Acme Newspictures

THE MOLDING OF THE TWENTY-TON "EYE"

(This picture shows the first ladle being dipped into the furnace tank of molten glass)

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the entrance of heat in the day-time. The mirror will remain covered and protected when not in use, and water circulating around the mounting will keep the mass at the same temperature as the outside air when the shutters of the dome are rolled back.

The mirror will never be used to observe the sun, for the hot rays might permanently disfigure its surface. Contrary to accepted notions, the telescope will rarely be used for visual observations of the stars. Photographic plates are infinitely more sensitive to light than the human eye. By means of time exposures astronomers can obtain pictures of stars so faint that the eye cannot detect them.

In the future, astronomers will make their discoveries in the photographic dark room. Instead of making the telescope increase the size of star images, astronomers hope that it will condense them to tiniest pin-points of light. No telescope powerful enough to show the shape of a star can be built; the goal of telescope builders is to achieve an instrument in which even microscopic vibration is absent.

This telescope will be stationed at a place where stars twinkle less than at others, for twinkling gives a fuzzy appearance to star photographs. The choice of a location has now narrowed down to one of four mountain tops in the United States.

Who can tell what this giant eye may reveal in the years to come?

ORVILLE CURTIS

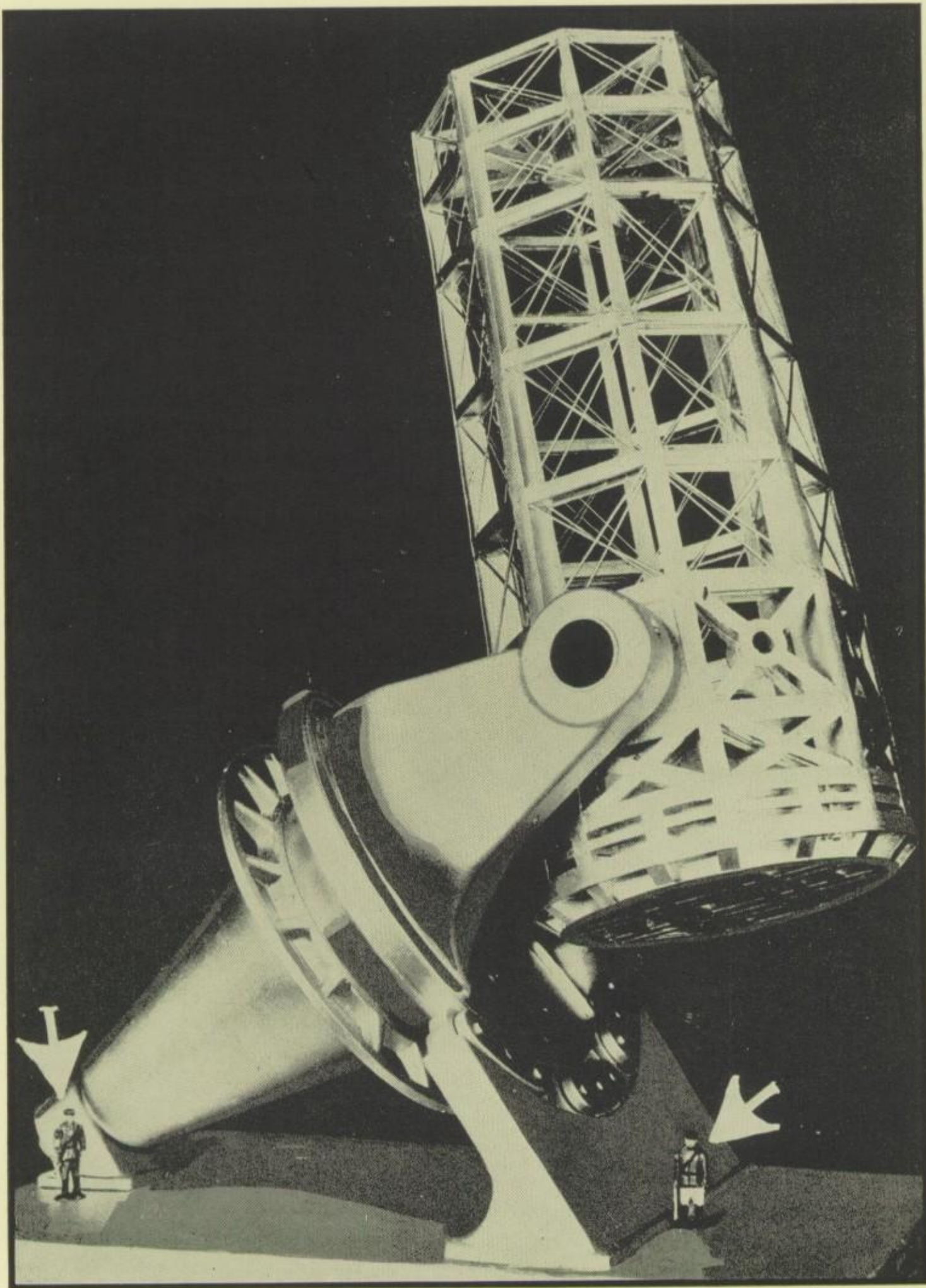
THE SUNSET

A TRIOLET

*The sunset is a lovely rose
That has had its budding day;
And now its soft red color glows.
The sunset is a lovely rose
Whose petals fall when the night wind blows,
And night takes them away.
The sunset is a lovely rose
That has had its budding day.*

—Marie Louise Lange
Term 5





Courtesy of Acme Newspictures

MODEL OF TWO-HUNDRED-INCH TELESCOPE

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LIST OF BOOKS PERTAINING TO UNCONQUERED WORLDS

A. W. Greely	<i>Handbook of Polar Discovery</i>
A. H. Mackham	<i>The Great Frozen Sea</i>
S. Osborn	<i>The Discovery of the North-West Passage</i>
H. R. Mill	<i>The Siege of the South Pole</i>
G. W. Burn-Murdoch	<i>From Edinburgh to the Antarctic</i>
J. H. H. Pirie	<i>The Voyage of the Scotia</i>
F. A. Cook	<i>Thru the First Antarctic Night</i>
E. H. Shackelton	<i>Heart of the Antarctic</i>
Wm. Beebe	<i>Gallapagos, World's End</i>
	<i>The Arcturus Adventure</i>
	<i>Edge of the Jungle</i>
C. R. Low	<i>Captain Cook's Voyages</i>
C. E. Akeley	<i>In Brightest Africa</i>
Theodore Roosevelt	<i>African Game Trails</i>
	<i>Thru the Brazilian Wilderness</i>
P. B. DuChaillu	<i>Wild Life Under the Equator</i>
E. J. Finger	<i>David Livingstone, Explorer and Prophet</i>
R. E. Byrd	<i>Skyward</i>
	<i>Byrd Antarctic Expedition</i>
Jules Verne	<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea</i>
Dorothy Fish	<i>Exploring the Upper Stratosphere</i>
S. Harlow	<i>Starlight</i>
G. E. Harle	<i>Depths of the Universe</i>

ROBERT HUFFSTOT



TRULY UNCONQUERED

WHAT could be more truly unconquered than El Tule? El Tule, a giant at the time of the birth of Jesus; El Tule, a king of the forest when Alexander the Great wept because he had no more worlds to conquer; El Tule, worshipped as a god while all Europe was still pagan! What is El Tule? It is the ten-thousand year old cypress that screens a sixth of an acre of churchyard from the rays of the midday sun in the little village of Santa Maria del Tule in southwestern Mexico.

A basin-shaped depression at the top of the trunk where the branches shoot out could hold one hundred persons; and if the tree were hollow at the base, it could quite easily shelter two hundred men. It has a circumference of one hundred and seventy-five feet, a distance so great that thirty-five men, standing with hands joined, could barely encircle it.

The peerless El Tule weighs over six hundred tons. It contains wood enough to build twenty-two average houses. Lumber sufficient to construct three fleets the size of that which first brought Columbus to America could be furnished by it.

That we shall never know the exact age of El Tule in years is probable, as it has outlived a hundred and fifty generations of men and it may outlive a hundred and fifty more. Whether it is young, mature, or old has been undetermined by scientists; it will be impossible to ascertain its precise age as long as it lives.

Men have long pondered over the fact that El Tule as a whole is so short while its trunk is so thick. The most reasonable theory yet advanced is that the tree has trained itself to remain close to its water supply. Then arises another question. Whence comes the water which is so necessary to insure its freshness? Located at a rather high elevation, it is sometimes without the benefits of rain for periods ranging as long as six months. Baffled for years, scientists were finally enlightened by an Indian legend that on a quiet night, one could hear water flowing into the roots of the tree by placing his ear to the ground. Investigating, the scientists discovered an underground stream.

From time immemorial El Tule has been the object of veneration. Twice a year, at Easter and at Christmas, the Indians from the surrounding countryside gather at El Tule for a fiesta with dancing and singing. This reverence, probable more than anything else, has preserved it from vandals and souvenir hunters.

Truly unconquered by time is this colossus of the plant kingdom!

WILLIAM WESTRAY



BWANA

THE ANTARCTIC



HE early explorations into the region south of the equator and the discovery of numerous lands gave rise to the belief that a vast continent existed near the South Pole. Daring men set out in search of rich empires.

Captain Cook, in circling the globe in high southern latitudes, proved that if a circumpolar continent existed at all, it must be well south of the sixtieth parallel. In 1772, Captain Cook sailed from England with two ships, the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, and the *Adventure*, of 336 tons. He made his base at New Zealand. On Sunday, January 17, 1773, he crossed the Antarctic Circle at longitude $39^{\circ} 35'$ East, the first such crossing ever made. For a month he cruised an open sea, meeting icebergs and drifting pack, until he was stopped by an impenetrable pack. For fear that he would be stuck indefinitely, he retreated north, returning south again the following December. Twice he traversed the Antarctic Circle, seeking a way through the pack but each time came upon large stretches of ice. His own words are worth quoting:

"I will not say that it was impossible to get farther to the south; but attempting it would have been a rash and dangerous enterprise and what, I believe, no man in my situation would have thought of. It was, indeed, my opinion, as well as the opinion of most on board, that this ice extended quite to the Pole, perhaps joined some land . . . but if there is, it can afford no better retreat for birds, or any other animals, than the ice itself. I, who had ambition not only to go farther than any one had been before, but as far as it was possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting this interruption."

The next half century witnessed efforts of a different character. No longer were the men seeking rich empires but the fur-bearing seals which offered more wealth. Scientific research was also a reason for exploration at this period.

The period of actual discovery found three men: the Frenchman, D'Urville; the American, Wilkes; and the Englishman, Ross, on the very edge of the continent within a year. D'Urville was off first, and after a futile attempt to gain the continent southeast of the South Shetlands, sailed from Hobart Town in 1840. He discovered Adelie Land, a far-reaching expanse of ice cliffs, on an islet adjoining which his men saw a fragment of rock which scientists hastily broke up for specimens. While off these coasts, he met one of Wilkes' ships, the *Porpoise*. Wilkes' expedition, authorized by an Act of Congress, May 18, 1836, consisted of six vessels manned by 345 men, eighty-three officers, and twelve civilian scientists and attaches. The expedition sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, on August 18, 1838, to their base at Sydney Harbor. The ships reached the ice pack in 1839, and in 1840 claimed

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the discovery of an immense extent of continental land. Whether Wilkes' men really made this discovery is something the British still seem to doubt.

No such doubts threatened Ross's claims however. Under orders from the Admiralty to locate the South Magnetic Pole, if possible, and the continent, if it existed, he sailed from England, September, 1839. His two vessels were strongly built. Ross decided to strike south far to the east, following 170° East meridian. He sailed from Hobart, December, 1840, and on January 5, 1841, he plunged his two vessels into the pack. Four days later he emerged into the deep waters of the sea that bears his name. On January 11, the peaks of Mount Sabine appeared on the horizon, then the Admiralty Range of mountains, and finally the low-set cape he named Cape Adare. He struck a southern course, hoping to hedge in toward the Magnetic Pole, and on his way sighted a second range of mountains he named Prince Albert and then an active volcano he called Mount Erebus. Farther on he made a discovery of great importance. This was the Great Ice Barrier, now known as the Ross Ice Barrier. Ross made two later voyages to the South, but the value of his discoveries was overshadowed somewhat by the public's rising interest in the North.

From 1901 to 1912 Antarctic exploration was very active. In 1910 five expeditions were in the field: English, Captain Robert F. Scott; Norwegian, Captain Roald Amundsen; German, Lieutenant William Filchner; Australian, Dr. Douglas Mainson; Japanese, Lieutenant Sheridan. Captain Scott on his first voyage, on the National Discovery Expedition, 1901-1903, pushed far beyond the limits of Ross's discoveries, adding hundreds of miles to the known coastline of the continent and discovering King Edward VII Land and the eastern end of the Barrier. He undertook the first southern sledge journey.

Captain Amundsen left Norway in the ship *Fram* in the summer of 1910 with the intention of rounding Cape Horn and entering upon the ice-drift across the Polar Sea. He changed his plans after sailing; and when Captain Scott arrived at his proposed winter headquarters, he found Amundsen already there.

Amundsen was finally successful in being the first to locate the South Pole. He reached Hobart, Tasmania, March 7, 1912; in his return voyage he announced that he had discovered the South Pole December 14, 1911. The winter of 1910-11, he spent in quarters in the Bay of Whales, 164° West, $78^{\circ} 48'$ South. In February, 1911, he began to prepare for his winter's work and before April 11, had built caches as far south as 80° . The lowest winter temperature which he here recorded was on August 13, minus 59° Celsius. The mean temperature for the year was 14.8° below zero Fahrenheit. On September 8, provisioned for four months, with eight men, ninety dogs, and seven sledges, he started for the Pole, but reached only as far as the

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depot at 80° . There the party remained until the middle of October when a fresh start was made with five men, fifty-two dogs, four sledges, and four months' food. Victoria Land was reached on November 11. At 85° the land joins the Ross Barrier of ice and from that point the men had to climb through a region of land whose heights ranged from two thousand to eleven thousand feet. In four days they reached a height of ten thousand six hundred feet, and their highest altitude, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, was attained on December 6, at $87^{\circ} 40'$. On December 8, at $88^{\circ} 23'$, they passed the furthestmost south record of Sir Ernest Shackleton. From this point they found the going easy until on December 14, at three o'clock in the afternoon, observations showed that they had attained their object. From December 14 to December 17, they remained at the Pole, taking observations and finally locating exactly 90° South where they flew the Norwegian Flag and named the land at the Pole King Haakon VII Plateau. Returning, they reached winter quarters on January 25, 1912. The principal results of the expedition were locating the Pole, determining the extent of the Ross Barrier, ascertaining the apparent connection of South Victoria Land, King Edward Land, and the mountain ranges therein and the exploration of part of King Edward Land.

Thirty days after Amundsen had planted the flag of Norway at the South Pole, Captain Robert F. Scott, R. N., unfurled the Union Jack of Great Britain at the Pole. The exact points of the two explorers, as determined by observations, were not more than half a mile apart. Scott took from the Amundsen tent the written message for King Haakon, which was subsequently delivered. Scott's southern route had been practically that of his first discovery and of the Shackleton expedition and the return from the Pole was along the same track. Of the party of five, Petty Officer Edgar Evans was fatally injured soon after leaving the Pole; and one hundred fifty-five miles from the Hut Point base in MacMurdo Sound, Scott, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, second in command, chief of the scientific staff, and Lieutenant H. K. Bowers died in their tent of cold and privation. Not until the following spring, 1913, did Surgeon Anderson succeed in reaching the tent of the dead and in recovering the bodies of Captain Scott and his comrades, with records, collections, and scientific data. The last entry in Scott's journal reads:

"I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past.

"These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tales, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for."

One of the most ambitious and daring of Antarctic projects was that of Sir Ernest Shackleton, launched in 1914. Sir Ernest's project contemplated

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a base on Coats Land and advance from that point directly over the ice barrier land mass and intervening region to the South Pole, and then keeping on to the familiar British Ross Sea base on the opposite side of the globe, employing for the purpose two ships and two parties, each working in support of the other, though only that headed by himself was to make the complete transcontinental trip. Leaving Liverpool, Sir Ernest proceeded in the *Endurance* via Buenos Aires and the Falkland Islands to South Georgia, where the last word was that ice conditions were so unfavorable that the attempt upon the mainland must be delayed until the following season. More than a year passed. Then Sir Ernest reported that though he had sighted new land, he had been unable to reach it and had been compelled to abandon his main objective, the crossing of the great Antarctic land mass. His boat sank and his party of twenty-two was marooned on Elephant Island. He and two comrades had crossed the distance between Elephant Island and South Georgia and made their way over its interior to the Norwegian whaling station from where his message was sent. His party, which had been marooned for nearly a year, was rescued in 1916. In 1921, Sir Ernest again set forth in the *Quest* to explore the Enderly quadrant, but died in South Georgia in 1922, and further work was soon discontinued.

The outstanding event in Antarctic exploration occurred late in 1929 when Admiral Richard E. Byrd and three companions made a thrilling and spectacular flight over the South Pole.

Admiral Byrd was the first man to fly over the South Pole. After two years preparation for this trip, he succeeded in his undertaking. On Thanksgiving Day, November 25, the weather was propitious to make the trip to the Pole. They packed the airplane, *The Floyd Bennett*, and started at 3:29 o'clock in the morning. Their course was laid along the meridian of the trail, which at that point was $143^{\circ} 45'$ West. His three companions were Harold June, who tended to the motion picture camera, the radio and the complicated valves of the six gasoline tanks; Captain McKinley, aerial surveyor and third in command of the expedition; and Bernt Balchen, senior in charge of the aviation unit.

When the party was about sixty miles north of the western portal of Axel Heiberg, it was holding its course steadily on meridian $163^{\circ} 45'$ West with the sun compass. Drawing nearer, they edged 30° to the west of south and brought not only Axel Heiberg but also Liv's into view. This was a critical period. Byrd was not certain which way to go, but in the end he and Balchen decided to choose Liv's Glacier, the unknown pass to the right, which Amundsen had seen far in the distance and named after Dr. Nansen's daughter. It seemed to be wider than Axel Heiberg, and the pass not quite so high. While they were in the pass, which was not big enough to turn around in if they needed to do so, they met rough winds. The only thing

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to do was to throw weight overboard to lighten the plane. The big question was whether to throw away the food or gasoline. It took only a moment to decide. The need for gasoline was greater than that for food so over went two hundred and fifty pounds. The plane rose with a jump; the engines dug in, soon showed a gain in altitude of from three hundred to four hundred feet, and cleared the pass with about five hundred feet to spare. In the next few minutes they were over the dreaded "Hump." The Pole lay dead ahead over the horizon, less than three hundred miles away. It was then about 9:45 o'clock in the evening.

Between 11:30 and 12:30 o'clock the mountains to the eastward began to disappear, dropping imperceptibly out of view one after another. Not long after 12:30 o'clock the whole range had sunk from view, and the plateau met the horizon in an indefinite line. The mountains to the right had long since disappeared.

At 12:38 o'clock Byrd shot the sun. It hung, a ball of fire, just beyond *south* to the east, 21° above the horizon. It was quite low and they could "stare it in the eye." At six minutes after one o'clock a sight of the sun put them a few miles ahead of their dead reckoning position. They were very close now. The sight was a check, but Byrd depended more on the previous sight. At 1:14 o'clock, Greenwich Civil Time, their calculations showed that they were at the Pole. For a few seconds they stood over the South Pole and Admiral Byrd dropped the American Flag weighted with a stone from Floyd Bennett's grave; in honor of Amundsen and Scott, the flags of their countries were carried over the Pole. Byrd wrote:

"The Pole lay in the center of a limitless plain. No mountains were visible. In the direction of Little America visibility was good, and so it was on the left. But to the right, which is to say to the eastward, the horizon was covered with clouds. If mountains lay there, as some geologists believe, they were concealed and we had no hint of them.

"And that, in brief, is all there is to tell about the South Pole. One gets there, and that is about all there is for the telling. It is the effort to get there that counts."

JUNE GIBBS



AN AERIAL EXPLOIT

DAY by day the value of the aeroplane is becoming more and more apparent. It is being put to use in numerous ways to further science and exploration; its entrance into the science of archaeology has proved to be one of the most interesting. A recent expedition in Peru showed how valuable the aeroplane is in this field.

Peru has long been a fascinating country to many because of the unusual way that its modern civilization mingles with remains of ancient times. A striking example is that one of its modern concrete boulevards cuts directly through an immense ridge made entirely of adobe bricks. This man-made hill stands as mute evidence of the forgotten civilization of the Chimu Kingdom, which existed before the Incas came into power. The Chimu people have long been an object of curiosity and their land the place of rich archaeological finds. The people have disappeared, but ruins prove their former existence and the high grade of culture which was theirs.

The recent expedition that added to the world's information concerning the Chimu Kingdom was headed by a young aviator, Lieutenant George R. Johnson. He had been chief photographer of the Peruvian Naval Air Service for three years. During that time, in cruising over out-of-the-way places, he often sighted curious looking objects which seemed to suggest ancient times. Johnson was fascinated with Peru; and when he returned to the United States, he told such interesting stories that some of his friends were eager to return with him when he was given an opportunity to go back to carry on scientific work from the air. The party consisted of five men: Johnson, chief photographer and field leader; Valentine Van Keuren, topographer; Max Distel, mechanic; Irving G. Hay, pilot and mechanic; and Robert Shippee, pilot and historian. These men, all under thirty years of age, spent eight months of adventure in Peru, taking photographs, making maps, and even furthering discovery about the ancients. Their work began at Chan Chan, the ancient capital of the Chimus, which covered an area of eleven square miles, and is thought to have had a population of 200,000 before the Incas laid siege to it. Until recent years the remains of Chan Chan were remarkably well preserved because of the extremely dry climate. In recent years, however, there have been floods, which have caused walls to crumble and made ground surveys of the city of little value. Lieutenant Johnson and his men took to the air, and from their place in the clouds, made some excellent maps and photographs showing the size and other features of the city in its present condition. These records will remain as concrete historical evidence long after time and weather have brought about the destruction of the originals.

After having finished this important work, the party now turned to the more remote parts of Peru, where they made the all-important discovery of

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the trip. They flew inland as far as the Maronon River and returned to the coast over the region of the Santa River. It was here that the ever alert eye of Johnson caught sight of what appeared to be a wall extending over the ground below. He immediately took several photographs of it. When the prints were made the men were surprised to find that they had pictures showing an object of which the people were evidently in ignorance. Since the men were anxious to learn more about the extent and other features of the wall, they made another trip inland. This time they traced it from a ruined village near the coast to the north side of the Santa River. Shippee, the historian, wrote thus about the wall: "Like some huge prehistoric snake, it writhes first across the level sandy plane of the river delta, and then as the valley narrows, over the edge of the bordering foothills. As the ridges become sharper and steeper, the wall rises and dips and in places turns slightly from its generally straight course. In places it blends so well with the background that it is almost indistinguishable." On this second trip weather conditions were not favorable for photographic work; however, an important discovery of about fourteen forts along the stretch of wall was made. After this finding, the men were anxious to begin their ground exploration of the wall. They started at Chimbote, which lies on the coast near the beginning of the wall. Here they found that the natives had heard about it from their ancestors and, though their knowledge of it was very limited, they knew it was of pre-Inca construction. The party then tried to find the beginning of the wall and with the aid of a rough sketch that they had made while in the air, but they wandered around for five hours before coming to the sand-covered village that marks the wall's beginning. Here it was that the men so fully realized how much more could be seen from the air. From their plane they had been able to distinguish the entire plan of the village, even separate houses, but on the ground the region seemed just a mass of sand-covered ruins. The men finally located the wall, and followed it as far as they could; but it soon led into impassable regions, and so their ground exploration of it had to be given up. The object of their expedition had been to carry on scientific work from the air and take pictures of the country; consequently, they lacked the necessary facilities for the extensive ground exploration of a sand-covered object in so remote a region. Neither did they have the necessary time, because more charting and exploring were to be accomplished before they were to leave Peru.

Their discovery of this wall has caused a parallel to be drawn between it and the Great Wall of China. Many theories for the building of this Great Wall of Peru have been advanced; doubtless it was constructed as a defense against enemies. This theory would seem most logical since it substantiates the belief that the "Incas abandoned their coastal invasion from the south and finally conquered by marching through the Andes and laying direct siege to Chan Chan."

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The importance of this discovery lies in its contribution toward helping piece together the history of the Chimu Kingdom. Perhaps without the aeroplane the discovery of this wall would never have been made. For, although fragments of it had been noted from the ground, they were regarded as merely short walls in a region where crumbling remains of antiquity are so abundant. Only from the air could the extent and significance of this man-made wall of the ancients be noted. It was probably very discouraging to the men who discovered it not to be able to explore the wall from the ground. Although their limited time and lack of necessary facilities forbade detailed exploration, certainly they have aided archaeology decidedly. When some expedition with a mule train penetrates these more remote sections of Peru and makes a thorough study of the wall and its forts, many more interesting facts concerning the ancient Chimu Kingdom will undoubtedly be revealed. The aeroplane has disclosed the existence of a feature of a kingdom which existed before the Incas came into power—a true archaeological find.

ELAINE FOERSTER

ETCHINGS

*Lovely the etchings these eyes have seen:
Mosaic maple leaves of green
Where moonlight softly filters through
And tenderly lingers with tears of dew;*

*Frost carvings on the window panes
Whose delicate lines are really stains
Of star-dust spilled in the dark of night,
(Some star, you see, had lost its light;)*

*A nest for birds among the reeds,
Flue-lined, and made of sticks and weeds
(Languid waters fall aside,
They have respect for birds inside!)*

*Lovely the etchings these eyes have seen—
God! I thank you, these have been!*

—Marie Louise Lange
Term 5



BWANA

THE MONGOLIAN WASTELAND

ONGOLIA consists largely of a vast wasteland, an expanse of sand and rock known as the Gobi Desert, just south of Siberia. The area of this large wasteland is estimated to be about two thousand miles from east to west and about twelve hundred miles from north to south. Because the Mongolian country is isolated in the heart of the continent of Asia, no expedition has penetrated into its interior until recently.

The Central Asiatic Expedition went to Mongolia with a very definite purpose: to learn the geologic history of Asia, to find whether or not it had been the home of man and the dominant groups of animals, and to get a glimpse into its past—climate, vegetation, and general physical conditions—particularly as bearing on the evolution of man.

The climate is very severe. During the winter the temperature very often falls as low as forty or fifty degrees below zero and wind sweeps down from the Arctic Ocean. Therefore, the only time scientific work can be carried on effectively is between April and October. Distances are tremendous. Because of the lack of railroads, not a single mile of which exists in all this vast area, transportation is very slow and uncertain. The only means are by camel and ox-cart. The automobile, however, is the answer to the transportation problem. While camels can travel only ten miles a day through the desert, the automobile can average about a hundred miles a day. This means that with automobiles about ten years' work can be accomplished in one season. Even though the automobile made travel much faster, the expedition often found it very difficult to keep the trucks from slipping over embankments or from being stuck in the sand dunes. One device to overcome this trouble was to make roads of canvas re-enforced by strong rope.

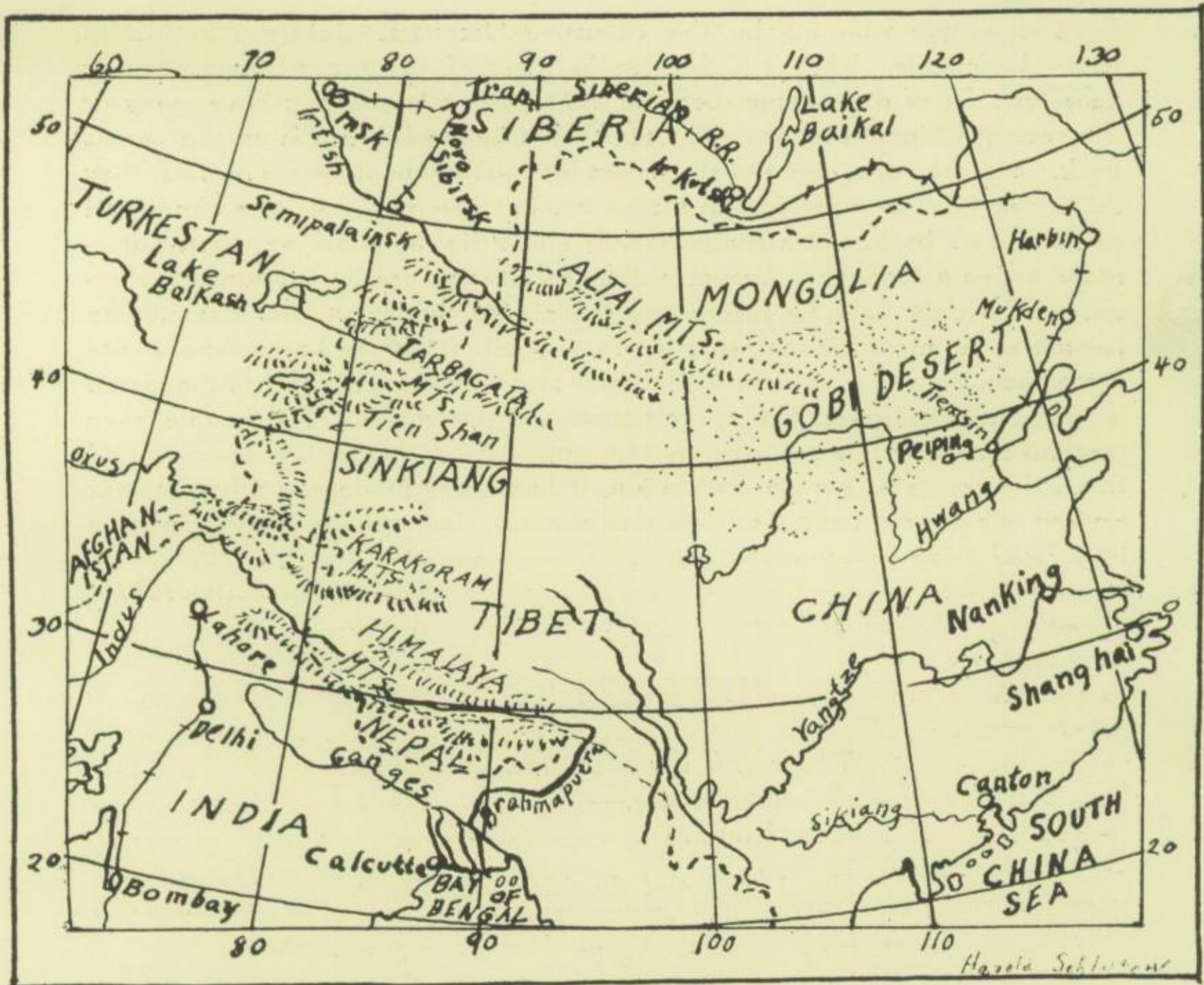
There are many other obstacles met while traveling through the desert; such as the blizzards that come in the spring and the many bandits that roam the desert. Both weather and enemies have many times proved fatal to the merchants and expeditions that cross the desert. Many were robbed of their valuables and were told to be on their way across the desert.

One of the most important discoveries made by the Central Asiatic Expedition was the discovery of dinosaur eggs, approximately ninety-five million years old. Dinosaurs were nine feet long, their eggs were nine inches in length. The most important nest was discovered by chance. One member of the expedition saw an eagle's nest resting on the top of a cliff. After making several unsuccessful attempts to scale the steep wall to get some of the young birds for pets, he gave up. While he was climbing the cliff, however, he saw some queer objects projecting from the side of it. These were dinosaur eggs; many more of which were buried beneath the strata.

The second most important was the discovery of some bones of the giant *Baluchetherium*. This huge beast is said to have been the earth's largest

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animal. It stood seventeen feet high at the shoulders and was about twenty-four feet long and weighed many tons. The fossils of the Baluchetherium were discovered when several members of the expedition were looking for a new camp site. In their search they saw what looked like a huge white ball at the base of a hill. This ball proved to be the end of a giant humerus, or arm bone. It was about three feet long and about as thick as a man's body. Approximately thirty million years ago this huge animal roamed the desert and lived on vegetation, which at that time was very abundant. The animal grew without check until the aridity of the land caused vegetation to decrease. The Indian elephant, the nearest existing relative of this prehistoric creature, eats about six hundred pounds of grass a day. How much food must have been consumed by the Baluchetherium! As the vegetation disappeared, the animal was faced with a serious problem. It must either change its mode of living or migrate to a new land. Since it was too highly specialized to do either, it became extinct.

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The people who inhabit this extensive Desert of Gobi are known as Mongol Nomads. They still believe in most of the superstitions of their ancestors. They dress somewhat like the ancient Chinese and have many of the ancient Chinese customs. The real home of the Mongol is on the pony's back. Children are taught to ride when they are about six years old. If they fall off at first, they receive no sympathy, but are put back, sometimes tied to the pony's back. In a comparatively short time they are excellent horsemen. When a Mongolian becomes ill he receives no medical treatment whatever. The only help he receives is the aid of the priest, the Lama, who resembles the medicine man of other savage tribes. If the Lama cannot cure the patient, the whole settlement decamps and leaves the sufferer to die alone.

Modern civilization has never penetrated this region. The people have customs that were in use during ancient times. Even though this desert is said to be the cradle of human civilization, it has never made any advancement toward our present degree of high civilization. This vast wasteland can truly be classed as an unconquered world.

HAROLD SCHLUTOW

REFLECTIONS

*The sun, bowing low toward the line,
Reflecting beauty,—
Refreshing me.*

*Heard trees and flow'rs a-whispering,
"He's gone—
The sun, he's gone!"*

*As if with weary thankfulness,
They said,
The sun, he's gone!"*

*The sun heard them a-whispering;
With wrath,
He rose again.*

*The clouds bloomed forth, a rosy hue,
Announcing,
"No! Not yet!"*

*The sun shone red, then passed away.
The color stopped—
The sun went down.*

—Margaret Hill
Term 6

BWANA

In Memoriam

■

ELOISE BRISTOL

Died March 23, 1934



HAPPY DAYS

SENIORS 1935

SENIORS

Class of January, 1935

Purpose: An assembly organized by the boys and girls in their seventh term, called the sevens, continued from last term when they were sixes.

Moderator:

Miss Wade

Class Motto: Climb though the rocks be rugged!

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:

Miriam Fales

Vice-President:

Audrey Thyson

Secretary:

Marianne Wobus

Treasurer:

Norman Hartmann

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Charles Collins

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:

Norman Hartmann

Vice-President:

Helene Braeutigam

Secretary:

Virginia Pabst

Treasurer:

Junior Tidrow

Sergeant-at-Arms

Norman Dick

Class of



NORMAN HARTMAN

Capable—just, and fair,
This lad is found in the president's chair.
*President Seniors, Treasurer Sixes and Sevens,
Scholarship R's, Student Council, Torch.*



HELENE BRAEUTIGAM

A tiny lass of rare good nature,
*Torch, Vice-President of Seniors, Associate Editor
Rough Rider, President College Club, Pep R.*



VIRGINIA PABST

She possesses wit and grace,
Likewise blond hair and a charming face.
*Secretary of Seniors, Student Council, Pep R,
College Club.*



EARL TIDROW

A quiet, intelligent boy at school
Who endeavors to keep every rule.
*Torch, Citizenship Committee Student Council,
Rough Rider Staff, Treasurer of Seniors, Golf
President.*



GUY NORMAN DICK

An all around good fellow
A friend sincere and true,
Modest and yet eloquent,
A student we're proud of too.
*Student Council, Sergeant-at-Arms of Seniors,
Sergeant-at-Arms of Sixes, Finance Committee,
Athenaeum.*



JEWELL BADEWITZ

Judy's laugh is so contagious,
The epidemic is outrageous.
*Service, Shakespearian Club, O'ita, Ice Skating,
Tap Dancing.*



RAYMOND ANDERSON

A blond is he,
And as tall as he should be.



TWYLA BALLEW

A quiet, sweet girl with a euphonious name.

ROBERT BRANDLE

As proper a young man
As ever trod on leather.

*Student Council, Kodak Club, Golf Club, Bank
Cashier.*

JANE CLAIRE CRAIG

Her lively wit and winsome way
Brightens up our darkest day.

*McKinley: Novelty Club, Secretary of Advisory.
Roosevelt: College Club, Tap Club, Accompanist
of Roller Skating Club.*

ALICE CUDDIHEE

Like Sun's bright beams on gold
Is the brightness of her smile.

*Athenaeum, Volley Ball, Priscilla Club, Vocations
Club.*

JOHN BRANDT

A handsome lad: refined and tall.

*Student Council, Glee Club, Triple Quartette,
Literary Society, Mask and Bushin.*

ROBERT BRANSON

A jovial comrade who spreads sunshine
Wherever he goes.

HELEN DALIES

A good time is her aim.

*McKinley: Cartoon Club, Type Club.
Roosevelt: Pep R, Carol Club, Studio Club.*

BERNICE DIETZ

Here is Bernice, may her days be long.
And may her life be full of song.

Rough Rider Staff, Basketball.

LOUIS BRENNER

Laugh and the world laughs at you.

Sportsman's Club.



January, 35

Sixty-five

Class of



BETTY BINKARD

Sweet, smart, and true,
Betty always has a smile for you.
*Student Council, Scholarship R's, Carol Club,
Color Day Committee, Torch.*



PETER BALLENOT

Pete has muscular hands and shoulders,
Which he gained from lifting boulders.



MERRILL BAUER

Zealous, but modest.
*Band, Camera Club, Orchestra, Icicles, Engi-
neering Club.*



JULIA BUDENHOLZER

Dancing feet,
And smile so sweet.
Spanish Club.



RUSSELL BEEMAN

Such laughing eyes and such blond hair!
*Track, Football, Gym Club, "R" Club, Ice
Skating Club.*



MILDRED BURGER

Kindly words hath she;
Mildred's friendly as can be.



EUGENE BLACKWELL

Eloquent speakers of his kind.
You'll seldom, if ever, find.
*Torch, Member Championship Interscholastic
Debating Team '34, President and Vice-Presi-
dent Forum, Rough Rider Staff, Academic R.*



IDA CAVALLARO

Quiet and sweet,
Hard to beat.

GILBERT COUGHLIN

A very active boy is he,
As bright and as studious as he can be.
Editor of Rough Rider, Student Council Representative, Service R's, Senior Color Day Chairman, Torch.

DOLORES FELDOTTO "Do Do"

I like to laugh,
I like to play,
I'd take a dare,
Most any day.
Basketball All-Star Team, Volley Ball, Nature Club, Icicles.

GEORGIA LEE FEUZ

Of quiet ways but highest thoughts.
O'ita, Spanish Club, Mask and Bushin.

JOHN DETWILER

Speech is great, but silence is greater.
Radio Club, Assistant Student Electrician.

GEORGE DODDS

Radio is his hobby
Talking his whim.
*McKinley: President Electricity Club.
Roosevelt: Vice-President Radio Club.*

RUTH FLORY

In sunshine and rain,
She is always the same.
*Cleveland: Pipes o' Pan Club.
Roosevelt: Basketball Club, Latin Club, Art Fellowship Club, Tap Club.*

KATHERYN GALLE

She's not a modern poet—
She doesn't need to be;
She's made her work by being
As sweet as she can be.
French Club, Pep R, College Club, Student Council, Senior Color Day Committee.

LAURELL DU BOIS

With faultless appearance
And courteous manner.
*Student Council, Vice-President and Treasurer
Literary Society, Rough Rider Staff, Service R,
Torch.*



January, 35

Sixty-seven

Class of



MARJORIE DUMAS

Marjorie is a good, kind lass,
And a worthy addition to our class.
*O'ita, Student Council, Auditorium Committee,
Citizenship Committee, Skating Club.*

DON BURKE

He has energy, decision, and force.
*Lunchroom, Service, Sportsman's Club, Chairman
Senior Picture Committee.*

EDGAR T. BUSCH

One smile is worth a hundred frowns.

DARLENE DURR

A bright-eyed and gentle maid,
Quiet, tho not staid.
Spanish, Rough Rider Staff, Service.

MIRIAM FALES

Modern, popular, and sweet is she,
And also as studious as girls should be.
*President of Sevens, President and Secretary Pep
R, Vice-President College Club, Secretary Carol
Club, Torch.*

CARROLL CARTWRIGHT

Good-natured, good-looking, good fun,
We like him, we do, everyone.
*Track '32, "R" Club, Golf Club, Philatelic
Society.*

GEORGE CASTILE

What shall I do?
Surely not homework.
Radio Club, Chemistry Club.

MELANIE FELDT

No ear did ever hear her lips complain.

MARIE GARTNER

Theresa looks a lot like me,
You've guessed it, twins are we.
German Club, Novelty Club, German Chorus.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

A youth he was of quiet ways.
Book Room, Band, Orchestra, Advanced Orchestra, Torch.

RAYMOND FAISST

Kind and sensible.
Student Council, Cartoon Club.

THERESA GARTNER

You very seldom will see me,
Without my twin sister, Marie.
German Club, Novelty Club, German Chorus.

JUANITA GATES

A credit to our Senior class
Is this charming, smiling lass.
Volley Ball.

WALTER GAMMETER, JR.

A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, winning way he had.
Student Council, Finance Committee, Engineering Club.

CHARLES GOELZ

His titian hair could light our way.
Cleveland: Rifle Club.

JANE GERHARD

He has never been heard,
He has never been found
Who has the last word when Jane's around.
O'ita, Rough Rider Staff, President Tap Club, Service R, Senior Button Committee.



January, 35

Sixty-nine

Class of



JOE GOOD

So neat, so mannerly, and true,
Do we like him? You bet we do.
*Engineering Club, Vice-President and Treasurer
of Philatelic Society, Skating Club.*

JUNE GIBBS

A brown-eyed lovely girl is June,
In her eyes a smile, on her lips a tune.



AURELIA GUBSER

I love to joke, I love to play,
I put off study to another day.

SIDNEY GREENBERG

What e'er he does is done with ease;
In him it's natural to please.



BOB HARLE

To us, "The Blushing Mayor" was he,
To the New Jays, "Mr. Harle."
*Mayor, Football '32, '33, '34, Eligibility Bu-
reau, Publicity Club, Torch.*

FLOY GOOLSBY

Floy is our great athlete;
In indoor, a catcher, you can't beat.
*All-Star Basketball Team '34, Volley Ball, Quill
Club, Ice Skating Club, Service R.*



MELBA MAE GOTT

Her friendly smile and pleasant greeting,
Makes one anxious for another meeting.
*McKinley: President and Secretary of Advisory,
Kodak Club, Glee Club.
Roosevelt: Tap Club, Torch.*

CARL HENKE

He is a boy quite robust;
When it comes to homework
He says, "If I must, I must."

BARBARA JOVANOVICH

Our Babs is quite a charming lass.
Admired and liked in every class.
Torch, Service R's, Student Council, Vice-President and Secretary of German Club, Bwana Staff.

DONALD LEILICH

A cheerful lad with lots of pep;
He'll go forward, watch him step.
McKinley: Checker Club, Cartoon Club.

IRWIN MATTICK

Still water runs deep,
So I look before I leap.

JACKIE MAE KELLY

Dainty and sweet,
A maiden petite.
*Blewett: Civil Service, Typewriting Club, Orchestra.
Roosevelt: Service, O'ita.*

FLORENCE KESSLER

Greeting you with a smile,
She's a friend worth while.
*McKinley: Kodak Club, Woodwork Club.
Roosevelt: Ice Skating Club, College Club.*

ROLAND MAY

If we did smile as much as he,
What a pleasant place this world would be.
Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club, Triple Quartette, Service R, Rough Rider Staff, Color Day Committee.

ED MCKEE

They think Ed is bashful,
But he is only wise.
*McKinley: Glee Club, Athletic Club.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Engineering Club.*

HELEN KAPLANEK

Ready to assist you,
Helen's a friend right through.
*McKinley: Girls' Woodwork Club, Scribbler's Club.
Roosevelt: Priscilla Club.*



January, 35

Class of



MAX MILLS

Max is a likable chap, and we wish him luck.
*Track, Rough Rider Staff, Mask and Buskin,
Service, Athletic R.*

VIOLA KLOUZEK

Here's a girl so fine and sweet
That you will find her hard to beat.
*Basketball Club, Volley Ball, Chess Club,
Nature Club, Service.*

MARCIA KOERNER

She's dainty, neat, and gay,
"Marcy" on the piano can play.
*Bwana Staff, Vice-President and President of
Carol Club, Scholarship R's, Senior Play, Torch.*

JOHN N. MILOSEVICH

A still tongue results in wisdom.
*Central: Engineering Club, Manager Gym Class.
Roosevelt: Athenaeum, Corresponding Secretary
Stamp Club.*

WILBURN MISSEY

A perfect gentleman.
*McKinley: Fun Bundle Club, Kodak Club.
Roosevelt: Art Fellowship Club.*

HILDA KOZENY

Here is an athlete great
To be a boy should have been her fate
Indoor, skating, and basketball,
Hilda excelled in them all.
*McKinley: Kodak Club.
Roosevelt: All-Star Basketball Team '34, Volley
Ball Captain, Roller Skating Club.*

IRENE LA BOUBE

Jolly and kind,
To friendship inclined.
*McKinley: Chorus Club.
Roosevelt: Basketball, Volley Ball, Roller
Skating.*

EUGENE MONNIG

The glass of fashion,
The mold of form.

IDA GUIFFRIDA

Her hair is black; her eyes are dark;
She's always ready for a lark.

McKinley: Dramatic Club.
Roosevelt: Basketball.

WERNER HESSENKEMPER

Take your time.
What's the hurry?

GEORGE HOMBERG

Why worry about my size?
Napoleon was a little man, too.
Trustee's Office, Engineering Club, Torch.

CONSTANCE HARTER *Grant*

Patience is the key of contentment.
O'ita, Orchestra.

VERNA HERMAN

Verna lends cheer to any class;
She is also a studious and friendly lass.
Student Council, O'ita, Basketball, Chairman of
Couplet Committee, Torch.

WILLIAM JOST

How he gets his lesson
Keep us all a guessin'.

DONALD KNOLL

He knows what to say and when to say it.

MILDRED HILKEMAN

The gentle maid by gentle deed is known.



January, 35

Class of



RICHARD EDWARD KOOPMANN

Dick always has a look afar;
He's always thinking of breaking par.
Cleveland: Track '31.
Roosevelt: Golf Club, Golf Team, Engineering Club, Basketball.



VIRGINIA HUNDHAUSEN

Her hair with a wave is set
Above a smile you'll never forget.
Student Council, Bwana Staff, Senior Color Committee Chairman, O'ita, Torch.



HARRIET JARRETT

A dark-eyed, dark-haired maid
With just a touch of dignity.
O'ita, Ice Skating, Shakespearian Club, Roller Skating, Vocations Club.



MARVIN KREKEL

Handsome of face and keen of mind.
President Sixes, Vice-President Student Council, Chairman Property Committee, Senior Play, Torch.



GEORGE KUHL

Good-natured and independent.
Student Council, Group Chairman, Group Banker, Engineering Club, Chemistry Club.



GLADYS JOHNSTON

The hand of an artist,
But modest about it.
Service R, Rough Rider Staff, O'ita, French Club, Tap Club.



EMMA JOSTES

A steady hand, a friendly heart;
When it comes to work
She does her part.
Pep R, Studio Club, President College Club, Skating Club, Torch.



I. W. KURTZ

Teachers, will he never graduate?

RUTH LOEWEN

Very quiet and shy is she,
But full of pep and energy.
Spanish Club, Nature Club.

LESTER MOSER

Time and minutes, plenty to spare.

MARY LIDDLE

Her strongest weapon is a smile!
Carol Club.

AGATHA MANTIA

Her warm friendship
Like the setting sun
Shed a kindly light
On everyone.

*McKinley: Humor Club, Chairman of Advisory.
Roosevelt: Vice-Chairman of Advisory, Torch.*

CHRIST MUELLER

He took Latin—
A glutton for punishment.

GLENN MUELLER

Just a good all around boy.

EILEEN MARSH

Her blond hair and laughing eyes
Will win her almost any prize.

*Student Council, Ice Skating Club, Bwana Staff,
Service R, Carol Club, O'ita.*

MARJORIE MARTIN

What cares she for class or book,
Zero mark or scornful look?



January, 35

Class of



ORVILLE NEU

His idea of a perfect day—
Less work and more play.

*Student Council, Service, Engineering Club,
Athenaeum.*



BERNICE MCLAUGHLIN

Sweet with a touch of mischief.

*O'ita, Shakespearian Club, Nature Club, Roller
Skating Club.*



DOROTHY MCLAUGHLIN

Happy am I; from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?



ALBERT NIPPER

Wasn't Napoleon also small?

*Citizenship Committee Student Council, Triple
Quartette, Glee Club, Philatelic Society, Torch.*



JOE NOLAN

He has a host of friends.

*McKinley: Basketball.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Motto Committee,
Engineering Club.*



VIRGINIA MAGNAN

Dinnie's charm and action
Make her the center of attraction.

*McKinley: Woodwork Club, Tap Dancing.
Roosevelt: Student Council, Athenaeum, Girls'
Swimming Team.*



MARJORIE MEIER

A light heart lives long.

*McKinley: Fancy Work Club.
Roosevelt: College Club, Icicles, Carol Club.*



RUSSELL NOLTING

Quality, not quantity.

MARY LOU MITCHELL *Grant*

The serenity of her face
Greatly belies
The tempestuous darkness
Of her eyes.

Art, Studio, Service, Bwana Staff, Torch.

MELVIN PARENTIN

A man must have a rest.
Cartoon Club, Baseball, Gym Club.

LEE PATTERSON

Determination personified.

ALBERTA MOORE

Well liked by those who knew her
And by those who don't.

*McKinley: Kodak Club,
Roosevelt: College Club, Pep R.*

MILDRED MULCAHY

Her greatest asset:
Common sense.

Latin Club, Teacher's Secretary '33, '34.

CLIFFORD PELIKAN

A man indeed,
A friend in need.

WILBERT PICKLES

A man who hath no enemies
Is one with many friends.

*McKinley: Basketball Team, Gym Club, Track
'31, Science Club.
Roosevelt: Mash and Buskin.*

DOROTHY PETRI

Not all good things
Come in small packages.

*McKinley: Cartoon Club, Spanish Club, Sewing
Club.
Roosevelt: Art Club.*



January, 35

Seventy-seven

Class of



HAROLD POLLACK

Sometimes I sit and think,
But mostly I just sit.

Band, Orchestra, Icicles, Literary Society.



RUTH REINERT

Lightly she touches the keys
Sending sweet music along the breeze.

Secretary Carol Club, Orchestra, O'ita, Athenaeum, Torch.



IRMA RISCH

Irma is jolly
As nice as can be
When others are near her
It makes them happy.

*McKinley: Stamp Club, Sewing Club.
Roosevelt: Volley Ball.*



KENNETH POLSTER

A daring lad with a heart that is glad,
His ambition he surely will gain.



BILL POWERS

A likable package of pep and vim.



FLORENCE SCHELKE

Little she asks,
And her wants are few.



EVELYN SCHMITTGENS

Lofty in nature, lofty in mind,
Liked by everyone, to all very kind.

*O'ita, Quill, Mash and Buskin, Student Council,
Torch.*



ARTHUR REICHARDT

A man with few words.

*Golf Team, '32, Swimming Team '32, '33, '34
Track Manager '33, Athletic R.*

WILLIAM RUNDLE
There's always another day,
So why worry this away?

IRMA SEPER
The books I think useless
I studied just the same.

ANNA MAE SHANTZ
Such laughing eyes and flaming hair!
Who wouldn't love this maiden fair?

HAROLD QUINN
Here's a student, here's a friend,
Always ready a hand to lend.
McKinley: Craft Club.
Roosevelt: Rough Rider Staff, Cartoon Club.

HAROLD SCHLUTOW
His earnestness is his password.
McKinley: Golf Team '30, Golf Club.
Roosevelt: Golf Club.

MARGUERITE SIEBKE
A merry heart doeth good like medicine.
McKinley: Sewing Club.
Roosevelt: Volley Ball.

CLARA BELL SMILEY
She speaks not, yet there lies
A conversation in her eyes.

REED SCHMIDT
Lessons do not Reed bore.
He doesn't study any more.
McKinley: Cartoon Club.
Roosevelt: Football Manager '34.



January, 35

Seventy-nine

Class of



WILMA SCHLUETER

She's a whizz at oration,
Her voice could thrill a nation.
*Volley Ball, Carol Club, Mash and Buskin,
College Club, Service.*



RUSSELL RENNER

To see him dance is to behold a picture.
*Treasurer of Boys' Skating Club, Athenaeum,
Service, Boys' Gym Club.*



DORRIS ROSENBROOK

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.
*Student Council, Cheer Leader, Citizenship
Committee, Band.*



NORMA SCHUETTE

There's a lot of knowledge in her head,
And lot's of things she's never said.
*Basketball, Tennis, Art Fellowship Club,
German Club, Torch.*



HELEN SCHUTZ

Not afraid of work
But not in sympathy with it.
College Club, Pep R, Student Council, Torch.



FRANK ROSS

A boy with an aim
Will be a man with a name.



RAY RUHAACK

Happy-go-lucky,
Gay and free,
Nothing there is
That worries me.



KATHERINE SCHULTZ

A quiet and studious girl is she.
German Club.

MARTHA SOBBE

Her eyes are blue, her hair is gold,
Though quiet, she has lots of friends, we're told.
Carol Club, Shakespearian Club, Service.

PAUL SCHULKEGEL

Worry kills men,
Why die?
Band, Orchestra, Camera Club, Icicles.

TED SENN

A quiet, unassuming fellow.
*McKinley: Science Club, Track.
Roosevelt: Gym Club.*

DORIS SOLOMON

My kingdom for a girl like you.
*Editor of Rough Rider, Student Council, Pep R.
Mask and Bushin, Torch.*

DOROTHY SPECHT

Good nature is the beauty of the mind.

ADOLPH SEXAUER

A tennis racket in his hand,
And he is king of all the land.
Tennis Team '34.

ARTHUR SHURIG

Art is quiet, never a doubt;
You seldom hear him laugh and shout.
*McKinley: Philatelic Society, Track '32.
Roosevelt: Student Council '33, '34.*

ADELE STRUCKMEIER

As quiet as the pictures on the wall.



January, 35

Class of



MONCRIEFF SMITH

Like Durante, he'll win by a nose.
President Literary Society, Finance Committee,
Bwana Staff, Rough Rider Staff, Torch.



OPAL THOMAS

Oh, so mild, and so kind,
A girl who'd beguile this heart of mine.
Student Council, Secretary Welfare Committee,
Social Committee Seniors, Service R, Shakes-
pearian Club.



SYLVIA THUM

Be not merely good;
Be good for something.
O'ita, Studio Club.



EDWARD SPELLERBURG

Who says I am but a lad?



HAROLD SRENCO

Common sense is indeed a fortune.



AUDREY THYSON

Fond of poetry and ideas new
Is Audrey, who is a writer too.
Editor and Associate Editor Bwana, Vice-Presi-
dent New Seniors, Rough Rider Staff, Student
Council, Torch.



ESTHER UHLEMAYER

As fine a "Steno" she will be
As good a typist as you'll see.
Rough Rider Staff, Shakespearian Club, Athe-
naeum, Carol Club, Senior Social Committee.



THEODOR TUENGE

Sincere in everything he does.
President of German Club.

CLARA WEDGE

Dark eyes and dark hair,
Quiet ways and smile fair.

O'ita, Icicles.

ARTHUR WADDELL

A gentleman throughout.

JACK WALTERS

Capable and intelligent.

President Sportsman's Club, Athenaeum, Cartoon Club, Chess Club, Track '33.

DOROTHY WEBER

Still water runs deep.

AUDREY WESSEL

It's nice to be natural
If you're naturally nice.

EMIL WASEM

With a musical career,
He'll find fame near.

Secretary and Treasurer of Band, Stamp Club.

CARL WHALEN

The less that is learned
The less to forget.

VIRGINIA WIEGAND

Dainty and proper.

Carol Club.



January, 35

Eighty-three

Class of



LEWIS G. WICKES

Zealous, yet modest.

*McKinley: Philatelic Society.
Roosevelt: Track, Gym Club, Literary Society,
Senior Picture Committee.*

ELSIE WIELAND

Her hair is dark; her height is small.
She's very friendly to us all.

HAROLD WILKENING

Quietness is oft times greatness.

RALPH WUNDERLICH

In tennis his interest is great,
Perfecting in it may be his fate.

Student Council, Property Committee, Service R.

RUTH WIELAND

Dark haired and small
She's liked by all.

Volley Ball, Art Fellowship.

JAMES WHITTALL

He does not tell all he thinks.

*McKinley: Track '31, Basketball '31.
Roosevelt: Track '32, '33, Treasurer Chemistry
Club.*

CARL YOUNCE

A jovial comrade who spreads sunshine wherever
he goes.

*East High School, Columbus, Ohio: Sport Club,
Art Club.*

MARIANNE WOBUS

A friend of work, a friend of ease,
A ready smile, an aim to please.

*Torch, Student Council, Secretary of Sevens,
Rough Rider Staff, Mask and Bushin.*

WALTER ALBERS

His strongest weapons are those freckles and that smile.

KENNETH BROWN

I never trouble trouble,
Till trouble troubles me.

JOHN DIERKES

A boy on whom one may depend.
In work or play, a hand he'll lend.

RICHARD GOEBEL

Here's that handsome boy we know so well.

RALPH KINSEY

Gay and lively, full of fun,
With Ralph near, all gloom we shun.
Track '34.

JOHN KILEY

Silence is eloquence.
Baseball, Football, Rough Rider.

WARREN KOESEWETTER

His history to him is blank verse.

MARJORIE LAMPE

A blond am I,
And very shy.

ROBERT LLOYD

Thar's gold in that thar boy.

FRANK MADER

In music he is noted for his skill;
And certainly of fame he'll have his fill.

LLOYD MANGERS

A hearty laugh, a genial mood.

MILTON MANTLER

Tranquil, calm, always sedate.

HERBERT MARKWORT

In tennis he is famous.

*Tennis Team, '32, '33, '34, Student Council,
Rough Rider Staff, Harvard Book Prize January
'33, Engineering Club.*

WILLIAM MEISBURGER

He loves to joke and loves to play,
He puts off worry until another day.

DORIS NEAL

Petite and sweet
With a fair word for whomever she meets.
Secretary to Advisor.

WILLIAM OBERHAUSER

One cannot estimate what there is in a quiet fellow.

BILL OLSEN

A real friend.

VERNON PAUL

If ability makes for success,
He will be successful.

EDNA RODGERS

Majestic in person
Tall and straight.
El Club Espanol.

WALTER REMSPECHER

As pleasant a schoolmate as one could find.

RUSSELL ROESCH

Just as pleasant as he can be.

EDWARD SCHADE

As men are, so must you treat them.

KENNETH SCHEIBAL

Efficient and outstandnig.

ELISABETH SCHWARTZ

A jolly companion, a worthy friend.



President of
Senior Class
NORMAN HARTMAN

President of
New Senior Class
HELENE BRAEUTIGAM

OLIVER CARL SCHWARTZ

An all around good fellow.
A friend sincere and true.

PETE SCHALJO

What the real man should be.

MARGUERITE SCHILDZ

She makes a friend where others
Would make a foe.
Carol Club, Bwana Staff, Roller Skating Club.

JESSIE SELF

Just a good all-around girl.
Spanish Club, Basketball Club.

HARRY SHAPIRO

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

VINCENT SINDELAR

The more time I have,
The less I do.

BILLY SOLOMON

A man that has no enemies.

DOROTHY STEIDEMAN

Give me but knowledge, and I'll be content.

ARTHUR TRUMBULL

Likable and friendly.

BILL WERNER

My treasures are my friends.

ARTHUR WHITTAKER

Going, but not to be forgotten.
*McKinley: Chemistry Club.
Roosevelt: Engineering Club.*

JAMES WILEY

I am a friend of public amusements,
For they keep students from study.
*Captain Golf Team, Secretary-Treasurer of Golf
Club, Secretary Shakespearian Club, "R" Club,
Track Team.*

FLORENCE WILLIAMS

Florence's lack of self-conceit
Adds to her charm and manners sweet.

ALLINE WILSON

Alline and her smile
Make this life a thing worth while.
*Ice Skating Club, Basketball, Art Fellowship,
Roller Skating.*

VERA WIMER

Here is Vera, tall and thin,
She can skate and also swim.
Ice Skating Club.

January, 35

Eighty-five

BWANA

THE SENIOR PLAY, "THE SHOW OFF"

December the seventh was the big night, the night of the Senior play at Roosevelt. And a most successful play it was.

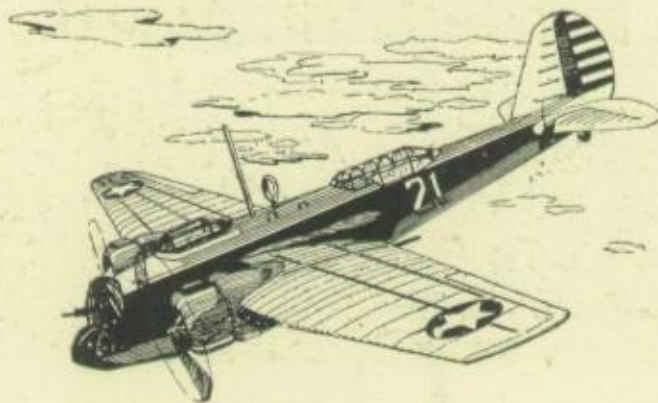
Aubrey Piper, the "show-off" (Robert Lloyd), was about as popular in the Fisher household as the plague. He patted Mr. Fisher (Edward Spellerberg) heartily on the back, he delivered unwanted advice to Joe Fisher (Robert Branson), and he was patronizing to Mrs. Fisher (Marcia Koerner); consequently, even Clara Hyland (Kathryn Galle), the married sister, and her husband (John Brandt) avoided him whenever possible. The one exception to this general dislike was Amy Fisher (Helene Braeutigam), who, in spite of her mother's warnings that he could not support her, married him.

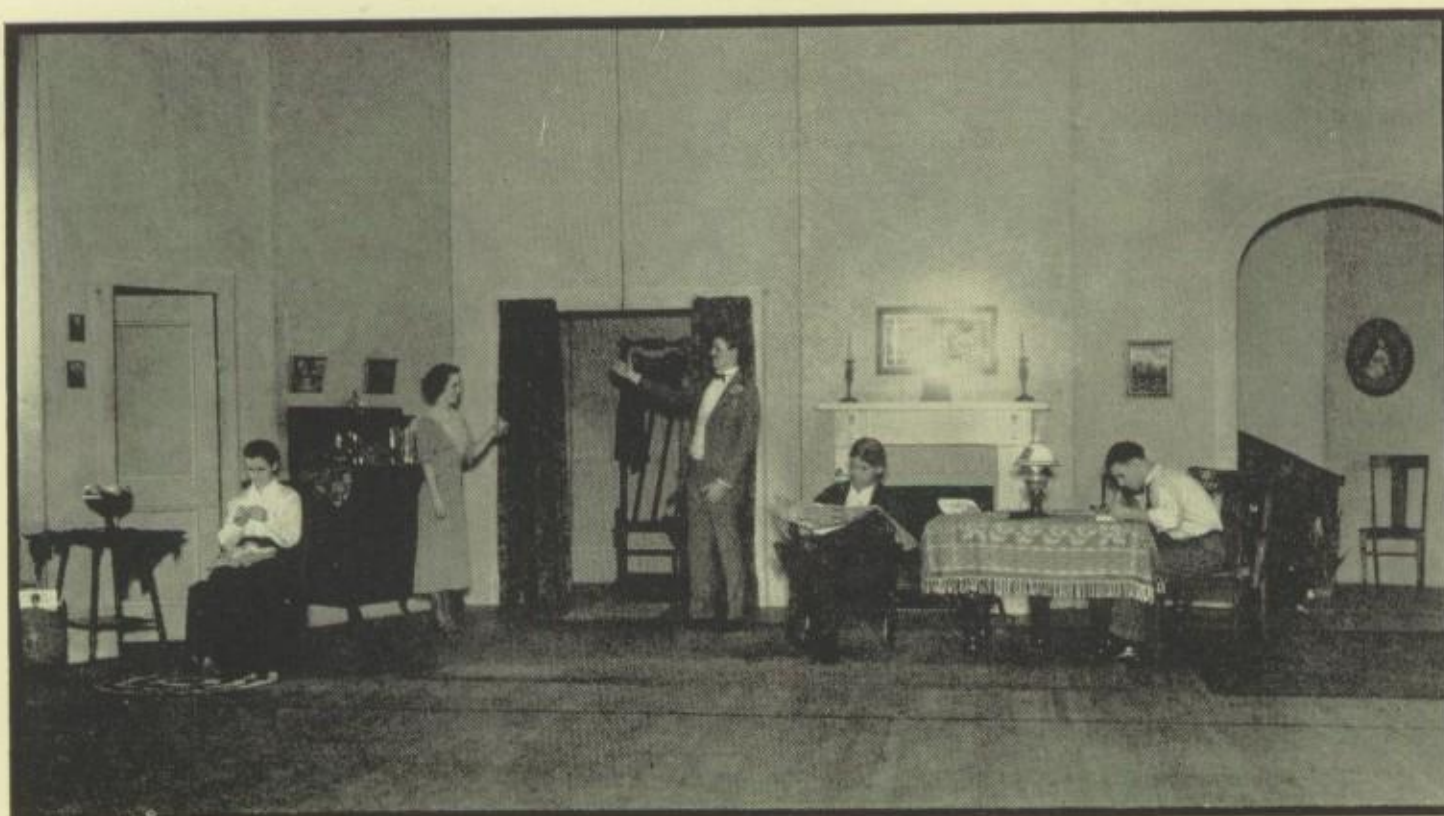
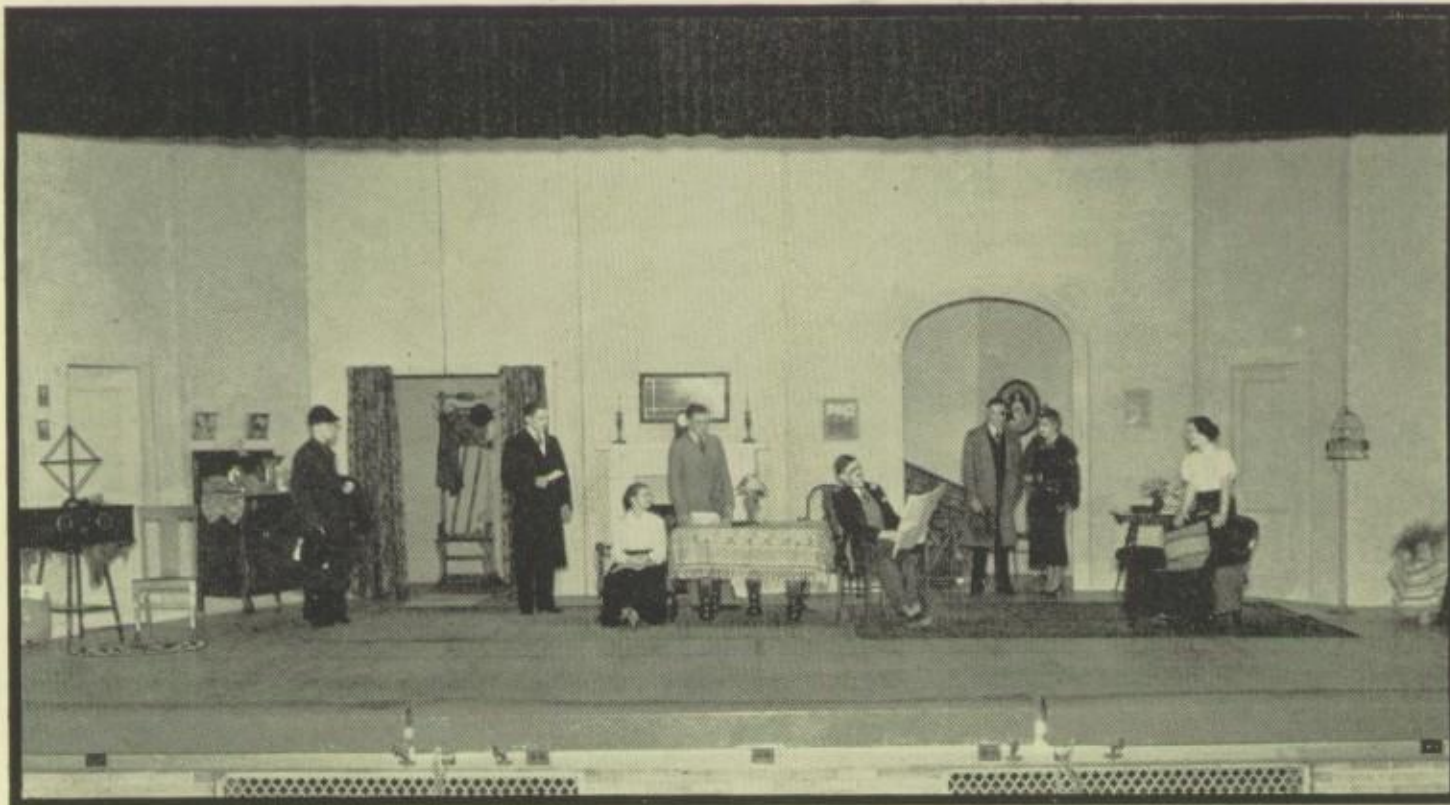
Five months passed, and Mrs. Fisher's predictions came true. Amy and Aubrey moved in with her mother because there was nothing else they could do. Then the entire family was shocked by the untimely death of Mr. Fisher. Mr. Gill (Laurell Dubois), a co-worker of Mr. Fisher, brought over his clothes and lunch-box and extended his sympathy. The family resources were swelled with the presentation of a \$1,000 insurance check by Mr. Rogers (Marvin Krekel).

Not until the end of the third act did Aubrey show his better side. At that time he made \$50,000 for Joe Fisher by doing exactly what he had always done—talking too much. The family relented somewhat towards him, and, at the conclusion of the play, one can predict a happier time ahead for all.

We extend our congratulations to Miss Grace and to the cast for having scored a hit in "The Show-off".

VIRGINIA HUNDHAUSEN





SCENES FROM "THE SHOW-OFF"

SENIORS 1935

NEW SENIORS

Class of June, 1935

Moderator:

Mr. O. R. Forsman

Officers of Sixes

President:

Larry W. Roeder

Vice-President:

Roy Mohr

Secretary:

Doris Bryant

Treasurer:

Harold Schoenberg

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Preston Charleville

Officers of Sevens

President:

Grace Lee Jones

Vice-President:

Larry W. Roeder

Secretary:

Doris Bryant

Treasurer:

Roy Mohr

Assistant Treasurer

Agnes Franke

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Mary Jenkins

GRACE LEE JONES

By winning words she conquered willing hearts.
*President of Sevens, College Club, Bwana Staff,
 President of Quill Club, Torch.*

LARRY WINTER ROEDER

A pull as a dentist he'll need.
*President Sixes, Vice-President Sevens, Chairman
 Photograph Committee, Vice-President Philatelic,
 Student Council.*

ROY MOHR

"What clearly we perceive we clearly can express,
 And quickly come the words wherewith our
 thought to dress."
*Student Council, President Skating Club, Vice-
 President Sixes, Treasurer Sevens.*

DORIS MAY BRYANT

"Thou hast beauty, bright and fair,
 Manner noble, aspect free,
 Eyes that are untouched by care."
*Secretary Sixes and Sevens, College Club, Spanish
 Club, Library Assistant.*

AGNES ALLENE FRANKE

"Her temper mild and even."
*Carol Club, A Capella, Basketball, Ice Skating
 Club, Pep R.*

MARY ELIZABETH JENKINS

So kind—so quiet—so mindful—so wise.
*Service, College Club, Carol Club, Icicles,
 Sergeant-at-Arms of New Seniors.*

JOHN AGNITCH

A dignity of bearing that is the envy of all.
*Student Council '34 & '35, Finance Committee,
 Ice Skating Club, Social Committee, Sixes and
 Sevens.*

ALICE ACHENBACH

"She came adorned hither like sweet May."



June, 35

Class of



LUCY ELLEN ADAM

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast."



HARRY E. ALLEN

"Brief were his answers, his questions none."
Student Council '34, Type Committee of Sevens.



MARION F. ALPISER

"Fools learn by experience
And wise men learn by the experience of
fools."

*Stamp Club, Ice Skating Club, Scholarship R,
President of Chess Club.*



DORIS STUTZ ARMBRUSTER

"Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest, none could tell."

Pep R, Mash and Bushin, Service.



AGNES A. AURIN

"Nor know we anything so fair
As in the smile upon thy face."

*Scholarship R, Service, College Club, Bicycle
Club.*



GEORGE ASHER

"My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my choice defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense."



GEORGE AUGENSTEIN

"A far look in absorbed eyes, unaware
Of what some gazer thrills to gather there."



RUTH E. BASSLER

I have my work, which constant calls.
*German Club, Shakespearean Club, Vocations
Club.*

ROBERT BARTLETT

I never saw him sad.

RUTH W. BONDI *Grant*

The ship has weathered all four years, the prize
I sought is won.

German Club, Skating Club. *Richardson*

GLADYS BOYER

"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade."

Carol Club.

EDWARD BAUER

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."

ROGER BERTRAM

"A quiet mind is richer than a crown."

DOROTHY MARIE BRANDING

Intelligence shies in her face;
In whose? Why, Dorothy Branding's;
The eager starts she always makes
Should warrant happy landings.

Scholarship pin, Bwana Staff, President of
Priscilla Club, O'ita, Torch.

RUTH JUNE BRUEGGEMANN

"And she has hair of a golden hue."

O'ita, Rough Rider Staff.

JOHN EDWARD BISMARCK

"The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury."



June, 35

Class of



DONALD O. BACKUS

"When I'm not thanked at all I'm thanked enough:
I've done my duty, and I've done no more."



GERALDINE BECKMANN

I have hoped, I have planned, I have striven.
Service.
McKinley: Dramatics.



MARGARET BECKMANN

"Our sweetest pleasures
Are our memories."
Athenaeum, Service.



W. ROBERT BARD

"Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach of ordinary men."
Forum, Service R, Debating Team '33 & '34, Quill Club, Secretary-Treasurer of Chess Club.



HOWARD E. BARKEY

"A thousand e'en too few for friendship are,
But one for enmity too much by far."
Stamp Club, Chess Club, Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club.



ROBERTA LOUISE BINDER

Gay and lively, full of fun.
Bwana, Student Council, Vice-President of O'ita, Vice-President of Studio Club, Scholarship R.



LUCILLE HELEN BLAYNEY
"LOU"

"Music hath charms."
Bwana Staff, Orchestra, All High-School Orchestra, Library Assistant.
McKinley: President of Glee Club.



JOHN W. BARR

"His figure tall and straight and lithe."
Sportsman's Club.

SALLY CHASE

"She was—but words would fail to tell thee
what:
Think what a woman should be, and she was
that."

Pep R. College Club, Athletic Committee, Student Council, Torch.

HENRY BOECLER

"He was disposed to mirth."

Basketball '33, '34, Track '34, Tennis '34, Glee Club.

EMILY MARIE CHORVAT *Frank*

Jolly and kind
To friendship inclined.

CURTIS BOGASCH

I thank my stars I'm happy.

Football '32, '33, '34.

BRUCE W. BOHLE

"'Tis the mind that makes the man."

Harvard Book Prize, Welfare Committee of Student Council, Literary Society, Bwana Staff, Quill Club.

PHILENE CROUCH

"We're judged, not by the things we say, but
by the things we do."

O'ita, Volley Ball, Tennis Tournament.

WANZA DAVIS

"I saw sweet beauty in her face."

Spanish Club.

JOHN BORAH

"Honor and truth and manhood—
These are the things that stand."



June, 35

Class of



JOHN BRENNER

"Manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught."
Gym Club, Secretary of Engineering Club.

EULA M. DEBUHR

"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her
smile."
College Club, Carol Club, Bicycle Club, Scholarship R. Service.



IDA DIERKES

"Be not much troubled about many things,
Fear often hath no whit of substance in it,
And lives but just a minute."

MELVIN W. BROWNE

"A merry heart throughout the day."



PRESTON CHARLEVILLE

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal!"
Forum, Athenaeum, Chairman of Social Committee of Sevens, Tennis R Club.

FLORENCE DROSTE

"Her step is music, her voice is song."
Iceles, Rough Rider Staff, Carol Club, Torch, McKinley, Glee Club, Newspaper Staff.



LAVERNE EBERTS

"She has the glad young smile that poppies
wear
In quiet gardens when the day comes in."
Carol Club, Bicycle Club.

RAY F. CHISHOLM

"From labor, health; from health contentment
springs."

NORTHCUTT COIL

"He hath done good service, and pleasantly."
Oratorical Contest '33, Forum, Student Council
'34, Tennis R '34, Editor of Bwana '34.

DOLLY ENGEL

"Cheeks like two roses when they blow."
Icicles.

MARGARET J. FESLER

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."
Mask and Buskin, Athenaeum, Studio Club.

ORVILLE BERNARD CURTIS

"'Tis time to leave the books in dust
And oil the unused armour's rust."
Boy's Skating Club, Service.

ERNEST DE WINTER

"He'll make a proper man."

LOIS ELAINE FOERSTER

Blessed with a charming personality.
College Club, German Club, Bwana Staff,
Scholarship Pin, Torch.

ARLINE FOTHERINGHAM

Good nature is the beauty of the mind.
Shakespearean, Carol Club, Mask and Buskin.

THOMAS J. DOYLE

The best that was in me I've given.
McKinley: Athletic Club,
Baseball, Basketball.



June, 35

Class of



JANE FRAZER

"And here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, will thou let it
Slip useless away?"

Art Club, Ice Skating Club.



HENRY EICHELBERGER

He walks with a springy gait—a nod to all
who greet him.

Student Council.



JEANETTE A. FREY

"Her smile is like a morn in June."

Mask and Bushin, Advanced Chorus.



ROBERT C. FINOT

"And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked."

*Vice-President and Secretary of Cartoon Club,
Shakespearean Club, Supply Room Staff, New
Senior Button Committee, Service.*



JOHN WALTER FLEMING

"Wisdom, I know, contains a sovereign charm
To vanquish Fortune, or at least disarm."

Student Council, Forum, Property Committee.



DOLORES A. FUNK

"Say not the struggle nought availeth
The labor and the wounds are vain."

*Spanish Club, Carol Club, Volley Ball Club,
Cleveland: Freshman Girls' Club.*



RUTH FRIEDA GEBHARD

"A smile of hers was like an act of grace."

*Service R, Carol Club, A Cappella Choir, O'ita,
Chess Club.*



BOND FLOWER

Good nature is the same
In any language.

Track, Bwana, R Club, Service.

FRANK FLYNT

The force of his own merit makes his way.
Student Council, Service R, Gym Club, Golf Club.

YEVETTA LUEHRS GILES

A quiet lass.
Student Council, Iceles, Swimming Club, Basketball Club, Art Club.

JUNE ANNETTA GOODENOUGH

"How came her eyes so bright?"
Spanish Club.

CHAS. FORMANN, JR.

"I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between."
Engineering Club.

FRANK GARTHOFFNER

He goes his way unhampered by the petty things of life.
Parliamentarian of the Forum, Quill Club.

ANN C. GORATH

Her willowy form betrays a grace
That seems divine.

VERNA ALTA GRAYSON *P.M.P.C.*

One thing better than success is to be worthy of success.
Quill Club, Bwana Staff.
Central: Scholarship Pin.

RICHARD GERBER

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first."



June, 35

Class of



JOHANN LESLEY GREIDERER

A striking appearance,
With a more striking personality.
Rough Rider Staff, Bwana Staff.
Fontbonne: Freshman Class Representative, Mem-
ber Varsity Basketball and Swimming Teams.

ALFRED GERKE

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
Student Council, Radio Club.



MARIO PAUL GIOIA

"All time is long that is unwilling spent,
But hours are minutes when they yield content."

VIRGINIA L. GRUPE

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise me."
Ice Skating Club, Volley Ball.



FERN LOUISE GUENTHER

"A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."
Art Fellowship Club, Carol Club, A Cappella
Choir, Basketball Club, Service R.

HAROLD GORTNEY

Today is worth two tomorrows.



EDGAR GRIESBAUM

His integrity stands without blemish.
Cartoon Club, Bwana Staff.

JANE GUNDLACH

"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye."
Bwana Staff, Pep R, Swimming Team, Carol
Club, Mask and Buskin.

JEANNE ELIZABETH HOLT

"In everything that's sweet, she is."

*Sergeant-at-Arms College Club, Scholarship R's,
Carol Club, Service, Icicles.*

JAMES KETTLER

A youth, light hearted and content.

EUGENE KRUEGER

Quiet and self-composed:
What he ponders no one knows.

Service, Swimming Club.

ESTHER HOPE HUBER

"I am not of many words."

*Basketball Club, Carol Club, Service R,
McKinley: Dramatic Club.*

LUCILLE ANNA HUENERGARTH

Within the present's sunny halls
We build the future castle walls.

KENNETH W. KUTTER

"Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us:
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us."

JACK LA BARGE

"Straight from a mighty bow this truth is
driven:
"They fail, and they alone, who have not
striven.""

*Student Council, Rough Rider Staff, Service,
Cress Club.*

MARGARET HUESEMAN

Much have I travelled in the realms of dreams.
Swimming Club, O'ita.



June, 35

Class of



WILLIAM HATINA

"Fame shall find me no man's fool."
Bwana Staff, Bicycle Room Service, Craft Club,
Cartoon Club.



AUDREY HAMILTON

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."
Student Council, New Senior Button Committee,
Service R, College Club, Icicles.



RUTH HARRISON

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.
Pep R, O'ita, Carol Club, Basketball.



RALPH HEINEMAN

"There lives more music in the world
Than man has knowledge of."
Football '34.



MILLARD HELLER

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."
Triple Quartet, A Capella Choir, Glee Club,
Cartoon Club.



GWENDOLYN HATRIDGE
"GWENNIE"

"Direct of speech and cunning with the pen."



ANITA MAY HAUEISEN

"A sweet, grave aspect."
O'ita, Service.
McKinley: Sewing Club.



ALBERT HEZEL

"Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surf-
ace."

HAROLD JAEGER
"MICKEY"

"Fate? I met her long ago—
Met and measured will and strength."
*Social Committee Sixes, Button Committee
Sevens, Chess Club, Engineering Club, Service.*

DORIS ETHELYN HILL

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye."
*Student Council, Scholarship R, Girls' All-Star
Basketball Team, Mash and Bushin, Rough Rider
Staff.*

VIRGINIA C. HIRSCH
"Her eyes are eloquent."

ARNOLD JOHNS

"So wise is he who talks a lot but does it with
his ears."

BASIL W. R. JONES

"Then live like men of courage, and oppose
Stout hearts to this and each ill wind that
blows."

LORRAINE HOFFMAN

"Of many charms, to her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean."
Service, Icicles, Mash and Bushin.

DOROTHY HOLMES

"She is a most sweet lady."

MILLARD L. KAISER

Happy am I, from care I'm free.
Why aren't they all well pleased like me?



June, 35

Class of



ESTHER HECKWOLF

"The very landscape smiled more sweet,
Lit by her eyes, pressed by her feet."
Roller Skating, Art Fellowship.

J. KENNETH HOFMEISTER

A little work, a little play,
To keep me going from day to day.



ROBERT HOWLETT

"Not to every man is given
The right to lead, and not be driven."
*Track.
McKinley: Athletic Club, Sport Club.*

DOROTHY HEIDEMANN

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in a
woman."
Carol Club, German Club.



VIRGINIA HERROD

Know thyself.
*Carol Club, Art Club, O'ita, Roller Skating
Club.*

CHARLES FRED HUSEMAN

"Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with
muscles and sinews of iron."
Football, Engineering Club, Service.



WILFRIED JACOBI

"The youth who runs for prizes wisely trains,
Bears heat and cold, is patient and abstains."
*Track '32, '33, '34, "R" Club '33, '34, Foot-
ball '32, Welfare Committee of Student Council.*

RUTH HERZBERGER

"Away with weary cares and themes:
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!"
*Student Council, German Club.
Cleveland: Indoor Club.*

PAUL MOODY LOWRY

"I am a bold fellow
As ever was seen."

Spanish Club, Student Council, Basketball Manager, Service.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

Endowed with that which money cannot buy
A wholesome, sturdy brain supply.
O'ita, Spanish Club, Scholarship R.

CONSTANCE KELLY

"Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew."

Ben Blewett: Typewriting Club.

JORDAN E. MANKER

"What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"
Athletic Club, Chess Club, Basketball.

EDWIN GEORGE MATHAE

He makes a friend when others make a foe.
Chess Club, Engineering Club, Sportsman's Club.

JUANITA F. KENNEDY

Possessed of a happy and contented nature.
Pep R, Carol Club, Basketball Club.

WINNIE MAY KING

Grant
"As fair art thou, my bonnie lass."

DUNCAN MEEK

A dependable chap.



June, 35

Class of



HENRIETTA MASEL

"Soft words can sweeten bitter truth
And clothe stern will in gentle garb."
Roller Skating.
McKinley: Sewing Club.

LAWRENCE S. MOORE

Good looks and good sense must ever join.
Student Council.

JOHN T. MORRISSEY

Friends, health, growth, vision, skill.

MARIE MAUSSHARDT

Speech is the index to the mind.
Chess Club, Quill Club, O'ita, Carol Club,
A Cappella Choir.

IRENE MARIE McMILLEN

"Much is to learn, much to forget."
Advisory Secretary.

JAMES MOSES

"Esteem is founded on discrimination;
Worthless th' esteem that covers all creation."
Philatelic Society, Football.

CHARLES E. MUELLER

"What more would you seek
Of the sun than its shining,—
Of the night
Than a sky full of stars?"

NANCY MEHRO

Diligence is the mother of success.
Bwana Staff, Carol Club, Art Fellowship Club,
Athenaeum.

ARTHUR P. MITCHELL

"Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own:
Do what thou doest with thy might
And trust thyself alone."

PAULINE LARK

Charm strikes the sight
Merit wins the soul.

MARGARET LUSSE

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

WILLIAM MILTON MOEHL

"The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win."

Track '32, '33, Bwana Staff, Swimming Man-
ager, Student Council, Secretary of Gym Club

JAMES L. MOLLOY

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

EVELYN MACK

A charming example of feminine graciousness.
Carol Club, Athenaeum, Group Secretary.

MARIE J. MANTIA

"A mind at peace with all below."

VINCENT MONACHELLA

"The burning soul, the burdened mind
In books alone companions find."



June, 35

Class of



ELIZABETH KNAPP

"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."



ENRICO J. MESSINA
"RICKEY"

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity."

*Property Committee of Student Council, Gym
Club, Secretary of Glee Club, Triple Quartet.*



ROBERT MIESSNER

True worth reveals itself.

*Vice-President Cartoon Club, Rough Rider Car-
toonist, Vice-President Glee Club, A Capella
Choir, Secretary Gym Club.*



CLARA JULIA KRAUSNICK

A bonny fine maiden.

*Volley Ball, German Chorus, Human Flag,
McKinley: Girls' Glee Club, Service.*



BERNICE KREJCI

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."
*Roosevelt: Carol Club, O'ita, Mash and Bushin,
Cleveland: Volley Ball, Kle Kuks.*



RICHARD MILFORD

A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

Football.



MYRON D. MILLS

"Try him with bribes, they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire, you'll find him true."

Student Council, Track, Band.



VIRGINIA LEE KREUTZER

"I know a maiden fair to see."

*Pep R, College Club, Athletic Committee of
Student Council.*

LESLIE R. MUELLER

A reserved humility which hides his intellectual capacity.

LILLIAN MEINHART

"Manners all graceful, without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease."

Priscilla Club, Bicycle Club.

JUNE ADELL MOEHLE

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

Mask and Buskin, Vice-President of Art Fellowship Club, Service R, Type Committee of Sevens, Torch.

FRED NAUMANN

"Mine he cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near."

Baseball '34.

ROBERT W. NESLAGE

"Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

Basketball, Glee Club.

ANNA MARIE MUELLER

Her face is lit by a sunny smile,
Both boys and girls it doth beguile.

Service,
McKinley: Dramatic Club.

GRACE NAERT

"She passes in her beauty bright
Amongst the mean, amongst the gay,
And all are brighter for the sight,
And bless her as she goes her way."

Treasurer of Dancing Club,
Cleveland: Hiking Club, Pipes o' Pan.

WILLIAM FRANK NORDMANN

"'Tis joy to dream, and in this world of strife
To live in dreams, and sleep away one's life."



June, 35

Class of



LOIS NEAL

"Whatever she does she does with ease:
In her 'tis natural to please."
Carol Club, Pep R, College Club, Service.



JOHN P. NULSEN

"Strong in will and rich in wisdom."
Chess Club, Triple Quartette, Engineering Club.



HAROLD GEORGE OBERLE

"A kindly word means more than glinting gold."



BETTY JANE NEHER

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim:
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name."
*College Club, Carol Club, Skating Club,
Athenaeum,
McKinley: Service.*



RUTH E. NICKLES

"Her kingdom lies within her cheerful heart."
*Service.
Normandy: Honor Society, French Club, Glee
Club, Gym Club.*



JACK O'BRIEN

Trained for either camp or court,
Skillful in each manly sport.
*Football, '33, Literary Society '32, '33; Radio
Club, Orchestra, '32, '33, '34, Band, '32.*



CHARLES B. O'DELL

"So little done: So much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of today."
Service.



MARION OSBERGHAUS

"Act well your part: there all the honor lies."
Service, Bicycle Club.

MAX PAFFRATH

My middle name is Hustle
My other name is Pep.

Football '33, '34, Service, Student Council,
Chess Club, Torch.

HELEN OTT

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

ALICE PEARCY

"By faithful study of the nobler arts,
Our nature's softened, and more gentle grows."

President of O'ita, Student Council, Bwana Staff,
Rough Rider Staff, Torch.

PAUL R. PATTERSON

"His armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill."

PAUL PERSCHBACKER

"Give us the soul of wondrous sympathy,
That never criticises nor condemns,
But looks beyond the action for the cause,
For, after all, what right have we to judge?"

Track '32, '33, '34, "R" Club.

RUTH PIETROWSKI

"Too low they build who build beneath the
stars."

Volley Ball Club, Service,
Cleveland: Freshman Girls' Club, Baseball Club,
Pipes o' Pan.

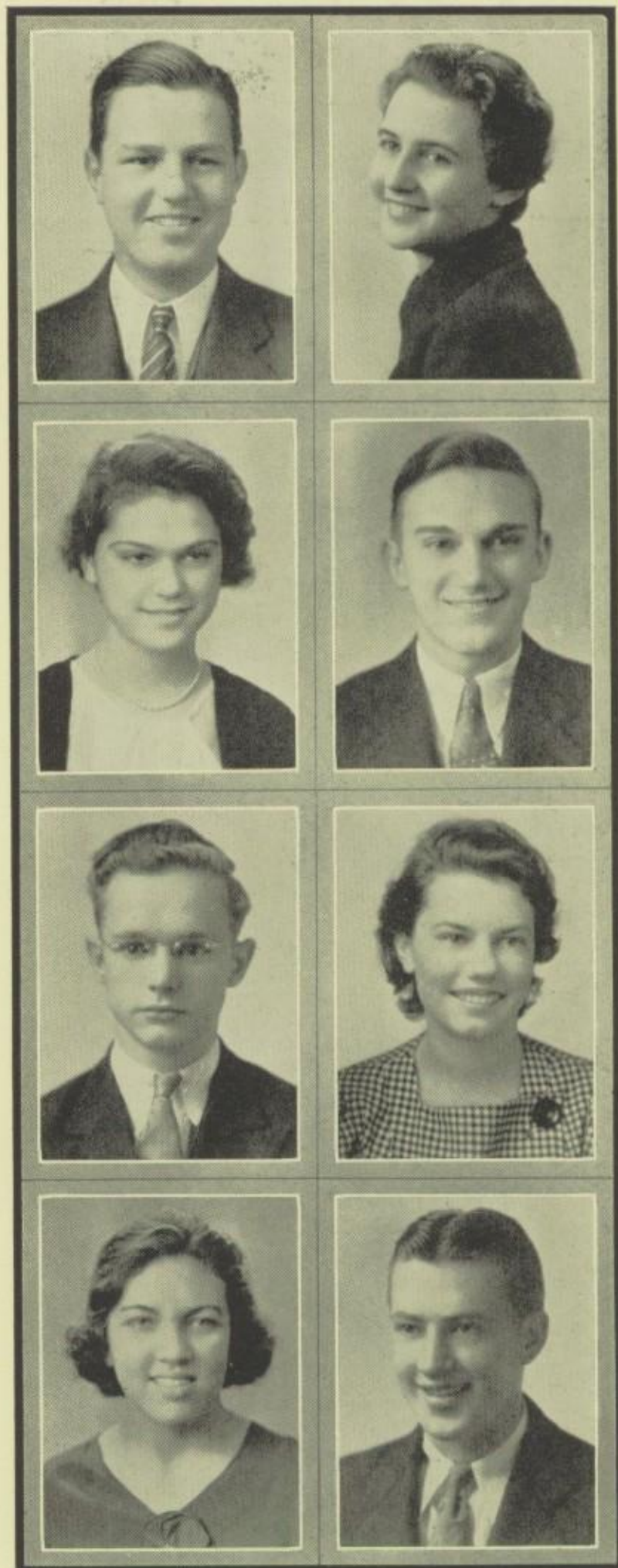
LORRAINE B. PUTMAN

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Traffic Supervisor, Scholarship and Service R's,
O'ita, Spanish Club, Carol Club.

JAMES R. PORTER, JR.

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now!"



June, 35

Class of



AUDRIE RANDOL

"Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part."

CLIFFORD L. REBBING

"With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common
thought."

Chess Club.

ROBERT REICHARDT

I find the great thing in this world is, not so
much
Where we stand, as in what direction we are
moving.

ANNA MARIE RATHOUZ
"ANN"

"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

*Basketball, Vocations Club, Art Fellowship Club,
McKinley: Tap Dancing.*

SHIRLEY REICHARDT

"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

*College Club, Bicycle Club, Girls' Swimming
Team, Skating Club,
McKinley: Drama Club.*

ROBERT REINHARDT

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so
much
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

*Bwana Staff, Student Council, Academic "R's",
Photograph Committee, Sevens, Golf Club.*

WILLIAM RICHTER

"The happy have whole days, and those they
choose;
The unhappy have but hours, and those they
lose."

CHARLOTTE MILLIE REINKE

Stay as you are and be loved forever.
*Service, Art Fellowship Club, Carol Club,
Shakespearian Club.*

MELBA ROTTY

The greater the obstacle, the more glory in overcoming it.

CHARLES SCHROEDER

"There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth."
Football, '33, '34, Track '34.

EDGAR SCHULER

I'll keep to the middle and shun extremes.

MARIE CATHERINE SACK

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first."
Vice-President of Priscilla Club, Athenaeum, Scholarship R, Service, Torch.

AUDREY EVELYN SAYLOR

"Is she not passing fair?"
Skating Club, Tap Club, McKinley: Fancy Work Club, Booster Club.

DAVID SCHULHERR

I have often regretted my speech; never my silence.
Business Manager Bwana, Literary Society, Service R, Football Manager '33, Track.

RAYMOND STREICHER

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

EDNA M. SCHENK

'Tis sweet to be remembered
And a pleasant thing to find
That though you may be absent,
You still are held in mind.
Student Council, Treasurer of German Club, President of Latin Club, O'ita, Scholarship R's.



June, 35

Class of



DOROTHY SHANTZ J. P.

"Her heart is like a garden fair,
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."
Basketball, Service.

JACK ROSS YOUNCE

Brevity of expression is evidence of wisdom.

LORRAINE SIEBKE

"If eyes were made for seeing,
The Beauty is its own excuse for being."

LA VERNE SIEBKE

"Such a blue inner light from her eyelids out-
broke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she
spoke."

HELEN MAZIE SMITH

"She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine."
*Art Fellowship, O'ita.
Cleveland: Freshman Club, Volley Ball.*

SUE SONNENDAY

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a
grace."
*College Club, R Pin, Bwana Staff, Quill Club,
Service R.*

MARYBELLE STEDMAN

They are never alone
That are companioned
By noble thoughts.
Scholarship R, Service R, Art Club.

HELEN STEINMEYER

"My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who talks much must talk in vain."
Student Council, Skating Club.

OSCAR RYFFEL, JR.

"Morn's abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive."

President Shakespearean Society, Verse Committee Sixes, New Senior Button Committee, Service "R".

MILDRED REUTER

"Her face betokened all things dear and good."

O'ita, Nature Club.
McKinley: Tap Club.

ROSE LEA RICH

"Then let us laugh as do the brooks.
That such immortal youth is ours."

Student Council.

IRVIN W. SCHABERG

Wit and wisdom, an excellent combination.
Bwana Staff, Track, Tennis.

HAROLD W. SCHOENBERG

"Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won."

Football '32, '33, '34, Captain '34, Treasurer of Sixes.

SHIRLEY E. RITTER

It isn't always you can judge
A person by her hair;
This red head has a kindly heart,
And she is just and fair.

Sergeant-at-Arms of Priscilla Club, Volley Ball, Service, Scholarship R's, Type Committee of Sevens.

SELMA ROSEN

In earnest toil there lies success.

President and Treasurer of Athenaeum, President of Mask and Buskin, Student Council, Chairman of Button Committee of Sevens.

JOHN YALE SCHRADER

"He had that grace so rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."

Engineering Club.



June, 35

Class of



WILBUR F. TRAPP

"Oh Sleep! It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."
Band, Orchestra, Novelty Orchestra.



LOIS SCHOENBECK

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."



STEVE VIVONA

"Learn this of me, wher'er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot, or not, to be content with all."
Orchestra, Traffic Service.



DONALD E. WALTER

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."
President and Secretary of Boys' Choir, Supply Room, Literary Society, Skating Club.



MAXINE SCHROCK

"Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestowed until she had no more."



DOROTHY NEOLLA SCHROEDER

"Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose."
*Bwana Staff, Basketball Club,
East St. Louis High School: Drum and Bugle Corps, Type Award, Bookkeeping Award.*



DOROTHY ESTELLE SCHULENBERG

"Life is a woven fabric;
The pattern and web are wrought
By the dark threads and the golden.
That into the loom are shot."



CLIFFORD WIELAND

"Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true."

VERDUN MARIE STERN

" 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call.
But the joint force and full result of all."
Mask and Buskin, Ice Skating, Shakespearean Club, Athenaeum, French Club.

ALMIRA STOLL
"SALLY"

"All her free, impulsive acting,
"Is so charming, so distracting."
*O'ita, Spanish Club, Nature Club, Verse Committee of Sixes,
McKinley: Orchestra.*

JEANNE ELIZABETH THOMAS

Who can but admire this petite and lovely maid?

SARA JANE TOLSON

"The consciousness
Of duty well performed, the public voice
Of praise that honors virtue, and rewards it;
All these are yours."
Girls' Swimming Team '32, '33, '34, French Club, Bicycle Club.

VIRGINIA M. ULRICH

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

HELENE VILLARD

"Beauty and virtue shine forever around thee."
O'ita, Scholarship R's, Latin Club, Athenaeum, Torch.

OLGA VOHS

A true Rooseveltian, head, heart, and hand.
Service R, College Club, Vice-President of Athenaeum.

JANICE H. WALSER

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."
Service Bureau, Student Council, Treasurer of Spanish Club, College Club, Scholarship R's.



June, 35

Class of



THELMA EDITH WILDFONG
Action means more to her than all else.



AURELIA GERTRUDE WILKINSON
"Full of gentle kindness."
Volley Ball, Service.
Cleveland: Speedball, Baseball, Freshman Girls' Club.



FRANCES WILLERT
"Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe."
Secretary of Student Council, Pep R, Athletic Committee, College Club.



WAUNITA WILSDORF
"A bloom of the mind her vision bringeth."
Rough Rider Reporter and Cartoonist, College Club, Art Club, Carol Club, Athenaeum.



JEANETTE F. WILSON
To me she seems all grace and youth.



LEETHA WINDSOR
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
Athenaeum.



ALBERTA K. WITTICH
Dear is the face of a friend, honest and comely."
Vocations Club, Ice Skating Club, Latin Club, Carol Club.



PAULINE YADON
"She is a winsome, wee thing."

MELVIN ARB

Faithful, industrious, and loyal,
Chess Club.

PRESTON E. BAGENT

"Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in
the mind."

McKinley: Athletic Club.

Roosevelt: Cartoon Club, Verse Committee

WALTER BAILEY

"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out."

WILLIAM DANA BICKHAM

"Let me but live from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul."

FRANK BICKEL

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

FRANCES BOWSER

"But name me not with the defeated.
Tomorrow, again I begin."

ARTHUR WILLIAM BIRKENMEIER

"I keep mine own counsel."
Service.

THELMA MARIE BRADY

"Whate'er of good, though small, the present
brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and
flowers."

CHARLES BRAZELL

"So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel that I fear to choose."

HORTENSE BRIELMAIER

"If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain."

*Volley Ball,
McKinley: Sewing Club.*

DOROTHY BROECKEL

"Just to smile and keep on going
Was the way to win the day."

LAVERNE THELMA BRUNER

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing
in't."

BERNARD BRACH

"Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind."
Scholarship R, Student Council.

FRANK S. BROOKS

"Give me a spark o' Nature's fire;
That's a' the learning I desire."

MARIE CAVITT

A heart and a smile that makes life worth
while.

PAUL DU REE CALDWELL

A gentleman of quality.

WESLEY CALVIRD

"He looks you squarely in the face
Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt."

KENNETH M. CLAESON

A spotless reputation is earth's purest treasure.

SIDNEY A. CLINE

A youth of quiet ways.



VIRGINIA KORTKAMP

"A face with kindness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

CHARLES COLLINS

His limbs were cast in manly mold.

LILLIAN B. CAUSINO

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

RUSSELL M. DAVIS

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."
Student Council.

WILLIAM DOELLING

"This, this is all my choice, my cheer,—
A mind content, a conscience clear."

WILLIAM H. DORE

"Don't you trouble trouble till trouble troubles
you.
Don't you look for trouble; let trouble look
for you."
*Track '32, '33, '34, Football '33, '34, Rough
Rider Staff, R Club, Publicity Club*

ROBERT N. DUNN

"To those who know thee not, no words can
paint!
And those who know thee know all words are
faint!"

ARTHUR B. ECOFF

"Hope in his eyes, and with laugh ringing free."

LOURENE ELDRIDGE

"Every virtue, every grace."

JANE ELLISON

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."
Pep R, College Club.

ALFRED A. EXNER

Diminutive stature; gigantic accomplishment.
Craft Club, German Club, Engineering Club.

JOHN ED. FAUST

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
Basketball.

HARLAN I. FIRMINGER

"This brilliant courage that in you we see
Will master all if you its master be."

ARTHUR FLAMMGER

"If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again."

JAMES FLEMING

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."
Golf Team, Football.

RITA JOAN FLEMING

Vivacity, her gift.

ELMER FRANKE

"What is the use of speech? Silence were
fitter;
Lest we should still be wishing things unsaid."

WILLIAM H. FRASHER

"Be gone, dull care, from me; thee and I shall
ne'er agree."
Football '34.

STEPHEN FREIT

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

HOMER GARRISON

"Oh, the far—the far is the near!
'Tis a foolish fable that the universe is wide.
All the world is here."

RAYMOND L. GARRISON

His words carry weight.

OSCAR GERKIN

When he decides to do a thing,
It's as good as done.

FRANK GEUSZ

With industry, naught is impossible.

MELVIN HILL

"Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away."

MARY HOLLAND

"How lovely common things must seem to you
Who have such lovely eyes to see them
through."

FAITH HUDSON

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

MARY JANE HUMPHRIES

"Eyes full of laughter."
Studio Club, Mask and Bushin.

INGEBORG HAHN

"No pleasure's free from pain; in all our joys
Something of trouble ever comes between."

HAROLD HALLER

"The world is but a comedy
Where each one plays a different role."

HENRY A. HAMSIK

"Gay was his mien, his humor light."

ALMA PEARL HARTER

Speech is silver; silence golden.

DOROTHY L. HEIDENREICH

Fair is her young and girlish face.

FRED J. ISENSEE

"Count all the folks in the world, you'll find
A separate fancy for each separate mind."

GEORGETTE KATHRYN JUHLIN

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

JANE KIRKPATRICK

An antidote for the blues.
Art Fellowship, Carol Club.

June, 35

RICHARD KIRKPATRICK

"I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright,
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight."

JOHN LAMB

"A friend that's loyal, kind
And true whene'er we try him,
Is very hard to find,
And money will not buy him."

STEVE LANG

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack
And proves by thumping on your back."

RALPH LEGG

"Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
I have no stomach for such a meat."

HENRY CHARLES LEWIS
To him dark clouds unknown.

ROSEMARY LUTKEWITTE

"Upon her cheek such color glows,
And in her eye such light appears,
As comes, and only comes to those,
Whose hearts are all untouched by years."

MICHAEL LUZECKY

Modest he seems, not shy.

JACOB MAYER

"Come what, come may:
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day."

EARL MCCUE

"Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health."

Football '32, '34.

JAMES MCGINNIS

"My own thoughts
Are my companions."

JOE MCMICHAEL

"His eyes were as soft as an Irish morning."

JOSEPH MELISE

"Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise."
Baseball 1933-34.

JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN

No hurry, no worry—
Just life as it comes.

Golf Team.

MARIE L. MCGEE

"Alas that dreams are only dreams!
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms,
Which scarce a moment live!"

ALFRED MICHLER

Friendship makes prosperity brighter.

GERTRUDE E. MERLENBACH

"A quiet mind is richer than a crown."

VERNELLE MEYER

"Her coming was a gladness."

MARY VIRGINIA MISEGADES

"Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun."

Art Club Secretary.

LILLIAN MITCHELL

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

ALEXANDER T. NOSKAY

Be unafraid in all things
When you know what is right.

EDITH J. OWEN

"Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts."

JOSEPH PAINE

Common sense among men is a fortune rare.

ADOLPH E. POST, JR.

"The world is just a heaven-spot!
You don't hear me complaining,
When clouds appear to be my lot
And it begins a-raining."

MARY PURDOM

"My mind lets go a thousand things;
Like dates of wars and birth of kings."

BERT EDWARD RAIDT

"Knowledge and Wisdom far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection, knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

SYLVESTER RAPP

Those men are wise, I'll make a bet,
Who know as much as I forget.

JAMES W. RIGDON

"At learning's fountain it is sweet to drink."

ELDRED RINGWALD

"The silent rivers deeply flow,
The silent stars for splendor go."

NORA S. REDFEARN

"Your locks were like a raven's."

LLOYD RENFROW

"I hope to know, but do not yet
Wisdom's simple alphabet."

WILLIAM REINCKE

"In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

HELEN JOHANNA ROESSLER

"The blush of sunrise found me at my books;
The midnight cock-crow caught me reading
still."

Orchestra.

JOHN B. SCHROETER

Steadfast and unafraid.

JACK SCHEELE

"For man is man and master of his fate."

PAUL ERNOT SCHLINKMANN

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

THEODORE R. SCHMIDT

"Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure."

BENARD F. SEXAUER

"Seek not to know what must not be revealed;
Joys only flow where Fate is most concealed."

CARROLL SIEGEL

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell."

FRANK SIMPSON

"Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best."

JOHN STOECKLIN

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room."

ESTHER SPAETH

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true:
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

ELEANOR SPAULDING

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise."

ADELE STUCKEY

"All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown:
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they go."

JOSEPH SZUCH

If he has any faults, he leaves us in doubt,
At least in four years, we've not found them
out.

Football '33, '34.

RUTH MARTHA TUBBESSING

"She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade."

O'ita, Spanish Club, Nature Club, Verse Com-
mittee of Sixes.

McKinley: Orchestra.

CHARLES H. TUGGLE

"'Tis something to be willing to commend,
But my best praise is, that I am your friend."

KENNETH UJKA

"For me, my craft is sailing on,
Through mists today clear seas anon.
Whate'er the final harbor be
'Tis good to sail upon the sea!"

CURT VOGEL

I dislike to hurry, of all things.

Torch.

MILDRED MAY VALLEROY

"And you shall run and wonder,
And you shall dream and sing
Of brave things and bright things
Beyond the swallow's wing."

LEONARD W. FRED WATTS

"For still when all is said the rule stands fast,
That each man's shoe be made on his own last."

EUGENE WEBER

"Redeem the misspent time that's past,
And live this day as 'twere the last."

NICK WECKL

He conquers who endures.

ALVIN GEORGE WEIMER

"Begone, dull Care!"

ELVIN WESSEL

"All things on earth thus change, some up, some
down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown."

ALLOYD WIEMER

"Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race."

LOREN EDGAR WILSON

A good mind possesses a kingdom.

JAMES WINKLER

"The trivial round, the common task,
Should furnish all we ought to ask."

LESLIE CHARLES WIPPERMAN

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

CHARLES F. ZAVORKA

"What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own."
Baseball.

VINCENT ZIMMERMANN

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar?"

CALVIN H. ZORN

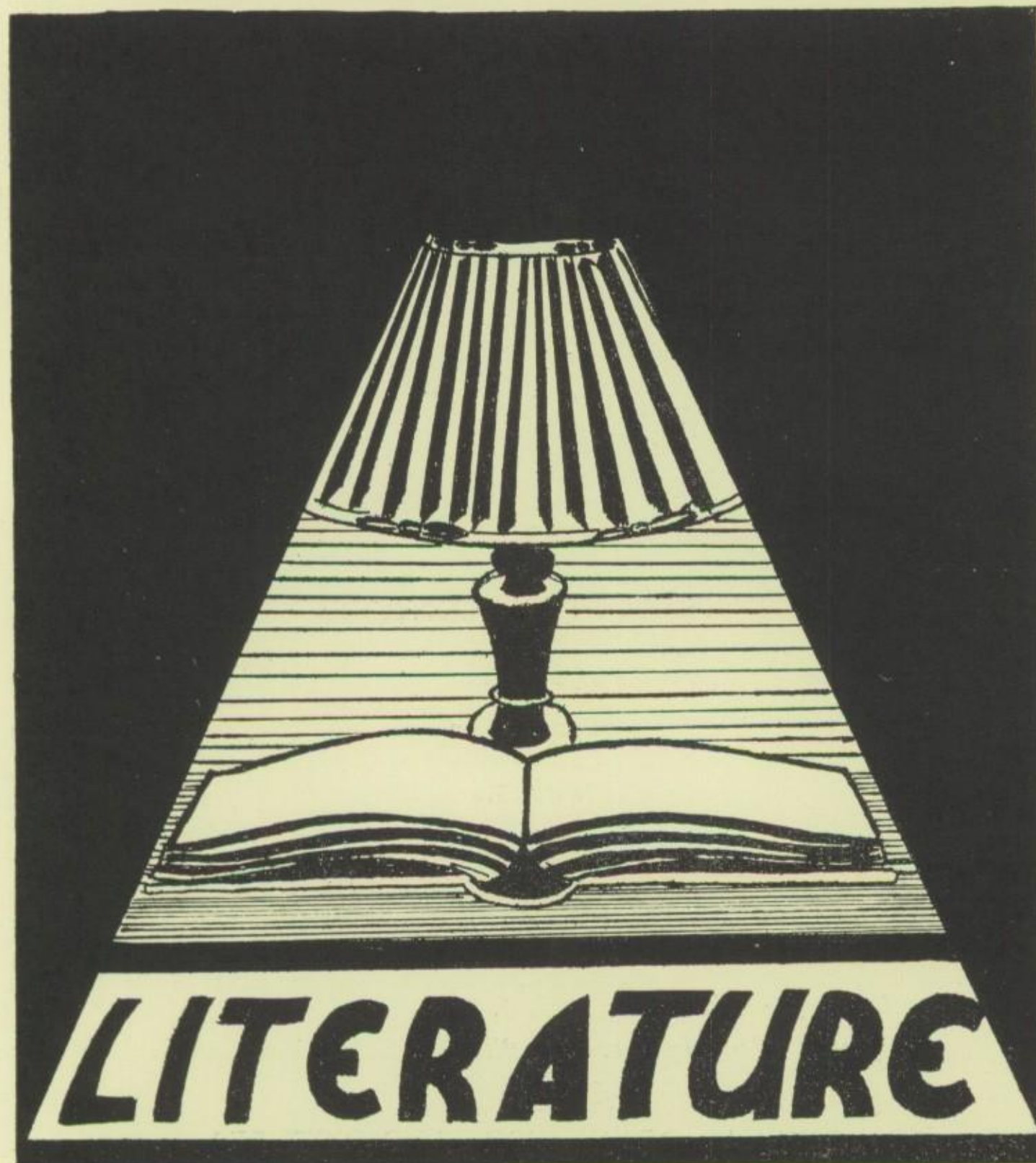
"But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and lasting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

CARL ZVONUT

All things come to him who hustles while he
waits.

June, 35

One Hundred Eighteen



BWANA

BWANA CONTESTS

POETRY CONTEST

JUDGES

Miss Meehan

Miss Grace

Miss Comfort

WINNERS

Contest for Pupils in Terms 5, 6, 7, 8.

First place: <i>Rain</i>	Grace Lee Jones
Second place: <i>Rose Catalog</i>	Marie Louise Lange
Third place: <i>Laudamus</i>	Grace Lee Jones
Fourth place: <i>Young World</i>	Audrey Thyson

Contest for Pupils in Terms 1, 2, 3, 4.

First place: <i>Midnight</i>	} Ken Jones
Second place: <i>Pioneers</i>	
Third place: <i>Books</i>	

SHORT STORY CONTEST

JUDGES

Miss Dockery

Miss Debatin

Miss Peterson

WINNERS

Contest for Pupils in Terms 5, 6, 7, 8.

First place: <i>Conquistado</i>	Audrey Thyson
Second place: <i>Rio del Muerto</i>	Moncrieff Smith
Third place: <i>White Death</i>	Bruce Bohle

Contest for Pupils in Terms 1, 2, 3, 4.

First place: <i>When Ignorance Is Bliss</i>	Patricia Mansfield
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ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR CLUB PICTURES

JUDGES

Miss Lawton

Miss Place

Miss Chapman

WINNER

Cartoon Club—Miss Barbee, Moderator

BWANA

RAIN

*The moon reflects the sun blaze on the sky hearth.
A cloud, like a sleepy cat, curls upon it and drowns;
Then, restless, she stretches slowly, and saunters away.*

*Her wilder fellows pass swiftly by,
Afraid of the firelight.*

*Rain comes in a great silver chariot, blazoned with lightning,
And drawn by mettled, prancing winds.*

*A masked vengeance dancer tramples the young grasses;
His bare, dark feet flick spitefully the cowering earth.*

*Spring's green tunic is torn; she is beaten and bruised
As she clings to the loam and begs to be hid.
The tree-mourners wail.*

*The downpour slackens;
Now the whispering fall is soothing as a remembered lullaby;
The moon is the tired, staring eye of the world.
A cloud closes it softly;
Rain croons to the earth,
And, gratefully, she sleeps.*

—Grace Lee Jones
Term 7

THE ROSE CATALOG

*The book is dull. It does not tell
On fingered page, how each wind blows
To rock in gentle, loving arms
The fragrant, trembling rose;*

*Nor tell me of a summer night
When roses, steeped in silver white,
Lend beauty to a garden fine,
Pale loveliness throughout the night;*

*Nor tell me of the sparkling dew
That roses hold close to their breast;
Nor of sweet memories long kept
By these between two covers pressed.*

—Marie Louise Lang
Term 5

One Hundred Twenty-one

BWANA

CONQUISTADO

"E DOES not reply, señor."

The man at the desk did not look up from his book. "No, Cosmé?" "Thrice have I knocked, señor, thrice have I called his name, but all within is silent."

The man at the desk turned a page. "Bien, Cosmé. I shall go up presently."

"But, señor——" The Bolivian hesitated. The man at the desk had raised his eyes.

"Yes, Cosmé?"

"It is this, señor. Silda, too, she has gone to his room to take there his breakfast. It is the same, señor, all silent."

"So? Well, Cosmé, I shall go to Señor Nuñez's room, now. Wait for me here."

"Sí, señor."

Cosmé remained motionless, frowning at the door which had closed after his master. He sighed, and stared at the blinds until they danced as a green blur before his eyes.

Fifteen years ago, a young Spanish doctor had come to the forests west of Santo Corazón to start a cinchona plantation. His rise had been methodical, determined, certain. For fifteen years he had bullied and terrorized the natives, mercilessly crushed his enemies, and cheated and betrayed those hapless enough to think themselves his friends. Today he was the wealthiest planter in Eastern Bolivia. His plantation, cut off from the rest of the country by a sinister tropical forest, was like a small village where his word was the final, the unquestioned law. The natives called him El Jefe, the Chief. What graver offense than disobedience to his wishes, what sterner jury than his anger, what sharper penalty than the crack of his whirling whip?

"You were right, Cosmé," said a low voice behind him. "All is silent."

Cosmé turned. "Sí, señor?"

"All is silent," continued El Jefe, "because——"

"Cosmé's hands gripped the edge of the desk. Because——?" he whispered.

"Because he is dead."

"Dead, señor?"

"Unfortunately," smiled El Jefe, "yes. He died from a heart attack, Cosmé. Ah, it is very sad. Nuñez was a great *tute* player. I shall miss our evening games. To think—the last one has been played."

"And did you win the last game, señor?"

El Jefe shrugged. "But, of course, Cosmé," he said reproachfully.

The overseer wet his lips. "Sí, señor. And his relatives? Shall I notify them?"

El Jefe's left eyebrow mounted. "There are no relatives." His tone was firm. "He had a brother living in Matto Grosso, but he—died, recently."

"How fortunate," thought Cosmé.

BWANA

"There is a paper by his bedside on which the poor fellow wrote his will. He left me all his property adjoining my plantation. Five hundred acres of land, rich in cinchona trees." El Jefe looked at his finger-nails. "Yes, Cosmé," he sighed, "we have lost a friend but gained a fortune."

Cosmé's smile was grim. For months Nuñego had refused to sell the coveted area to El Jefe. Five days ago he had come to the plantation as a guest. Suddenly he had died, leaving his host the land.

"You will attend to my friend's funeral, Cosmé?" It was El Jefe's usual way of asking if his servant would remain loyal.

The overseer sighed. He was a lazy rascal with brains. His salary was good and—one must live.

"Sí, señor," he said without emotion.

The days burned themselves away with a terrific heat. The work on the plantation increased with the addition of the new land. Every month the amount of quinine produced grew larger. The natives, driven on by dread of the singing whip, sweated and slaved for a man who would stop at nothing, and whom nothing could stop. Occasionally, a poor wretch, half dead from swinging lashes and crazed by a fierce hatred of his master, would rebel against El Jefe. The next evening, as if created by an evil wand, a fresh grave would appear in the little clearing behind the planter's *hacienda*. Wearied beyond reason by their long hours of toil, and terrified by the menacing shadow of their master's presence, the workers grew sullen and dangerous.

One day, several weeks before the rainy season, the festering wound of the natives' resentment became murky with blood. El Jefe, on a tour of inspection, attacked an ancient worker because the wretched fellow was resting. In a violent frenzy he lashed the old man and left him, bloody and sweating, in the terrible heat of the forest, where he died a few hours later in frightful agonies.

That night the whole plantation was seething with horror and wrath. Upon Cosmé's suggestion, El Jefe remained in his study, while a few of the loyal overseers guarded the *hacienda*.

"It is best, señor," said the white-faced servant, torn between his conscience and his stomach.

"Ah, yes," shrugged El Jefe, "but such a bore. These natives—bah! They are like children."

Half an hour later Cosmé knocked softly and said, "There is a gentleman without, señor, who seeks admittance to your presence."

The planter sighed wearily. "It is late for a visitor, but I suppose I must see him."

The door opened noiselessly and a young Spaniard stepped into the room. "Buenas noches, señor," he said softly. "I beg a thousand pardons if I inconvenience you, but I have come all the way from Santo Corazon. My mules are weary to the point of exhaustion, and my guides are half dead from lack of sleep. It is miles to the next *fortin* where we may rest and refresh ourselves. Could we spend the night on your plantation?"

BWANA

El Jefe glanced cautiously at Cosmé who stood respectfully by the door. "Of course, señor, you are welcome," he murmured, assuming a cordiality he did not feel. "Cosmé, look after the señor's companions and tell Eugénio to care for their mules. And bring us some *mate*, for I know the señor is thirsty. Be seated, *amigo*," he nodded to the stranger when Cosmé had left.

"*Gracias*," smiled the Spaniard, sitting opposite El Jefe. "You are hospitable, señor. More so," he added gravely, "than the jungle."

El Jefe raised his eyebrows. "Ah, no, señor. To me, the jungle has always been most kind."

The young man's mouth was white around the edges. "Really? And has she been so to repay your kindness?"

"No, señor, I have not been kind to the jungle," the planter's sneer was complacent, cruel, "I have conquered her!"

The Spaniard shuddered at the incredible savageness with which these words had been spoken, but a hard glint of hate shot from his black eyes.

"The jungle," continued El Jefe, "is like the wild, snarling jaguar, who does not respond to the caresses of a kind voice but only to the commands of a whip's sharp tongue. I have not made a friend of the jungle, señor; I have made a slave of her. I have tamed her as one tames that same jaguar; I have broken her to my will as one breaks the match." His voice grew hoarse with fiendish exultation. "I have beaten her, señor, and she creeps, cringing, to my feet. I have blinded her eyes with blood, and she licks my hand with a golden tongue. The jungle may hate me, señor, but she has made me rich. And why, may I ask, should I seek her friendship?" El Jefe paused and glanced sharply at his guest. The young man's forehead was glistening with sweat and the knuckles of his clenched hands were purple. "Señor! Are you ill?"

The Spaniard attempted a smile. "*Perdone me*, señor. It is nothing. The long trip—and this heat——"

"Ah, you are thirsty, *amigo*. See, here is Cosmé with the *mate*. Let us drink, señor—to the jungle!"

The young man nodded grimly but he did not raise his cup. "Sí, señor," his lips were dry, his voice dull, "to the jungle."

El Jefe frowned impatiently. "Come, *amigo*! Drink!"

The Spaniard shook his head slowly. His eyes, fixed with a sort of horrified fascination on the older man's face, were the eyes of a fanatic. "I refuse, señor," he said with deadly determination, "to drink with a murderer!"

El Jefe's frown deepened. Who was this stranger, this mere boy with the staring black eyes? What did he know of the planter's affairs? What did they mean to him? El Jefe's brain was working with lightning speed. Was he in the presence of a madman? Those eyes were burning into his soul with searing hate. Perhaps it would be best to keep his temper, to bring again a smile to those terrifying white lips. El Jefe tried to laugh pleasantly. "Come, señor! This is no time to investigate my morals. You are tired, my young friend, and a good night's rest will do you good. You may pass the

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night here and perhaps stay for several days. I trust you will not find me lacking in hospitality."

"No, señor." The Spaniard spoke so softly that El Jefe strained his ears to understand. "The same hospitality you accorded Señor Nuñez?"

"Señor Nuñez?" El Jefe was incredulous. Then the fellow was not mad. And yet those eyes! . . . "I do not know," he said stiffly, "what you mean."

"Then," suggested the stranger with elaborate politeness, "allow me to refresh your memory. Señor Nuñez owned about five hundred acres of land which he repeatedly refused to sell to you. You wanted this land, señor, you wanted it very badly. And they tell me that you are used to getting what you want. So, upon the pretext of letting him know that you retained no ill will, you invited him to your plantation to partake of your hospitality. One beautiful morning he was found dead in his room. I do not know how you explained his death to the servants, señor, but I do know that whatever your explanation might have been, it was incorrect. May I tell you how Señor Nuñez died?" During this recital, the Spaniard's eyes had never left El Jefe's face, which was twitching spasmodically. Now he rose and the older man instinctively stiffened.

"He was poisoned, señor," continued the stranger in the same calm, level tone. "He was poisoned by a *gaucho* named Tomás, whom you paid well for his trouble. I understand that poor Nuñez, not expecting to die so early in life, did not leave a will. I am sure he wanted his brother to have his property, not knowing that Tomás was also to journey to Matto Grosso. . . . The day after Nuñez's death, you annexed the five hundred acres to your plantation. How simple for you, señor! No lawyers in this wild country to question your action, and the assurance that Nuñez's brother would soon be unable to protest!"

El Jefe attempted to make his voice casual. "An amusing tale, señor. But why should it concern you?"

"Because," the young man's voice was intense with emotion, "I am that brother!"

El Jefe, fascinated, stared at the speaker as if he were the devil himself. "But, no!" he stammered. "It cannot be! You were—he was killed!"

"It is simple," the young man shrugged, evidently enjoying the planter's astonishment. "You see, señor, I shot first!" And he tenderly fingered the *pistola* at his side. "There is only one law in Matto Grosso, señor, and that is the law of the bullet. We are all taught when still quite young to understand that law, not to fear it. And so, señor," he said modestly, "I am an excellent shot. So you made your first mistake in imagining anyone could shoot me."

El Jefe's breathing was heavy and fast, and his eyes were like those of a trapped animal.

"Your second mistake, señor, was in hiring Tomás to kill me after he had poisoned my brother. He confessed everything to me before he died."

El Jefe made a last desperate attempt at nonchalance. "Indeed! You forget, my dear young man, that you can prove none of your pretty story."

BWANA

The Spaniard drew his *pistola*. "And to whom must I prove it, señor? Did you, perchance, have the insolence to imagine that you would be given a trial?" He laughed derisively. "What about those poor brown devils you've been bullying for all these years? Were any of them ever given a trial? What about that wretched old man that you whipped to death this morning?" He paused, then broke out passionately, "What about my brother, the only person in the world who cared about me, was *he* given a trial?" The young man's jaw tightened. "I have proved to myself, señor, that you are guilty of a thousand sins. That is all that is necessary. Why, señor," his black eyes glowed with an unearthly light, "if you could see as I do, you would observe that this room is crowded with ghosts—ghosts of men who have died because of you. They are angry, señor, they are demanding blood, and I intend to appease them!"

"You forget about my workers—there are thousands of them. And Cosmé," a gleam of hope came into El Jefe's now feverish eyes. "Cosmé and the overseers will not desert me!"

"Cosmé and the overseers have been warned by my companions that if they interfere and attempt to oppose our treatment of you, we shall kill them. Do you think," sneered the Spaniard, "that they love you enough to risk their lives for you? As for the workers," he stepped to a window and opened it. A low, rumbling sound, like the growl of an angry beast, came to their ears. The young man closed the window and turned triumphantly. "You see? At last the natives have united against you. They have gathered before your *hacienda* and are clamorous for your death. They are shouting '*Muera al Jefe!*' You asked before if there was any reason why you needed the jungle's friendship." He nodded toward the window. "Perhaps, señor, that answers your question. And now, are you ready to go?"

"Where am I going?" asked El Jefe in the dull voice of the doomed.

"You are going to your jungle, señor, to the jungle that has always been most kind to you. You are going to that terrible mass of thickets and swamps, which will, no doubt, receive you with open arms. You are going where there are no trails, where it is forty miles between water holes, and where the air is black with heavy clouds of swarming insects called *ihenni*. You will not be troubled by bad dreams, señor, for sleep is impossible. Now we shall see if the jungle is still your slave, if she still licks your hand with a golden tongue. My friends and I shall take you to the edge of your plantation and there we must leave you. I warn you, señor, you are no longer welcome here, and if you attempt to return, you will be shot like a dog. It is one hundred and fifty miles to San Juan, and you have the rest of your life to get there. You must take your chances with the jungle, and I trust, señor, that you will not find her lacking in hospitality."

A week later they found that the jungle had claimed its own.

AUDREY THYSON
Term 8

BWANA

LAUDAMUS

*I stand between tree-shadows
In a white, still light;
While, through a narrow sky-slit,
The moon looks down.*

*A sapling standing near me
Stretches young arms to the King;
Yet yonder twisted maple
Reaches nearer to its God.*

—Grace Lee Jones
Term 7

YOUNG WORLD

*The smell of earth,
The springtime promise of the soil,
A morning cloud whose vagrant coil,
By placid heavens given birth,
Became a curling feather-wisp.
The leaves in their uncertain lisp,
The blossoms in their fluttering
Unfinished symphony of spring.
The swaying maples, lithe and tall,
Defiance in the blue-jays call;
The nearness of the world to One,
The challenge of the rising sun—
And that was all.*

—Audrey Thyson
Term 8

THE FLAME

*Flame of life
Bright kindled on the hearth
Where other flames have burned:
Let mine be a little brighter,
A little warmer
For one
Who stoops
To warm her cold, dear hands.*

—Marie Louise Lange
Term 5

One Hundred Twenty-seven

BWANA

RIO DEL MUERTO

 WILIGHT was falling in the tropics. The sun had sunk for the night over the hills, and darkness was creeping around me from all sides. The noisy, highly colored birds, the parrakeets, caiman, guana-guanare birds, and the pateo reals, had stopped their chatter for the night, and soon the jaguars and other jungle cats would begin their nightly quest for food.

I was alone in all this vast expanse of quiet and peace. At least, that was my belief. I had no illusions about the peace, however. That morning I had not been alone. I had been accompanied by another human being, my guide, one of the Maquiritare Indians, whom I had hired to lead me up the Rio Usumatica. I had known him for only a few days, but he was company, and I missed him. What made it worse was the fact that he was dead, murdered!

I was only a would-be archeologist, just out of college, looking for an ancient ruins, rumored to be in this vicinity. The most important question was whether the ruins were Aztec, Toltec, or of one of the later tribes. The importance of the discovery of—but that does not concern this story. I had financed my own expedition in the hope of winning recognition for my work. Because I had little faith in those hollow logs that the Indians call canoes, I had brought my own canoe from the States. The equipment had been light enough to ride in an eighteen foot canoe that was already carrying two people. After coming down from Mexico City by train from Puerto, Mexico, where I put in the Rio Coatzacoalcos, the trip was entirely by water. After a paddle of about sixty miles, we had come to the mouth of the Rio Upanapa. About a hundred miles up the Upanapa, we had found the Usumatica. Several days later, we found our city. It all sounds easy on paper, but that journey meant a week of hard, heartrending work, paddling all day in a broiling sun, while we were driven nearly insane by the insects and the heat. Many a time when we came to a particularly hard portage, I almost despaired. But we did reach our goal.

My guide, Chico, had to be persuaded to approach the place, for the natives held the ruins in superstitious dread. Chico was a little better educated than most of them, but even he had his qualms, and evidently not without justification. Our first day there was uneventful. The city was one of the outposts of the Aztecs, far down in the jungle, and contained little of interest. I was able to complete most of my observations in six or seven hours.

The next morning I spent in further research, without much reward, while Chico went hunting. He brought back a small deer, of a variety that I did not know, but which furnished an excellent dinner. Late in the afternoon came the first note of danger. An arrow flew through the air and stuck in a tree beside me. I was very much startled, naturally, and looked around hurriedly. Not a bush moved. Chico begged me to get out. He was no

BWANA

longer afraid of legends and myths about the place, but of much more tangible dangers. He said that the Indians in this region had seen very few white men, and that they had been taught to hate all of them. He said that the next time they would kill us. I was unacquainted with the jungle, and did not believe him, but I consented to go. My work was just about completed anyway, and that arrow *was* menacing. But we were too late. Before we could leave, another arrow came out of the jungle, and Chico fell, dead. Immediately I fired into the brush and was rewarded by a violent commotion. But my shot had not done any damage to the invisible enemy except to frighten them away. There was nothing I could do for Chico but to bury him. Then I got under way as fast as I could, taking the equipment with me. I was heading downstream, and I made good time, inspired by thoughts of that arrow.

It was in the dark of the moon, and the only light was furnished by the stars. All that I could see were the stars above, friendly and twinkling, the dark bulk of the trees on either side of me, and the faint reflection of the lighter sky on the water ahead of me. By keeping in the center of that light patch, I could steer clear of all obstacles, and keep the canoe in safety. By paddling all night, I could put myself in a safe position, free from any pursuit that might exist. I did not believe that I would be molested any more, but the empty seat ahead of me was a grim reminder that I was not entirely safe. In the fast few minutes of daylight, I was made aware of this fact. An arrow came out of the jungle on my right, and splashed into the water a little behind me. Then another from the left. I was surrounded! In thinking it over later, I decided that in coming to the city, I had violated some religious belief of the savages, and, in accordance with their customs, I would have to die. My gun had frightened them temporarily, but as soon as they realized its limitations, I was doomed.

I was safe for the time being because it was too dark for them to aim, and soon it would be too dark for them to see me at all. All that I could do was to paddle and pray for the best. I had no chance in the jungle. Even if I could evade their trained woodsmen, I would have the jungle to contend with. If I escaped the jaguars, and the peccaries, the wild pigs of the jungle, I would probably be driven mad by the ticks, the pinilius, and the garrapatos. The country was overrun with them, and without the proper protection, I would be lost.

With thoughts such as these, I passed most of the night. Occasionally my paddle would splash, and an arrow would whiz near me and splash in the water, a grim reminder of what was in store for me. Unless something happened before morning, my earthly existence was soon to be terminated. With a good light, it would be a simple matter for one of those Indians to put an arrow through me. I had watched other tribes hunt. Their aim was deadly up to fifty yards—and the Usumatica was a narrow river.

One Hundred Twenty-nine

BWANA

The whole thing was unbelievable and seemed fantastic. I couldn't conceive of such a thing happening to *me*, and yet it was. It may have seemed unreal during the night, but about two o'clock a new note entered the situation, that ended the unreality, and brought matters to a head. I heard a low, powerful rumbling down the river. The sound filled me with both hope and dread.

It was the Raduale de Vichades. Coming up we had portaged at least three miles over the rockiest possible path. It had seemed to me to be at least ten miles. But after one look at those rapids, I had no idea of paddling up, and had made a mental note of the fact that we would certainly portage again coming back down, even if we did nearly break our necks covering that three miles of torture.

The water ran between two high cliffs for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The canyon was so narrow that I could have jumped across it at the top; it was no wider at the bottom. It curved tortuously, the force of the current dashing against the wall of the canyon at each turn, sending clouds of spray and mist into the air. And to make matters worse, I was sure that I had seen rocks through that mist.

The outlook was not very pleasant. If I turned to the shore to avoid the rapids, I would be at the mercy of the savages. If I tried to shoot the rapids in the dark, I was certain that I wouldn't have a chance.

And yet, if I could get through, I would be free. I was sure that this barrier marked the extent of the savages' domain; and even if they followed me further, by the time that they had covered that portage, I would have a start that they could never overcome. It was six of one, and a half a dozen of the other, but I had a faint chance in the rapids. Therefore, I blessed the portage that I had cursed vigorously only a few days before.

As the canoe glided down the river, propelled by the quickening current, I tried to form a plan. I was glad to have my own canoe for this job. I knew it, and it gave me confidence. The roar of the water pounding against the walls of its prison was growing deafening. It seemed to fill all the world, to the exclusion of all else. It was the enemy to be faced. I had to contend with it and wrest victory from between its narrow walls. The river was narrowing now, and the banks on either side were rising. There was the entrance to the portage. I thought of pulling in and abandoning the canoe; but before I could turn the boat, the current had pulled me past the spot, and was drawing me into the midst of that crashing and pounding of water, where no man could live. But I had to live! The walls had closed in on me now, and I could see only a narrow strip of sky over my head. My plan was to follow that, trying to keep off the walls, and trusting to luck and to God to steer me clear of the rocks. I felt that I had little to do. This was a battle of the elements, with my life as the stake. I felt like a bystander. And yet, I had to dominate these elements, and win my freedom and life.

BWANA

There was little that I could really do. I kept enough forward momentum to enable me to control the boat. If I hit anything, the added speed would not be noticed anyway. The twisting of the ribbon of stars above me warned me of a bend in the course of the rapids. I turned the canoe blindly as I shot into a denser cloud of spray. A huge boulder arose out of the mist to my right and vanished in the rear. My hands grew clammy. If I had hit that, it would be all over! And there would be more ahead! The spray had blinded me, and just as I shook the water out of my eyes, I saw another sharp bend ahead. This time I went through without mishap, except that I was wetter than before. As it raced down the next straight stretch, the canoe tipped suddenly and violently to one side! My heart leaped into my mouth. It had hit the smooth top of a submerged rock! If that had been sharp—but I had no time to think of possible consequences, for the ribbon of stars, fainter because of the spray, showed another sharp bend ahead. I tried my best to turn the boat, but the grip of the current was too strong for me. In an instant the canoe shot toward the imposing wall of stone towering above. The current bore the frail craft with it, around the bend, close to the wall. As it rounded the bend, the canoe tipped again, and I was flung against the wall. So great was the speed, that I was almost thrown from the canoe by the violence of the shock. The boat bounced on the choppy waves, and tipped from side to side, threatening to capsize at any moment. But it did not. And I was through!

Ahead, the canyon widened, and trees came into view again. My hands shook so that I could hardly hold the paddle to guide the canoe down that last stretch. When the water stopped its mad rush and became the slow-moving river again, and the roaring horrors of that *mélée* had fallen behind, I dropped down into the bottom of the boat and wept. The river that had tried to take my life, now whispered in my ear that I was safe again, and the calm of the night seemed to enfold all the world.

MONCRIEFF SMITH

Term 8

AUTUMN TAPESTRY

*Her slippers on a lone by-way
Step lightly through the golden leaves—
Nature a rustic, rare tapestry weaves
Of colors rusty, rich and gay.*

*Her heart is vibrant as she sees
A bird that wings to southern home,
The sheaves of grain, the rich, black loam
And crimson leaf of sumac trees.*

—Marie Louise Lange

Term 5

One Hundred Thirty-one

BWANA

MIDNIGHT

*The pale moon shines on the earth below
Like a staring, evil eye;
The lone wind howls through skeleton trees
Like a lone wolf's killing cry.
A distant church-bell tolls the hour;
There comes a moment's still;
A sudden breeze sweeps cross the world
That bears the earth's damp chill.

'Tis the hour of evil, the hour of death;
And, veiling her yellow gleam,
The moon retreats to a ragged cloud
As pursued by an evil dream.
A moment of fear, a moment of gloom,
Visits every living thing,
For the powers of darkness reign supreme,
And death alone is king.*

—Ken Jones
Term 4

WHITE VIOLETS

*White violets and pink trilliums
Upon a wild wood side,
And the quietude the country knows
Where peaceful days abide.

There may be those who say they love
The city with its rush,
But give to me white violets
And the country's silver hush.

O, give me these, I'll be content,
How could I ask for more
Than white violets and pink trilliums
And peace e'er at my door?*

—Marie Louise Lange
Term 5



THE WHITE DEATH

 PARTY of four fur-covered figures trudged wearily over the thick crust of snow and ice that covered the frozen earth. Kent Astor and his three companions, Harris McKenzie, Jack Stoddard, and Ivan Mazurka were members of Commander Byrd's expedition exploring that vast and barren wilderness, the South Polar region. The three had been walking for the better part of a day and their dogged pace gave evidence of the fact. Their destination was the base of the expedition; their hearts warmed at the thought of the fires and the warm food awaiting them upon their arrival. Kent and McKenzie had been sent out early in the day by their commander to meet Stoddard and the Russian, Mazurka, both of whom were advance members of the relief party. The first mentioned pair was joined by the latter slightly after noon, and by the time the four had eaten of the dried beef and bread which formed their meal, Kent's watch showed the time to be well past noon.

Realizing the long journey ahead, Kent urged his companions on, for night travel was no simple matter.

"No time to lose, fellows," Kent reminded them. "We've been pretty long on this trip. Besides, the sky looks anything but promising," he said, gazing somewhat doubtfully at the somber clouds overhead.

"Right you are, Astor," affirmed the Englishman, McKenzie. "I, for one, have no desire to run into any squall at this time of the day. Too dangerous, you know."

At first their progress was rapid, but, walking over the solid ice that afforded none too good footing, they gradually wearied until it required every ounce of will power in the four to keep up the steady pace necessary to reach the expedition base by daylight.

A steady snowfall which had commenced early in the afternoon added to their difficulty. This continued until about five o'clock, when, with the coming of the night, it developed into a blizzard. The four could see nothing ahead, and the fierce wind made forward motion nearly impossible. The sharp, stinging pieces of ice lashed the faces of the stalwart men who huddled together in a compact group to decide further action. The most important thing, they knew, was to remain together, for separation would mean death. Likewise they knew that almost as important as staying together was movement, for the first symptom of death by freezing is a tired, sleepy feeling, accompanied by an overwhelming desire to give up and fall to the ground. Their salvation lay in constant action; therefore, they remained stationary for but a few moments and continued to push forward in the direction they believed to be the right one. Kent's sense of direction, like that of his companions, was of no practical use in the driving blizzard.

BWANA

"If only the blessed thing would let up just a little," Kent managed to say. "I knew we should have started a little sooner this afternoon"—he checked his conversation abruptly as though suddenly remembering something very important.

"Let's get moving," he exclaimed. "We'll freeze to death if we stand here much longer. At any rate there's one consolation, this can't get any worse," Kent remarked ironically.

The quartet proceeded against the tremendous odds of the elements in utter blindness. The better part of an hour passed, and still no camp could be detected. Kent was familiar enough with the position at which he had called a halt to know that they should have arrived at their goal despite conditions. After a few hundred yards of trudging he realized the hopelessness of their efforts and called a halt. Looking around him despairingly, he realized, too, the human impossibility of anyone's surviving long in such an icy tempest. Only Mazurka showed no ill effects of the journey, but the others were plainly and dangerously fatigued.

"It's no use, fellows," their commander shouted, trying to be heard over the noise of the wind. "We can't go on like this."

"Maybe if we separated in two groups, one of us might sight the base and come out with aid to the other," Mazurka volunteered.

"No," replied Kent decisively. "We're not close enough to it. Besides, if one of us should lose consciousness, we don't want to leave him out here in this."

"No, we can't do that," replied McKenzie. "Our only chance is to stick this thing out and hope the beastly storm will let up soon."

During the latter conversation Kent wondered, almost desperately, how to bring his comrades safely to camp. His thought was brought to a sudden end with the collapse of Stoddard to the ground. The giant Russian lifted the figure in his arms with seeming ease, but now the party was worse off than before; for, besides Mazurka's added handicap, Kent himself began to feel drowsy, so drowsy that he ached to lie down.

Next morning the sun shone with amazing brilliance. Several forms could be seen advancing from the direction of the base; Ivan Mazurka, sad beyond words, was the leader. The party proceeded by means of pick and shovel to dig a single cavity in the earth, one large enough to hold the bodies of his three former companions, Kent, McKenzie, and Stoddard, who had perished during the awful night. Mazurka himself had been nearly spent when he staggered into camp. A small wooden cross was erected at the head of the grave. Then, slowly and solemnly, the men began their trek back to the expedition base.

BRUCE BOHLE
Term 7

UNCHARTERED

*It kissed all the blossoms of fairest white,
I worshipped in ecstasy;
But it fluttered its wings in wavering flight,
And danced away from me.*

*So my butterfly soared on a path through the clouds,
Where the swirling stars are tossed,
And flew to a land,
A dim, misty land,
Of sunsets that are lost.*

*Where is the faith that we knew in our childhood?
Where have the dear, dreamy lullabies fled?
Where is the ripple of yesterday's laughter?
Sealed by the prison-like lips of the dead.*

*So my dreams have been blown by a vagabond wind,
On the path that the butterfly crossed;
They have sailed to a land,
A vague, filmy land
Of sunsets that are lost.*

*Where has the fragrance of withered flow'rs drifted?
Torn from the fast-fading blossoms too soon?
Up to the beckoning skies it was lifted—
Haunting the ghost-gardens up in the moon.*

*When my soul floats free,
Let my spirit flee
To that path where stars are tossed;
By my glad release
I shall find my peace—
And my sunsets that were lost.*

—Audrey Thyson
Term 8



BWANA

"WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS——"

MUD, soft red mud that is so characteristic in some parts of the Ozarks on a rainy day! And a rainy day it was, indeed. A slow drizzle was falling, and forming a misty curtain which dimmed the rounded outline of the distant hills. On every side were hills: tall hills, short hills, wide hills, slim hills, all green with scrub-oak and underbrush. Nearby on a small patch of rocky ground were a few corn stalks. In a pasture which that morning had been gay with grasses, buttercups, and hawkweed, with foam of Queen Anne's lace flung lightly between, a cow stood defectedly beneath one of the dripping trees. A rail fence sagged crazily along one side of the road. A sparrow was perched on one of the rails, with his head drawn beneath his wet little wing. In the center of the road a stream of muddy water was swirling and curling like a miniature whirlpool.

Mrs. Turner peered disgustedly through the water-streaked glass of the Packard in which she was sitting, and sighed wearily, "Albert, just because we are mired in the mud is no reason for your brain to stop working. You simply must think of a way to get us out of here before Pogo catches cold." With this she lifted the impudent-looking Pekinese from the seat beside her and placed him none too gently into her lap.

"My dear, can't you see it is impossible to get out of this mud?" answered her discouraged husband. "The car will have to stay here till the mud dries up a bit."

"But, Albert," replied his wife in consternation, "it's almost dark now, and we simply can't stay here all night. Oh! how can a man be so simple?"

Mr. Turner, poring over a road map, ignored her last remark and suddenly exclaimed, "According to this map there's a crossroads store about two miles away, so I guess we can get shelter there. We will have to walk, Anna, so you and Pogo get ready for the longest and muddiest walk you have ever taken."

Mrs. Turner protested vigorously but soon realized the suggestion was the only way out and prepared to venture forth into the mud in search of the store.

The Rocky Hollow Store was typical of the Ozark backwoods. It was a small, weather-beaten shack, worn gray by the passing years. A porch extended across the front, the floor of which sagged at one corner. From the roof of the building hung an ancient sign proclaiming Rocky Hollow Store.

In the living room behind the store proper were Uncle Zeke Mathews and his wife Elmira. The room was lighted by an old oil lamp. Mrs. Mathews, a woman whose careworn face told a life time of patient toil was knitting; Uncle Zeke was sitting nearby on an ancient sofa. On the shelves of an old cabinet in the room were a group of pebbles, feature post cards,

BWANA

and pressed flowers. On the wall hung several pictures all similar in gaudy cheapness except one, a faded one of a railroad scene. The scene was that of a train climbing a steep hill, belching smoke and looking like a mad dragon. The Mathews were seriously discussing a coming party at the nearest town, Sand Hollow, near the county seat.

"Well, Elmira," said Zeke, looking up over the edge of the paper he was reading, "the weather ain't been powerful fit t'day, but I 'low as to how hit'll clear up in time for we'uns t' go t' thet party Sattiday night."

"Wall, Zeke," hesitated Elmira, "'Pears like it don't matter a heap sight, 'cus I hain't agoin' to hit, nowhow."

Zeke looked at her aghast.

"Wa'll, I——!" he began, "Why, Elmira, you ain't aimin' to t' miss th' party, now air ye?"

"Wall, Zeke, 'pears like hit. Hit's like this, I ain't got ary a dress t' wear 'cept that black calico whut everybody's seen me a-wearin' fer nigh onto five years, an' I 'low I ain't goin t' another party with hit on."

To all outward appearances Mrs. Mathews was natural but within her was surging a fierce resentment. For five years—five long years—she had been wearing that same old black calico to every gathering she and Zeke had attended. Her friends had appeared in new calicos. She had always longed for a new print, a blue print, but money was scarce for business was poor; and as Zeke was growing older, it was getting harder for him to coax the yearly crop from the rocky soil.

"Oh, wall," thought Elmira, "mebbe next year."

Steps sounded on the porch, Uncle Zeke arose slowly and sighed. Mrs. Mathews followed her husband into the store where two very bedraggled figures met their gaze. Mrs. Turner stood shivering, holding in her arms a very restless Pogo.

"Law sakes! Enter an' set, strangers," Elmira welcomed them, "you'ns look all tuckered out."

"We're so very sorry to have to bother you like this," Mrs. Turner replied, "but our car is mud-bound down the road; and, as it is getting dark, we tho't we could get food and shelter here. You see we——"

"Why," interrupted Zeke, "We'ens 'ud be proud t' help ye."

At the Mathews' bidding, Mr. and Mrs. Turner went into the living room to rest and dry themselves. Mrs. Turner gasped as she entered the room. Such a room, such furniture! She at once saw the charm of the quaint old room. To the devoted member of the Antique Lover's Club with a mind so full of value and love of old things, this room was a gem.

As she glanced about the room, her eyes fell upon the railroad scene. "How interesting!" she exclaimed, "The frame is lovely and—. It's a real Currier and Ives," she added to herself.

BWANA

Mrs. Mathews walked to her side and laughed softly, "It's a ol' pitcher my gramma toted here from Kentucky."

Didn't the woman know its real value? Would she possibly be willing to sell it? Questions like these flashed through Mrs. Turner's mind. She must have that picture. It was only fair that it be hers, she knew its real value, and the mountain woman might destroy it at any time. But, the question was, how to get it without arousing the woman's suspicion?

Two or three times during the evening Mrs. Turner had tried to get enough courage to bring the picture into the conversation. It was not until Zeke suggested that they "take to the bed" that Mrs. Turner realized that now was her chance, so she ventured to say, "I know you must think I am queer, but I wonder if you'd sell that picture for say—ten dollars."

Ten dollars! In her mind Elmira saw herself in a new blue dress. What happiness!

"Why, shore; we'll sell hit, won't we, Zeke?"

The following morning broke warm and sunny; the mud was drying and the flowers were again raising their heads to the sunshine. The Turners were driving homeward.

"Albert, you don't know how lucky I am to get that picture. Why, in the city it's worth at least two hundred dollars; I am afraid that is why my conscience hurt when I think how I took so much money from those poor people."

"Don't worry, my dear," replied her husband, "as the old saying goes, 'Ignorance is bliss'."

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, standing on the porch of the store, waved goodbye to the Turners. Elmira clenched the ten dollar bill in her right hand and sighed happily.

"Zeke, guess we'ens kin go t' th' party after all. But my conscience ain't a feelin' powerful smart, Zeke, 'cus I knowed all the time it was a sin to take this money, but it just seemed I couldn't help it, Zeke. Did ye' see the way she grabbed that ol' pitcher? 'Twan't no good, and my Gramma Pokes 'ud turn over in her grave if she knowed I took that much money for it."

"Huh," snorted Zeke, "don't you feel bad, Elmira; what them city folks ain't got the brains t' know ain't a-goin t' hurt em no how."

PARTRICIA MANSFIELD

Term 4



SKYLIGHT

*Life to me is just a drudge,
A hopeless, heavy thing.
I'm just a weary, tired fellow,
Hating life, but still I cling.*

*I'm working, working all day long,
And when my toil is thru,
I stumble to my attic room,
To gather strength anew.*

*In all this futile, tragic mess,
That mortals know as life,
I've only one small beacon clear;
One island free from strife.*

*That little patch of blue above;
That sweet, fresh breath of air;
That tiny skylight up above;
It soothes away my care.*

*At night it's softest, gentlest black,
Aglow with points of gold,
And then it breathes its breath on me;
A breath all fresh and cold.*

*And then at dawn it makes a door,
To let the sun come in.
Its cheery warmth delights my soul.
I'm filled with hope again.*

*But then my toil again begins.
I lose my hopes once more.
In the drab and smoky factory world
Life's just a hideous bore.*

*I fear this life . . . but I shall not die.
One thing still holds me here.
One gracious thing in all this world,
My skylight conquers fear.*

—Marcia Koerner
Term 8



BWANA

STARS

*While lying in a grassy dell
One lovely summer night,
I saw the stars,—bright, glistening wells
Of distant twinkling light.*

*They had no outline, shape, or form,
Away in distant skies.
But distance could not dull their charms;
I gazed with longing eyes.*

*And so it is with man's desires
And aspirations great,
We fix our eyes on distant fires
And hope for help from Fate.*

*Alas, we sit and fold our hands,
And waste our time in dreams,
Fate never heeds mere man's demands;
She has her own wise schemes.*

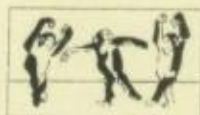
*And thus we wait, and help comes not;
We watch our dreams decay.
Our filmy plans soon shrink and rot.
Were stars too far away?*

*"What can we do?" we weakly cry;
"Where is the road to Fame?"
"If you would win then you must try,"
Our stronger self proclaims.*

*Great things are never built by dreams,
While we the labor shirk.
Great things, we find, strange as it seems,
Are built by lowly work.*

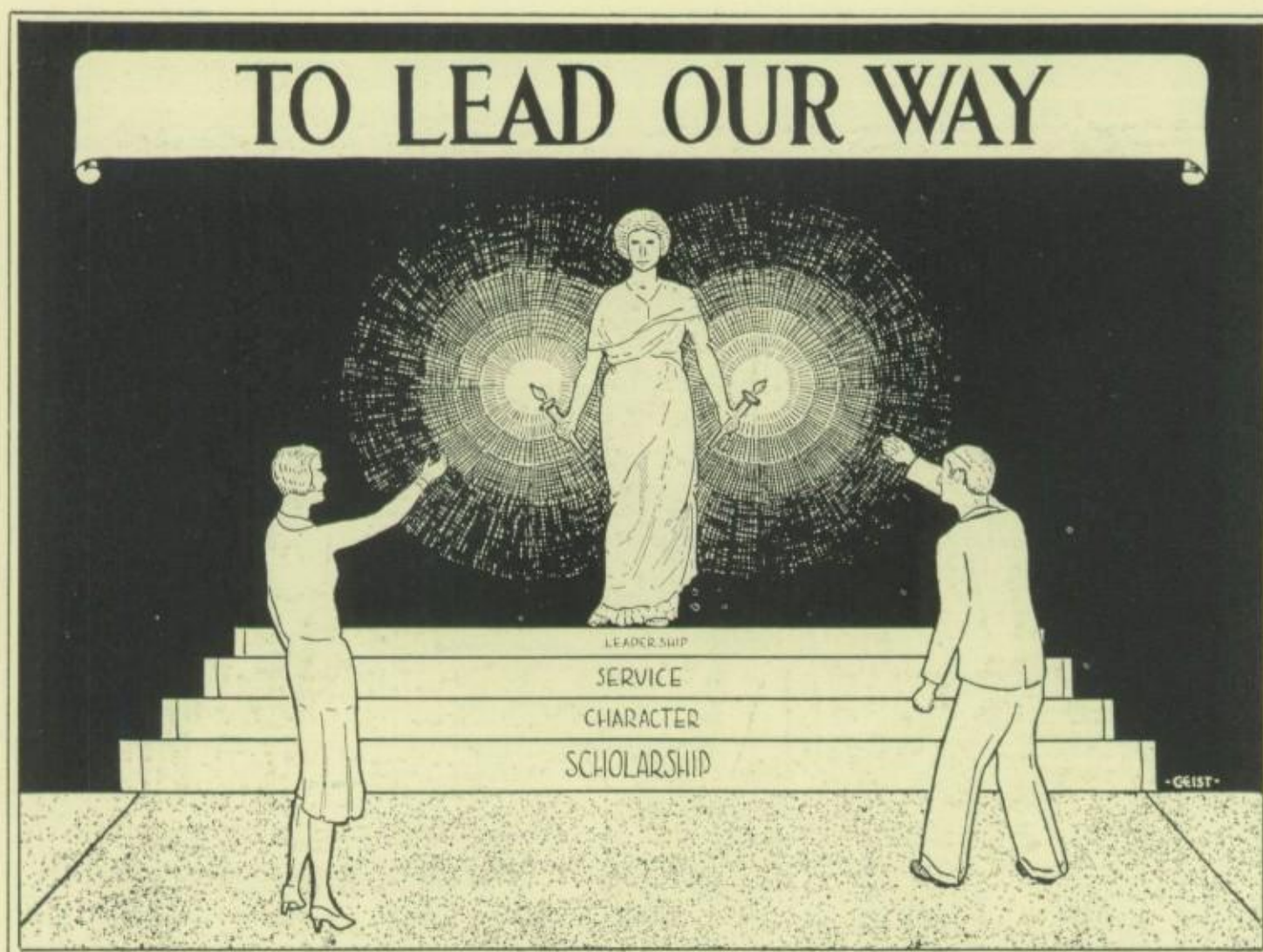
*The honest toil that some would scorn
Is a ladder to the skies;
In beads of sweat rich pearls are born
Then to our stars we rise.*

—Marcia Koerner
Term 8





NEWS ~ VIEWS



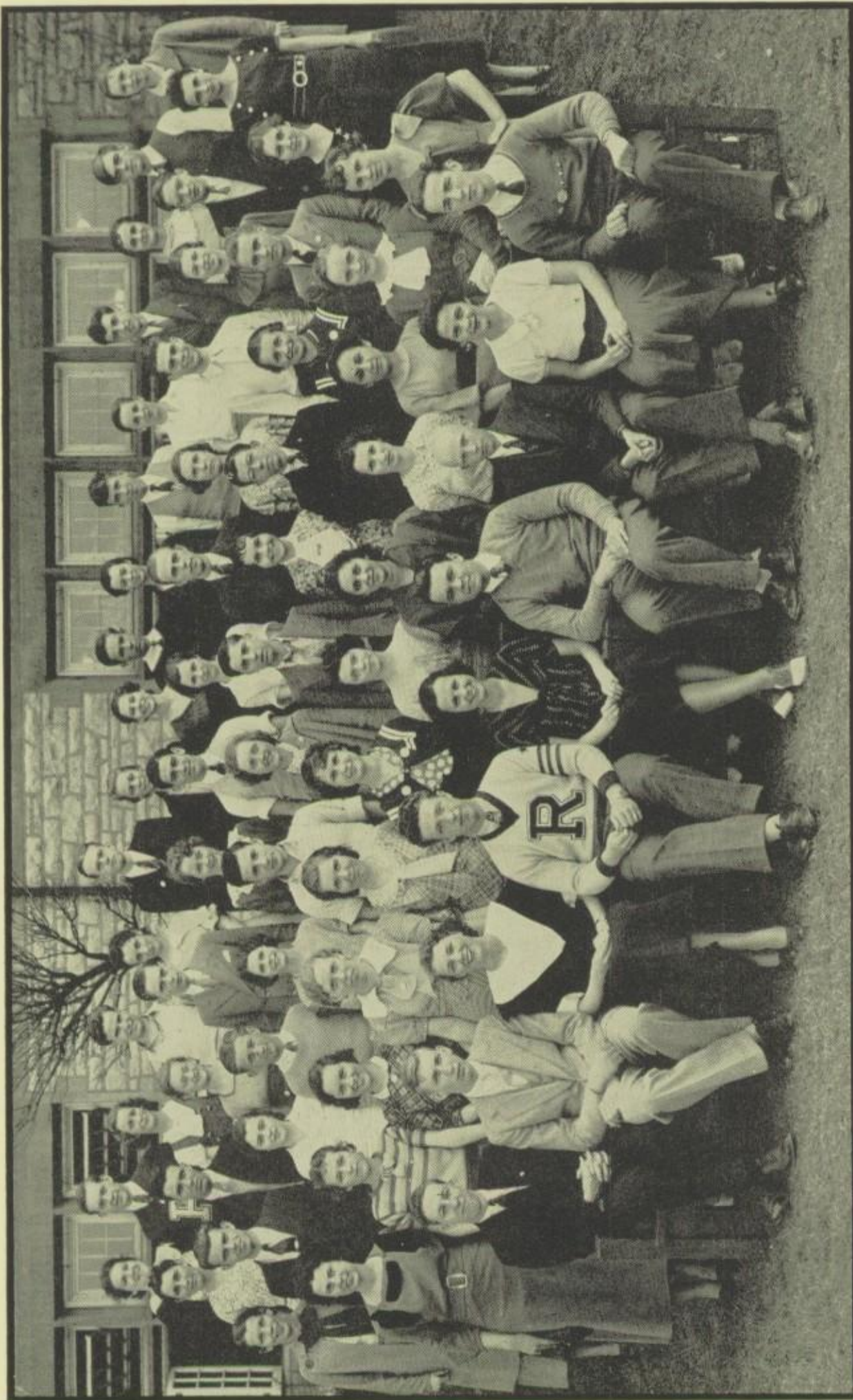
TORCH

Spring, 1934

As a result of the Faculty vote plus Scholarship points plus Service points the following pupils were elected to Torch:

IN THEIR SENIOR TERM

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Gaebler, Edward | 18. Graul, Walter |
| 2. Smith, Wenzel | 19. Hosey, Betty Jean |
| 3. Wolf, Elizabeth | 20. Hemminghaus, Ruth |
| 4. Greiderer, Edith | 21. Dierberger, Marjory |
| 5. Berkel, Charlotte | 22. Reicheneder, Lester |
| 6. Vierheller, Alan | 23. Houghton, Ellabeth |
| 7. Leue, William | 24. Brooks, William |
| 8. Nelson, Howard | 25. Percy, Jack |
| 9. Liddle, Ester Jane | 26. Steidemann, Mary Jane |
| 10. Mieher, Walter | 27. Hunt, Janet |
| 11. Lewitz, Marjorie | 28. Rudokas, Katherine |
| 12. Urban, John | 29. Brinkman, Louise |
| 13. Koenig, Helen | 30. Radovich, Alex |
| 14. Brittain, William | 31. Wadlow, Marie |
| 15. Winkler, Dorothy | 32. Kipp, Helen Rose |
| 16. Klug, Catherine | 33. Burgess, Robert Walter |
| 17. Linder, Bobbie | |



MEMBER OF TORCH, NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY—SPRING, 1934

BWANA

IN THEIR NEW SENIOR YEAR

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Thyson, Audrey | 5. Blackwell, Eugene |
| 2. Markwort, Herbert | 6. Wobus, Marianne |
| 3. Tidrow, J. Earl | 7. Jovanovich, Barbara |
| 4. Smith, Moncrieff | 8. Braeutigam, Helene |

FALL, 1934

The following seniors were elected:

Mary Lou Mitchell
Marcia Koerner
Laurell DuBois
Bob Harle
Norman Hartman
Marvin L. Krekel
Virginia Hundhausen
Walter Gammeter
Evelyn Schmittgens
Doris Solomon
Miriam Fales
Gilbert Coughlin

Betty Binkard
Helen Schutz
Ruth Helen Reinert
Albert Nipper
George Homberg
William Elliott
Frank John Mader
Melba Gott
Emma Louise Jostes
Norma Schuette
Agatha Mantia
Berna Herman

Kathryn Galle

The following new seniors were elected:

Frances Willert
Alice Pearcey
Mary Sack
Curt Vogel
Grace Lee Jones
Elaine Foerster

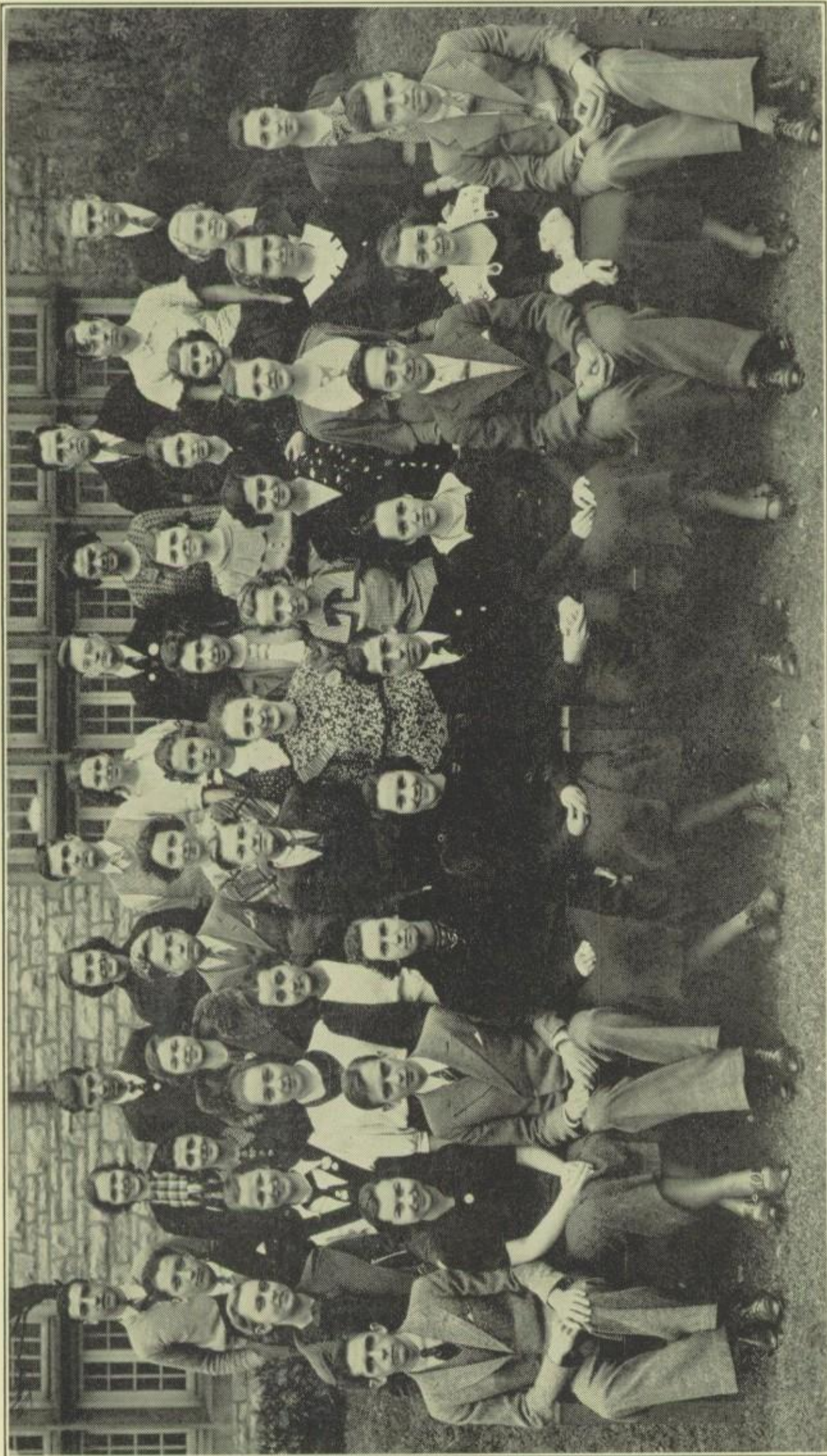
Sally Chase
Florence Droste
Max Paffrath
Dorothy Branding
Helene Villard
June Moehle

The following seniors were elected in their new senior term:

Eugene Blackwell
Helene Braeutigam
Barbara Jovanovich
Herbert Markwort

Moncrieff Smith
Audrey Thyson
J. Earl Tidrow
Marianne Wobus





TORCH MEMBERS—DECEMBER, 1934

BWANA

SCHOOL CALENDAR—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1934

Wednesday, January 31—The long-looked-for event—first day of school!

Friday, February 9—"Aw, go sit on some tax!" Yes, you're right. Open house: school tax campaign.

Thursday, February 15—Ballots were cast at the Senior meeting. Results: Fred Mueller, President; Byron Watts, Vice-President; Peggy Dutton, Secretary; Herman Waldman and Margaret Neumayer, Treasurers; George Hancock, Sergeant-at-Arms. No one voted more than once and everything was perfectly honest.

Wednesday, February 21—A great noise in the auditorium. Only one explanation—knees of the would-be actors were knocking at the Senior Play tryouts.

Thursday, February 22—Washington WAS a pretty good fellow after all.

Wednesday, March 14—Seniors struggled through a three-period vocabulary test. Most of them couldn't pay for the ten-dollar words. Those glum faces throughout the school were caused by the first report cards.

Tuesday, April 3—These orators! Mildred Auer and Northcutt Coil were selected to represent Roosevelt at the Oratorical Contest at Washington University.

Tuesday, April 24—Thirty-three Seniors and eight New Seniors elected to Torch. Did you notice their bright and beaming faces?

Wednesday, May 2—Station A-U-D announcing a series of ten-minute radio programs. "The Kid's Delight" won the vote of the audience, but "Ozarkadia" ran a close second with "Buried Cities" not far behind. Miss Grace's public speaking classes gave the programs.

Friday, May 4—"It Pays to Advertise." Evidently it does. The auditorium was packed. The players were at their best and the audience went away aching! They had laughed too hard.

Tuesday, May 8—Future Henry Clays and Beethovens gathered to try out for graduation.

Wednesday, May 9—All off for a journey through the stratosphere! Miss Battle's public speaking classes gave a farewell banquet, complete to the last evening dress and tux, at an auditorium session.

Thursday, May 17—"S-s-s! Boom!! Ah! Browns!!" Roosevelt was entertained at Sportsman's Park at a game between the Browns and Boston. Red and white was predominant.

Friday, May 18—The forty-one newly-elected Torch members were inducted at an impressive ceremony. Reverend Edmund F. Miller gave an inspiring talk.

One Hundred Forty-six

BWANA

Wednesday, May 23—Senior Color Day. Shakespeare should feel satisfied, and Father Time himself could not have been better than Fred Mueller!

Thursday, May 24—First Girl's Play Day. Over 200 girls frolicked on the campus. Their reward? Free lemonade!!

Friday, May 25—Everybody happy? Only a half-day of school. The Great Field Meet, won by Roosevelt's splendid teams.

Thursday, May 31—The most famous double quartette of the world, here for the Sangerfest, entertained the school with German songs. The members of the club are composed of teachers in the intermediate and high schools of Berlin, Germany. Everyone who heard them sing enjoyed them.

Friday, June 1—Those tears streaming down usually shining faces are caused by the disconsolate thoughts of the Senior leaving his happy school daze at the Alma Mater. Cheer up, Seniors. The worst is yet to come!

Thursday, June 7—Last day of school for the hard-working pupils; a day of misery for others. Beginning of finals!

Thursday, June 14—The most thrilling day in four long years. Graduation!

DOROTHEA CARL
ELIZABETH WOLF

SCHOOL CALENDAR—September to January, 1935

September 4—School opens. More work than ever.

September 11—Nomination committee meets. Nomination committee nominates themselves.

September 18—School elections. More speeches and more promises. So many points in the campaign speeches that someone is bound to get stuck.

September 20—Mayor Harle, with profuse blushes, presides over the first Student Council meeting.

September 25—New Senior elections. The Fales dynasty dies. The Jones dynasty arises.

September 29—Football team, with Schoenberg as captain, triumphs in its first league game. Three cheers for our side.

October 13—Tennis team finishes season without losing a match. An orchid to the team and to Captain Herby Markwort.

October 27—Golf team finishes in fourth place. Tiddly-winks also coming along fine.

November 1—Tardiness Court open for business amid cries of "Not guilty".

November 8—Girl cheer-leaders chosen. The boys are worried about their jobs.

One Hundred Forty-seven

BWANA

November 21—Torch elections, "There must be a mistake. My name isn't there!"

November 24—Football team finishes in a three-way tie for first. Coming up!"

November 28—Tie a little string around your finger. That's right, Thanksgiving donations. Lunchroom on a strike; no turkey! But there'll come a day! We can make up for this tomorrow.

December 4—Sixes hold first meeting. Oh, well, better late than never!

December 7—Senior Play, "The Show-off". Hollywood, here we come!

December 11—Sound your "a"! Right again, musical tryouts for graduation. Did we hear someone say Jake sent him?

December 12—Joe McCue, Curtis Bogash, and Al Seidel represent Roosevelt on the all-star team. Shades of Red Grange.

December 13—Who's that knocking at the door? No, Gracie, not Barnacle Bill, merely the knees of stuttering orators at literary graduation tryouts.

December 14—Torch induction. Rev. Johnson stole the show as usual.

December 18—New Senior Hop. Seniors enjoyed themselves immensely.

December 21—New Jays hang up stockings. No school for ten days, and is everybody happy? Also Christmas donations. No sampling, please.

January 10—Senior Class day. Pass me something besides the neck, please.

January 14 to 18—Aren't these comprehensive reviews just too ducky? If this lasts much longer, we'll all get nervous breakdowns!

January 25—"So long, Toots, I'll see you at a reunion or something." Just the heartbroken seniors bidding each other farewell on graduation night. By the way, we thought we heard someone eating peanuts in the back row!

AUDREY THYSON
MONCRIEFF SMITH

SIXES

Moderator:

Miss Whitelaw

OFFICERS

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:

Walter St. Denis

Vice-President:

Frances Nations

Secretary:

Roy Doelling

Treasurer:

Bill McConnell

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Jack Baney

One Hundred Forty-eight

1935



WINTER AT ROOSEVELT HIGH

BWANA

SENIOR PLAY, MAY 8, 1934

The Friday night of each term that is anticipated by the students of Roosevelt High School has at last arrived. The auditorium is packed as the lights go out and the curtains part on Act One of "It Pays to Advertise".

Cyrus Martin, a millionaire controlling all of the soap industry except Ivory, is trying to get his son, Rodney, to work. With the help of his secretary, who forces him to pay her a huge salary and a bonus, he manages to get his son started. Meanwhile, Rodney has met Ambrose Peale, a high pressure salesman. The two, together with Mary Grayson, the secretary, form their own soap company. They call it "13" Soap, "Unlucky for Dirt". Countess de Bourien tries to see Cyrus Martin, but meets his son instead.

Martin's urging of his son is due to a bet he made with an old friend of his, Mr. Clark, head of the Ivory Soap Company. Each father had been sure his son could earn the most money in a year.

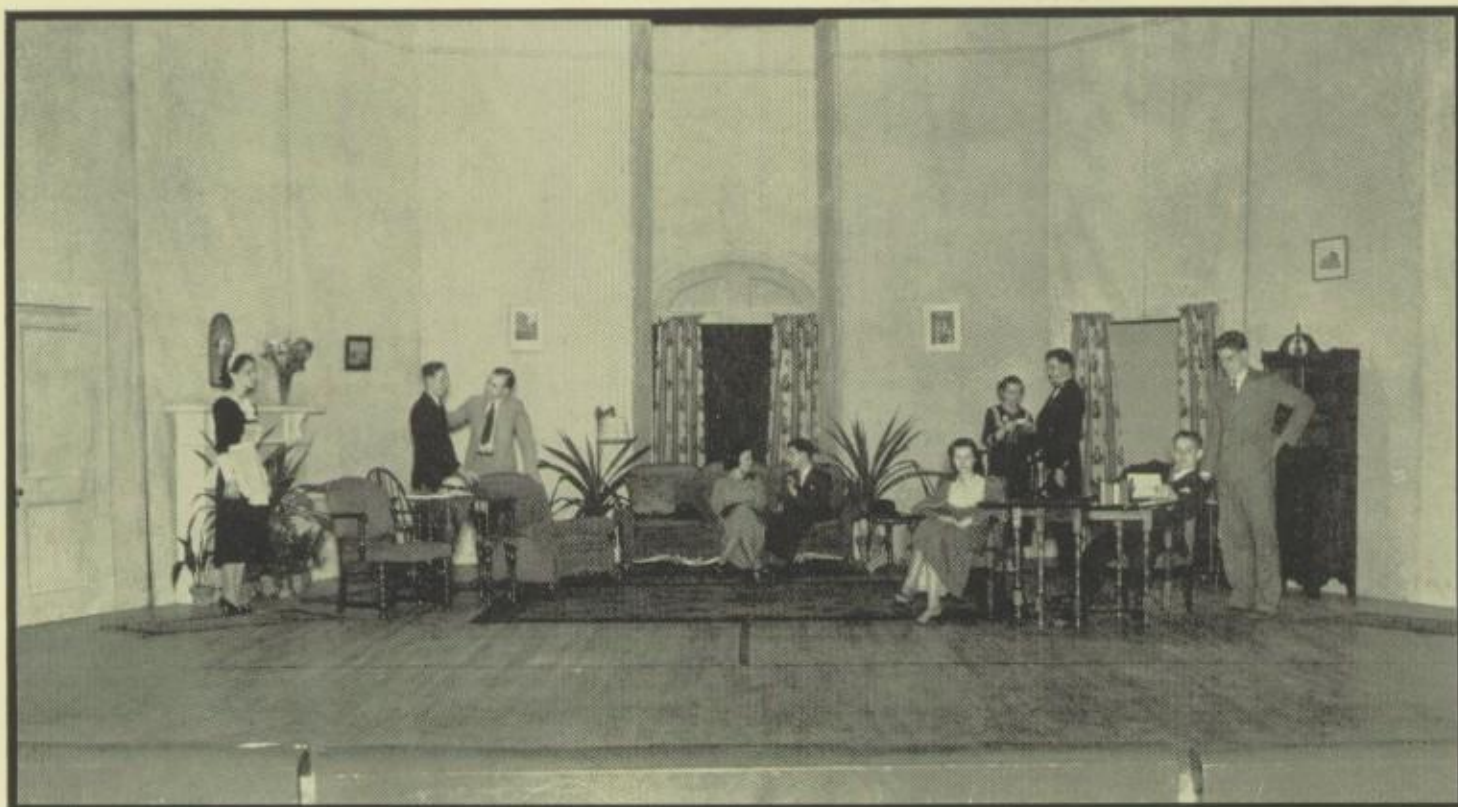
The new soap company advertises "high, wide, and handsome"; but when the first order does come, they have no soap to sell nor money with which to buy soap. Rodney's father thinks that the business is really flourishing and almost buys them out, but Mary spoils the matter by telling him the true state of affairs.

In the meantime, the Countess reappears with a check to buy a share in the company. The three friends think this is a gift from Heaven, but they cannot cash the check, which is for \$5000.00 more than the share is to cost. When the Countess finds out that they have no money, she reveals herself to them. So in their minds their business is a failure. But young Clark had not fared well either.

A large order is received from Marshall Field of Chicago. At their wit's end to fill the order, they send some of the father's three-cent soap to Chicago where it is sold for a dollar a bar under the name of "13" Soap. But matters are again complicated when Rodney's father refuses to sell them enough soap to complete the order. Many more problems arise, but everything is finally adjusted.

Rodney and Mary are betrothed, his father wins his bet, and everybody is happy with the exception of the Countess, who is deprived of her spoils.

The sweethearts, Marjorie Lewitz and Harry Beltzig, played their parts well. Robert Wortmann grumbled through the part of the father in a humorous manner. Herman Waldman's portrayal of Ambrose Peale was excellent. His antics forced the audience to laugh until the tears came. Barbara Schaefer, the French-speaking countess, was very good. Wenzel Smith, George Schulte, Don Lorenz, Walter Emes, William Brookes, Bobbie Linder, and Betty Hosey—all contributed toward making the play a success. Of course, most of this success was due to Miss Duffett's excellent coaching.



"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

SENIOR PLAY

One Hundred Fifty-one

SPEECH CORRECTION

AMONG the advantages which the St. Louis Public Schools offer pupils today is the opportunity to have corrective work in speech for the boy or girl who has a speech difficulty. The teacher in charge, Miss Woldstad, comes to Roosevelt twice a week; all pupils who have any defect in speech may go to her for help.

Among the types of defects which come to her for correction are sounds wrongly made, such as the *th* for the *s* which is commonly called the lisp, the *d* for the *th* or the *y* for the *l*. Oral inactivity is the attempt to talk behind closed teeth, as many high school students do. Other problems are developing speech sounds with the partially deaf and the cleft-palate child, working with the boy or girl who stutters or the one who is afraid to recite, and developing placement for hoarse or highly pitched voices.

Miss Woldstad believes that a study of a speech difficulty is the study of the whole personality of the child. She first tries to instill self-confidence into her pupils. "Good health," she says, "is the most important factor in building up self-confidence; and green vegetables, sleep, and outdoor sports are the most important factors in building up good health."

When a beginner goes into her class, she likes to know all about him and then tries to analyze his speech difficulty. Sometimes she gives him exercises with vowels and consonants to pronounce in front of a mirror every night. The idea of the mirror is to watch the muscles of the lips and palate move as one makes the sound. She frequently gives a beginner nursery rhymes to work on and emphasizes the fact that he must enunciate the complete word instead of dropping the endings and slurring over the vowels as many do. Exaggerated enunciation in practice by oneself often helps to correct poor articulation. Rhythm is another point for which a beginner must work. The poems assigned him to work on must be given with a swing to them to convey the smoothness and the beauty in the lines.

Some students soon graduate from the nursery rhymes and begin to read aloud every night or to learn simple poems. This, too, is done in front of a mirror, all the time "over enunciating" the work. Reading aloud is very helpful, for when one reads to another, he is more careful of his pronunciation than if he were reading to himself.

Other students are taught how to project their voice tones. This is important for unless a person can make people understand him, he is handicapped all through life. Talking loudly is not projecting the voice; the two are altogether different. Talking loudly is coarse and unpleasant, but projecting the voice carries it throughout the room, even though the tones may be low.

"The most important part of any speech training," Miss Woldstad says, "is the learning to understand ourselves; to be able to control our fears, our anxieties, our angers, and even our joys."

SIGHT CONSERVATION WORK AT ROOSEVELT



IN THE fall term of 1934 a type of special education called Sight Conservation was brought to Roosevelt High. This class had been started at Cleveland High School in January, 1930, with three pupils. Miss Riefling, the present advisor, was given charge of these pupils, and, in the course of two and one-half years, the class had become large enough to be considered a separate advisory group. This was in September, 1932. Since this was the only high school Sight Saving group in the city, pupils from all districts attended. In September, 1934, the Board of Education decided to transfer this class to Roosevelt High because it is more centrally located and also because it has the ninth grade, which some of the other high schools no longer have.

The room which this class occupies is especially equipped to help the students who have impaired vision. These pupils go to various parts of the building for their regular classes and come to this room only for advisory and study periods. One of the most interesting features in the room is the typewriters. There are five which print the regular size type and three which print letters about one-half inch high. Several books are printed in this large type, so that the student can read them without straining his eyes. Special shades of paper that are particularly restful to the eyes are used in these books. All of the pupils are taught to type by the touch system, which enables them to save their eyes a great deal. There are several brightly colored and enlarged paper maps on the walls and also many vivid relief maps. There are interesting exhibits of grain, sugar cane, birds, and so on. The lights in this room are especially strong, and the desks are arranged so that the most benefit can be obtained from the natural light.

Since the pupils spend a large part of their time in this one room, the atmosphere is made pleasing by numerous potted plants and cut flowers.

Through this work another means by which pupils may obtain service has developed. Any pupil who has satisfactory grades and who wishes to give some of his study periods may volunteer to be a helper. Each helper usually works with the same person throughout the term. The helper reads to the pupil, fills in work books, colors work book maps, and, if he is sufficiently advanced in a subject, he acts as a tutor. Helpers who have had stenography and typewriting are especially desirable. They copy tests and work books on the large typewriter and also help to teach the student to type. Books which can be spared from the school library are kept in this room in order to be easily accessible for references and to enable the helpers to read them to the pupil.

These helpers are regarded with respect by the pupils whom they assist and are well-informed about everything in the room. Twice a month the helpers meet with Miss Riefling to discuss any problems which confront them.

All Rooseveltians should be proud to have this very interesting and necessary work undertaken at their school.

ORTRUDE SCHNAEDELBACH

One Hundred Fifty-three

BWANA

OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY



WONDER if we all realize what a truly interesting place our library is. For instance, do you know that it will seat 100 pupils? That between September, 1933, and May, 1934, almost 20,000 pupils were sent to the library during school hours? That 10,287 books were issued for home use? That at the end of the 1934 school year there were 6,710 books in the library? That the library subscribes for twenty-five magazines?

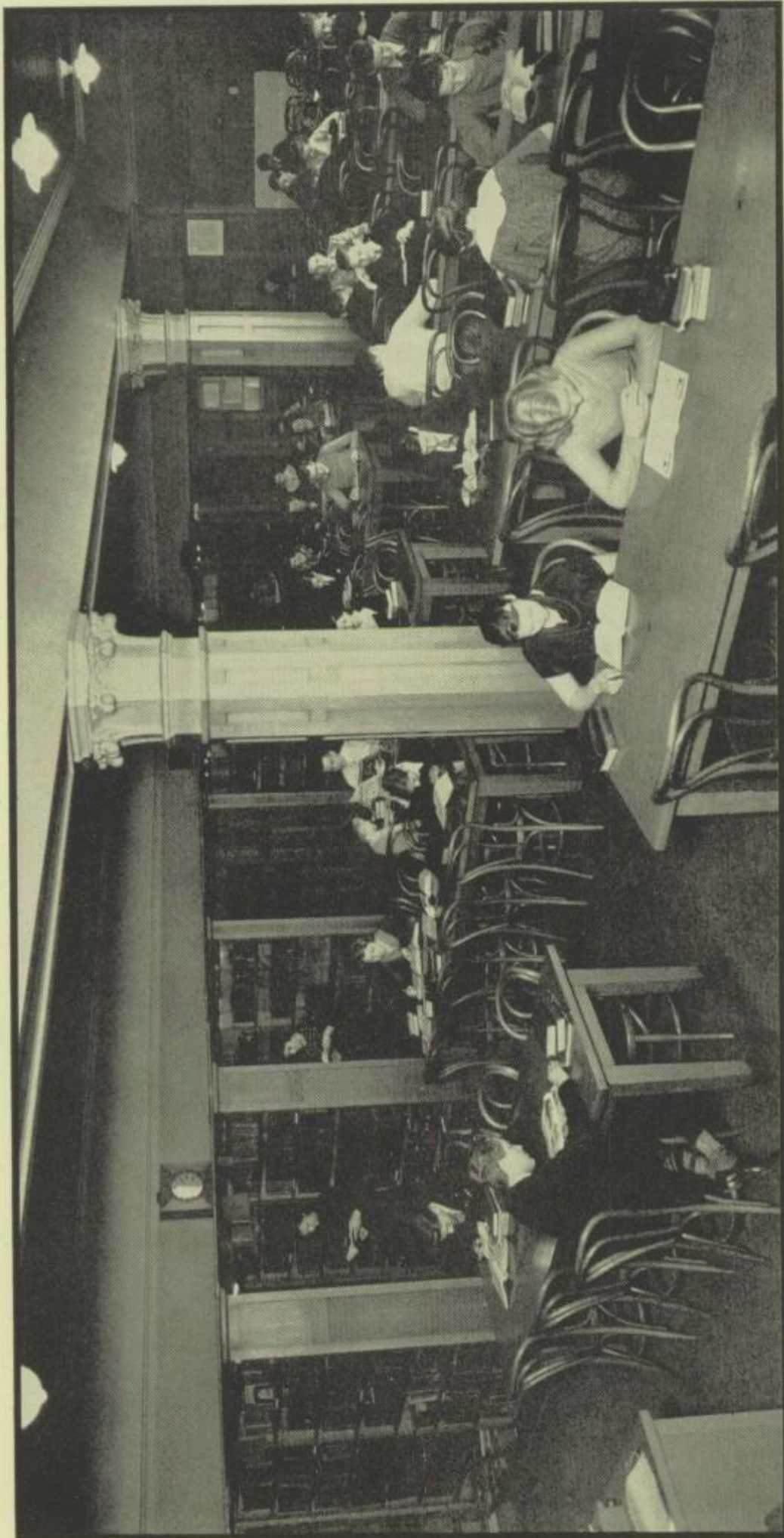
It may also interest you to know something about the arrangement of the books. They are all grouped according to their subject-matter and then alphabetically arranged according to the author's surname. All of the shelves have alphabetical letters and also numbers. The girls who assist Miss Bowman must learn where and how to find any book desired. In the inside cover of each book may be found the letter and number of the shelf on which the book belongs. This system helps the girls to return the books to their correct places.

Pupils seeking references—perhaps for a report in some history class or an essay for a class in Advanced Composition—often go to the library with a very hazy idea of the place to look for these references. A few classes have come to the library in a body, and Miss Bowman has been kind enough to give them talks on aids to the use of the library; others will find the following information helpful. Back of Miss Bowman's desk is the Card Catalogue. Here each book in the library is alphabetized on three different cards, under three different headings: title of book, author's name, and subject matter. Thus one may seek his book under its title, author's name, or the subject matter. The Readers' Guide is another source of references with which few of us are acquainted. It is a bibliography of magazine articles and is issued monthly to keep in step with current magazines. Articles are listed under title, author's name, and subject. The name, date, and volume number of the magazine in which the article appeared is given. Here can be found references for up-to-date matter such as one might need for a report on some current political situations. If one becomes "stumped" in spite of these library aids, Miss Bowman can always be relied upon to come to one's rescue.

The library may seem to be a very staid, severe place. Its name suggests that. But it has a lighter side. In the spring, the large windows are opened, and the room is filled with soft breezes and bits of melody drift down from some chorus class.

You should certainly make it a point to go and see for yourself what an interesting place the library is.

MARCIA KOERNER



LIBRARY AT ROOSEVELT



FIRST TERM BOYS



FIRST TERM GIRLS

BWANA

ORATORICAL CONTEST

The scene is Graham Memorial Chapel; the time, Saturday evening, April 28. The audience is waiting for the speakers to begin their orations; Mr. Koenig, of Washington University, raps for order. The audience grows silent. Prominent in the Roosevelt delegation are Mr. Ammerman, Mr. Rush, and Miss Battle.

On the platform, waiting to speak, we see our representatives, Mildred Auer and Northcutt Coil. We are expecting great things of them. They represent the best Roosevelt has to offer in the way of orators, but they are competing against the best that all the other schools in the city have to offer. Mr. Coil's subject is "The Trend of Democracy in America"; and Miss Auer's, "The Way to Govern".

The contest is over. The audience waits tensely while the chairman reads the decision. The results are: for the boys, first place goes to Fred Haffner of Beaumont; for the girls, to Helen Reller of Central. As we watch the happy winners receive their cups, we reflect that Roosevelt still has a chance to win the cup permanently, for in the three years that the cup has been in competition, no school has won it more than once.

MONCRIEFF SMITH

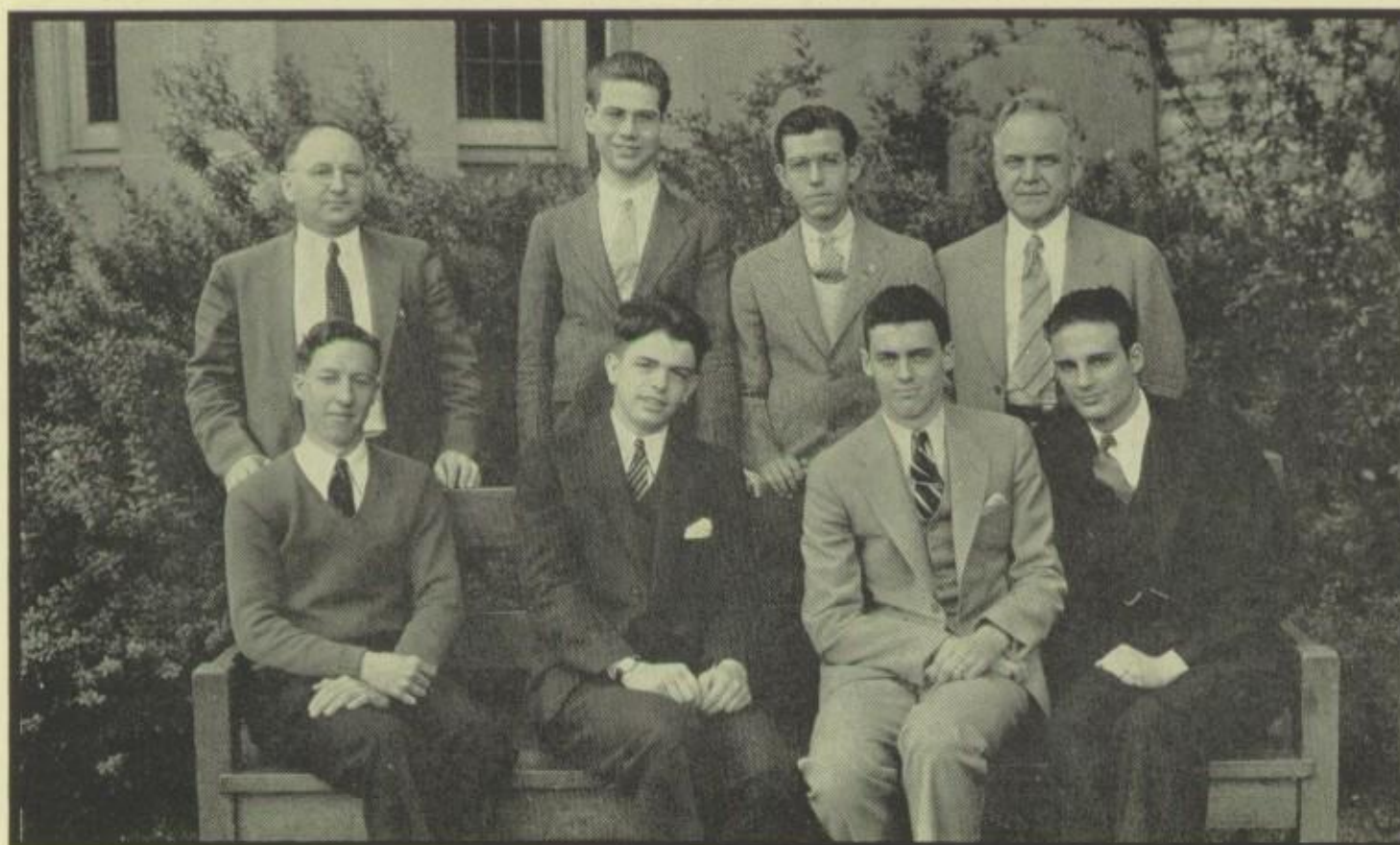
BOOKS

(With apologies to Kipling's "Boots")

*Books! Books! Books!
These haunting, insatiable books;
Spanish and History, English and Lit,
Like student pursuers from mouths of the pit
Are these books! books! books!*

*Books! Books! Books!
Everywhere, always are books;
At school and at home,
Wherever I roam,
There'll be books! books! books!*

—Ken Jones
Term 3



DEBATING

Through the diligent work of Robert Bard, Eugene Blackwell, Northcutt Coil, Walter Emes, Richard Schulherr, and William Leue, plus the faithful and sincere efforts of the coaches, Mr. Rush and Mr. Schmale, a debate championship has been brought home to Roosevelt.

This championship drive started December 7, 1933, and ended April 13, 1934.

Our squad lost only two out of ten debates. In State Competition we tied with Soldan to represent this district, but we were defeated by our West End rivals.

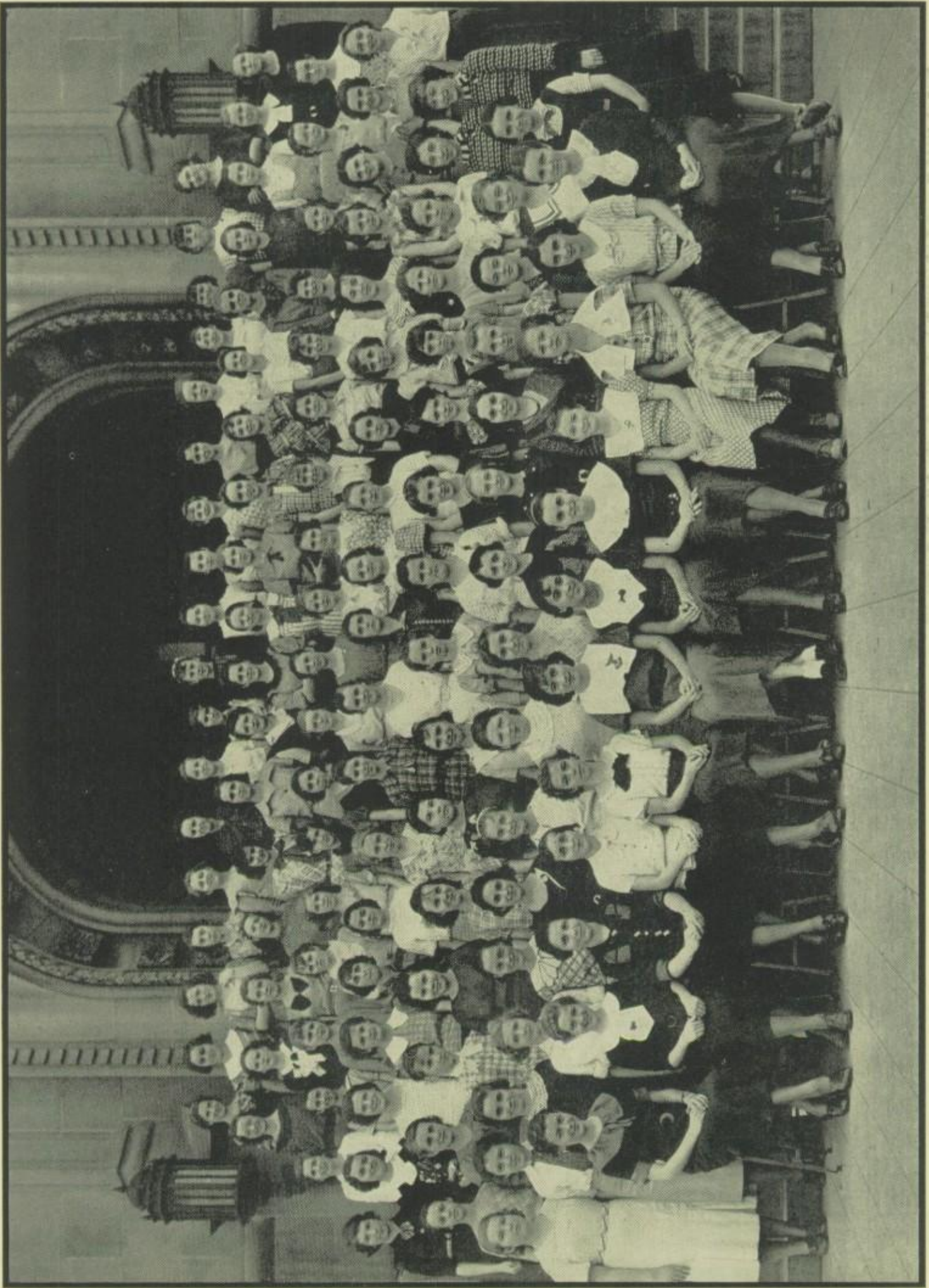
The debate question was, "Resolved that the United States should adopt the essential features of the British Broadcasting Corporation."

The school may look forward to another good team next year, as Eugene Blackwell, Northcutt Coil, and Robert Bard will again be out for debate.

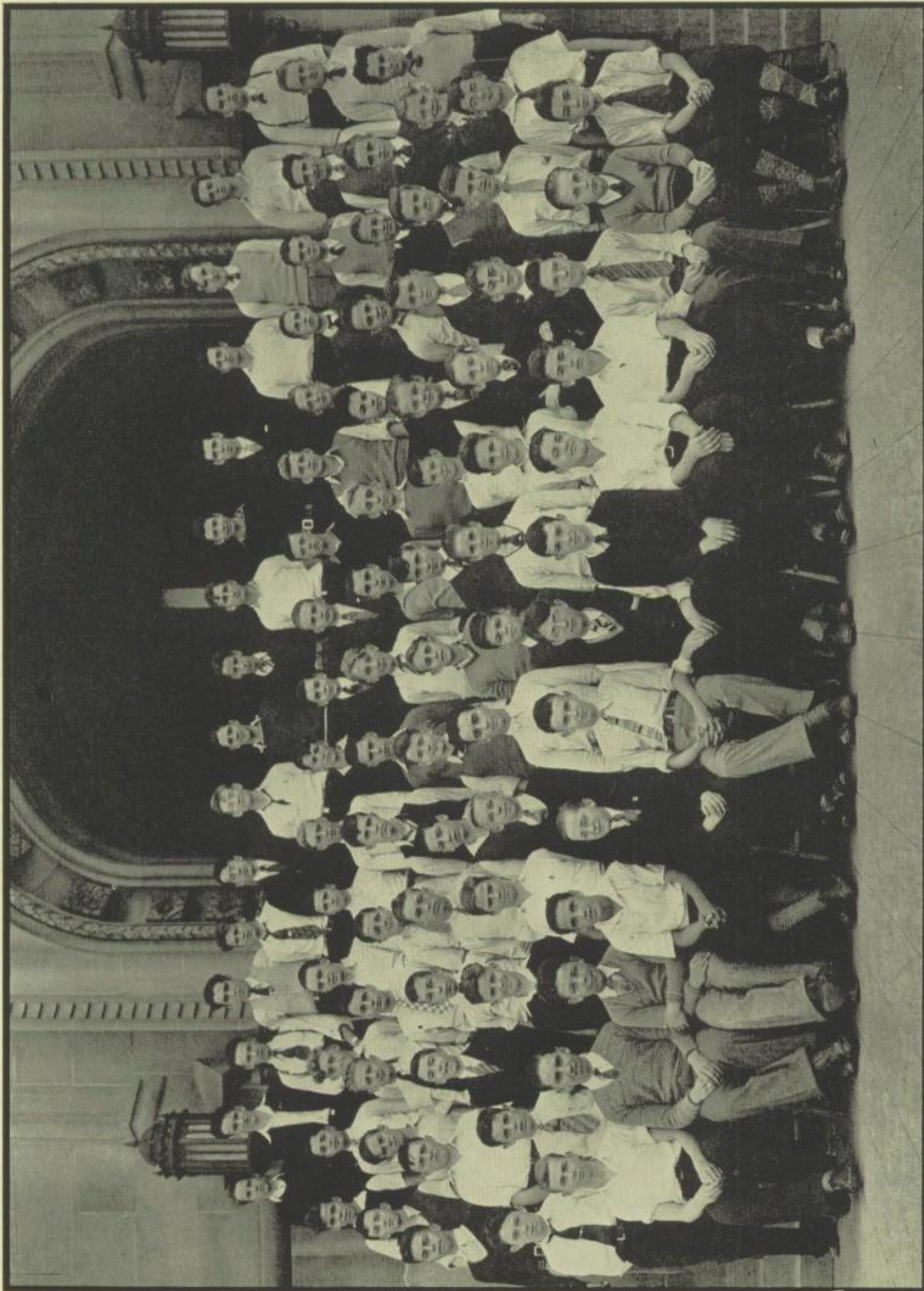
The squad lost Walter Emes, William Leue, and Richard Schulherr through graduation.

NORTHCUTT COIL

One Hundred Fifty-nine



SECOND TERM GIRLS



SECOND TERM BOYS



A WORLD OF CANVAS

IF AN observer had closely studied the faces of the boys who marched into a large outdoor arena at Jefferson Barracks, on July 26, 1934, he would not have recognized them as the same boys who had straggled into this Citizen's Military Training Camp twenty-six days previously. These boys were tanned by the wind and the sun to a rich brown. Their muscles were hard, and they carried themselves with their chins up, ready to face the world. They wore the brown uniforms of the army type.

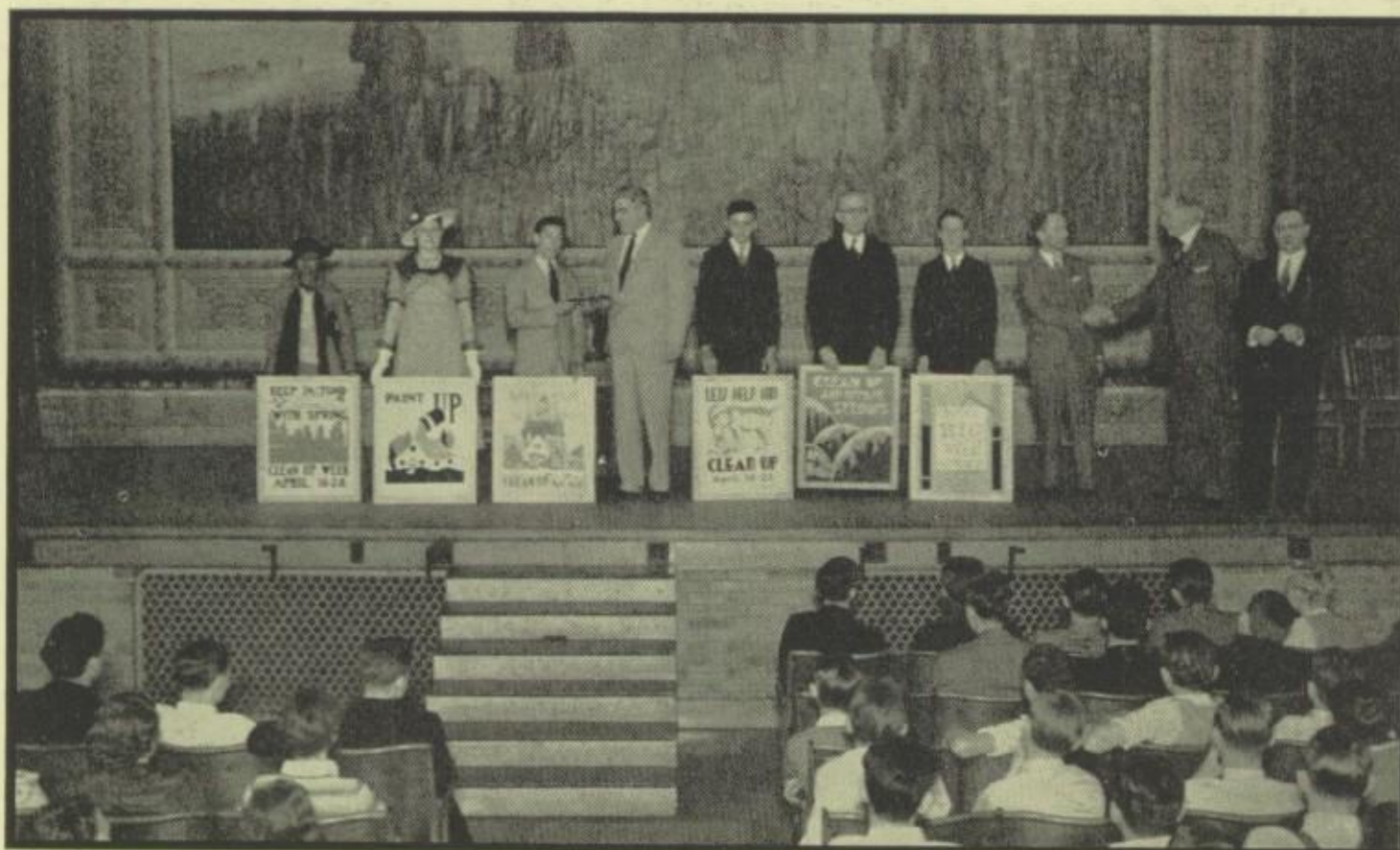
I was fortunate in being one of these boys. Arriving this last summer, eager and expectant, I took my entrance examinations, was issued my uniforms, assigned to a tent, and soon began the life of a C. M. T. C. student.

The mornings were devoted to work consisting of policing the camp, exercising, and drilling. Some days we did not go to the drill field because it rained or we went to the range. The afternoons were devoted to playing games, such as basketball, soft ball, baseball, track, swimming, and bunk fatigue. In the evenings we were entertained by boxing and wrestling matches or dances.

K. P. duty required twelve-hour services, while that of a guard required twenty-four hours. While performing these duties, a boy was not allowed to leave the premises.

Four boys from Roosevelt attended this camp; each one had different experiences, but all were well repaid for their efforts. Those who attend in the future will find a new, strange world to conquer.

CHARLES LEWIS

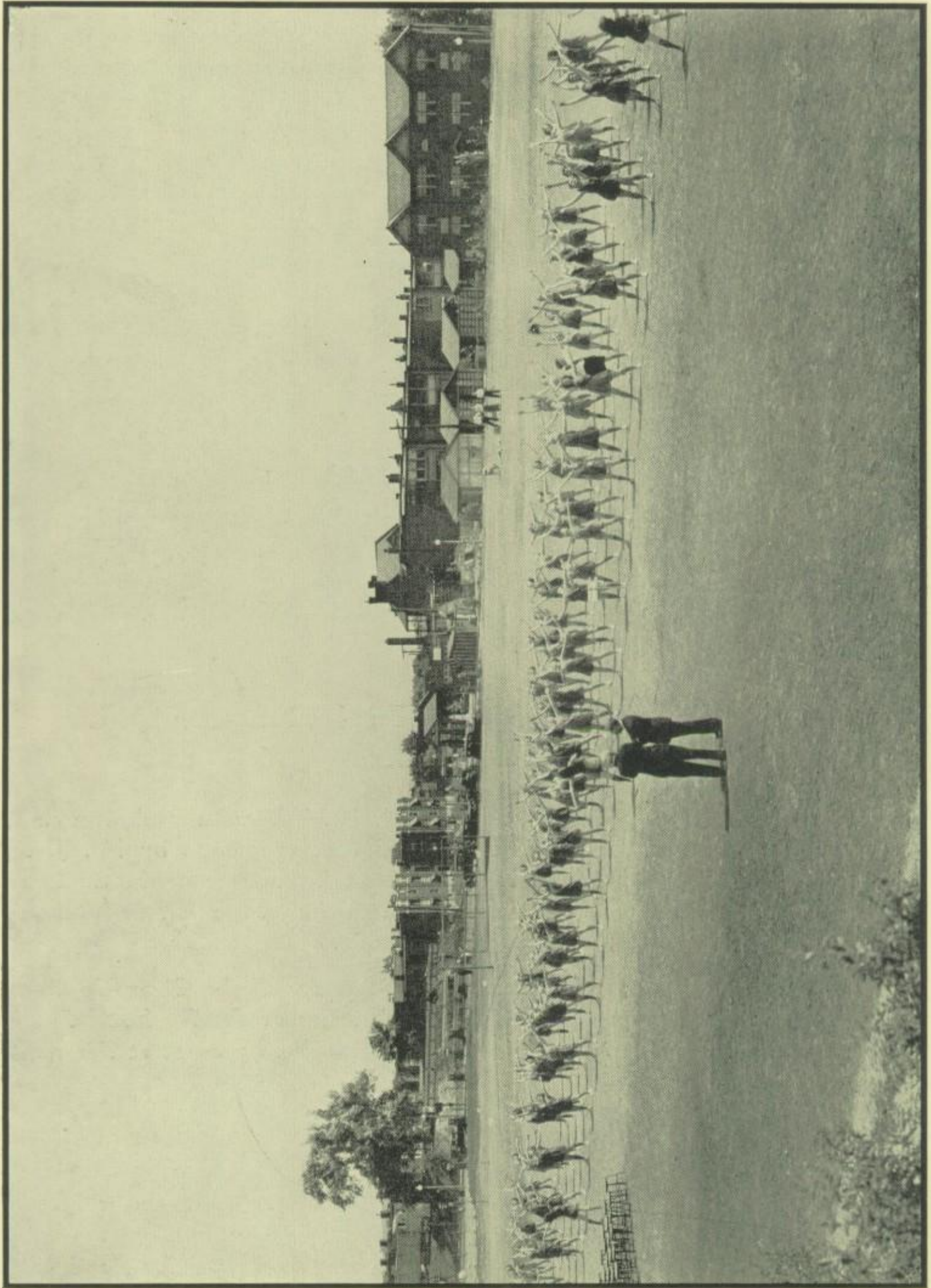


A PRIZE-WINNING POSTER IN THE CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN

At an auditorium session held on May 18, 1934, Vernon Paul, a pupil of Roosevelt High School, was presented with a silver plaque by Mr. J. A. Reardon, Chairman of the Awards and Contest Committee of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. The award was made in recognition of Vernon's prize-winning poster for the Clean-Up Campaign.

Mr. John Rush Powell; Mr. Lawrance, Secretary of the Clean-Up Committee; Mr. H. C. Jackson, Supervisor of Drawing of the St. Louis Public Schools; and Mr. Ammerman were the other speakers present at this auditorium session.





GIRLS' PLAY DAY AT ROOSEVELT HIGH

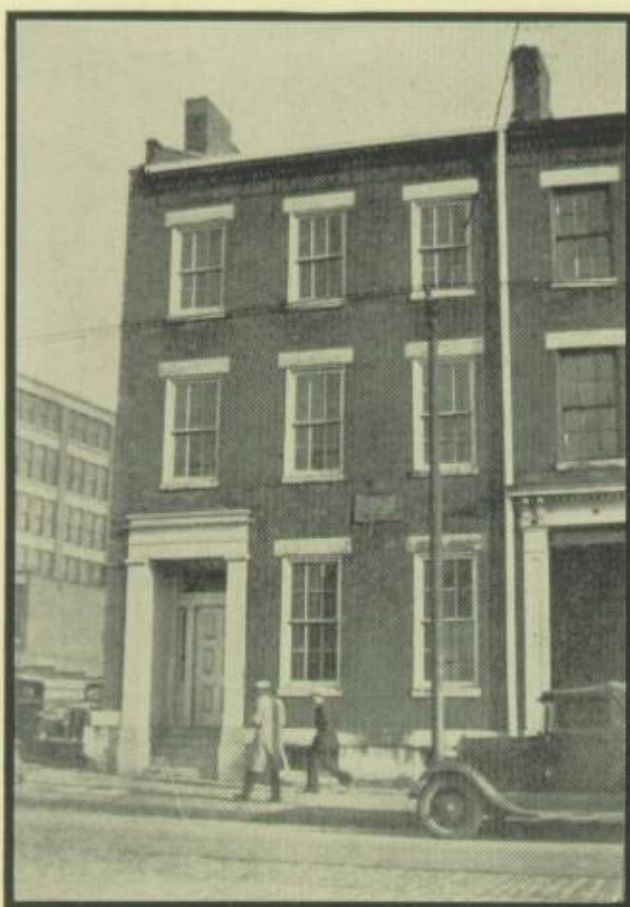


GIRLS' PLAY DAY AT ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL

THE EUGENE FIELD HOME

ST. LOUIS is going to give the Eastern cities competition! One of the chief criticisms of travelers through the Middle West in the past has been the lack of shrines, historical and literary. Now, the old home of Eugene Field is to become a Mecca for this poet's admirers.

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis in a house located at what was then known as 28 Collins Street. Later it was used as a boiler factory and then as a railroad freight office (107 Franklin Avenue).



On a visit to this city Field once pointed out 634 South Broadway (then known as 634 South Fifth Street), a childhood home, as his birthplace. This may have been just a mistake, as Field was very young when the family changed residences. On the other hand, it was very likely a practical joke, for such a one would have delighted his sense of humor which was little tempered with charity. At any rate, a tablet was unveiled in 1902 at the South Broadway address to mark the birthplace of Field, and it was many years before it was proved that this was not the real birthplace of the poet.

Eugene Field lived in the Broadway home only about five years. The family moved there soon after his birth, and, on the early death of Mrs. Field, the

father sent 'Gene and his brother to live with their cousin at Amherst, Massachusetts. This old home of the Field family is now owned by the Board of Education of St. Louis.

In the past, taxes have been so heavy that several times pressure has been brought to bear to wreck the building to make way for more lucrative enterprises. In 1925 Con P. Curran, the lessee, wished to wreck the Field home and surrounding buildings to make way for a warehouse. However, it was saved by a corporation headed by John F. Storm and Albert St. Clair, the latter a former newspaper friend of Field's. Early in 1934 Curran again wished to have the building razed, this time to avoid taxes, and to convert the space into a parking lot. This time the Poet Laureate League of America offered to pay taxes on the building to preserve it until its purchase could be arranged.

One Hundred Sixty-six

BWANA

The St. Louis Board of Education cancelled Curran's lease, and accepted the offer made by Jesse P. Henry and Carl P. Daniel. Under their direction the exterior was repaired and renovated.

In November, 1934, Dr. Gerling, Superintendent of Instruction of the St. Louis Public Schools, suggested the establishment of a Field Memorial Fund. Pupils in all of the public schools gladly donated their pennies to pay for the restoration of the interior of the house and the establishment of a garden. The money contributed has given the children a sense of ownership in the poet's house which will lead to greater interest on their part.

The fund will be distributed by a committee consisting of Jesse P. Henry, chairman; Dr. Gerling; McCune Gill, local historian; and Meyric R. Rogers, director of the City Art Museum. Mr. Henry plans to obtain the gift or loan of furnishings typical of Field's time to complete the restoration of the home.

When it is finished, the Field Memorial will be a place of which all St. Louisans may well be proud.

GRACE LEE JONES

A STORY ABOUT OUR SCHOOL

If any of you students of Roosevelt happen to be in the school some dark night and see a few ghosts walking the halls, do not be alarmed. They will not harm you. They only wish to haunt the school. Why? Because the ground upon which our school is built used to be a graveyard.

Imagine how these ghosts must have felt when, one morning bright and early, just as they were going to sleep after a night of particularly successful haunting, they were rudely awakened by an army of men with trucks and steamshovels who started to dig up the graves for removal of the dead to less desirable surroundings.

In 1906 the block on which our school now stands was a graveyard. In 1907 it was condemned. Fifteen years later Roosevelt High was built.

So it goes—education must go on. Even the dead cannot rest peacefully in their graves if they are interfering with the progress of education.

The moral of this story is:

Be sure to learn your lessons so well every day that you will not fail in any subject, or else these ghosts of the past may haunt you.

OWEN BEARD

Term 3

One Hundred Sixty-seven

BWANA

ALUMNI NOTES

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Everett Best
Robert Cooper
Dorothy Gerock
James Ginn
Edith Greiderer
Adele Helmkampf
Hugh Karr
Karl Klein
William Leue
Ida Liss
Donald Lorenz
Robert Mausshardt
Fred Mueller
Jack Percy
Ernest Plesch
Sylvia Ratz

Sophie Roguski
Barbara Schaefer
Victor Schuchat
Richard Schulherr
J. B. Sheets
Joseph Taylor
Phil Thompson
Richard Toon
John Urban
Alan Vierheller
Otto Von der Au
Herman Waldman
Donlon Walters
Betty Waugh
Jeannette Weiner
Martha Willert

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY

Robert Beahan
William Brittain
Edward Gaebler
Wilma Grund

Milton Hoffman
Julia Lange
Wilson Maile
Charles Philpott

HADLEY VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

Eugene Cantrell
Peggy Dutton
Bobbie Linder
Victor Lund
Virginia Manovill

Dorothy Mae Moore
Irene Myers
Margaret Neumayer
Emma Willer
Dorothy Winkler

Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE

Ralph Bradshaw
Robert Graul

Carl Walter
Rosler Watson

RUBICAM BUSINESS SCHOOL

Betty Bradley
Louise Brinkman
Lester Reicheneder

Donald Schaberg
Francis Sohm
Sybil Swartout

BWANA

BROWN'S BUSINESS SCHOOL

Dorothy Clark
Ben Knox
Ruth Nowotny

Ruth Schmidt
Edna Stege
Katherine Taetz

MISSOURI BUSINESS COLLEGE

Elaine Carter
Edmonia Ehrhart

James Leahy
Audrey Machalek

ST. LOUIS BUSINESS COLLEGE

Angeline Catanzaro

William Jenny

Theodore Stoeffler

MISCELLANEOUS

Dorothy Manovill }
William Pascoe }
Bobbie Dolvin }
Beryl Edwards }
Mary Jane Kruger }
Jeanette Satterfield }
Robert Baum
Marjory Dierberger
Walter Emes
Rosalie Fleming
Betty Anne Gilman
Carl Grable
Walter Graul
Joe Gutjahr
Althea Hoener
Joe Lee
Paul Lehner
Dorothy Miller
Junior Mills
Lee Patton
Imogen Pearson
Lilian Peterson
Bob Rodman
Elvira Roenn
Arthur Walther

Stix-Baer & Fuller

Purina Mills

Comptometer School

Board of Education

Jansen Transfer Co.

Laclede Gas Co.

Scruggs-Vandervoort & Barney

Working as dentist's assistant

Central College

Valparaiso College

Bell Telephone Co.

Monticello Seminary

Butler Bros. Wholesale Co.

Working in Kroger Store

Valparaiso College

Working in Bechtold's Drug Store

Pevely Dairy Co.

Famous-Barr Co.

Lindenwood College

Emerson Electric Co.

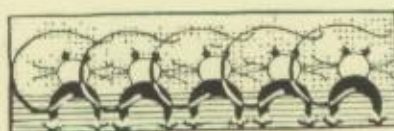
Concordia Publishing House

Walther's Drug Store

Compiled by

Barbara Jovanovich
Grace Lee Jones

Bruce Bohle
Northcutt Coil



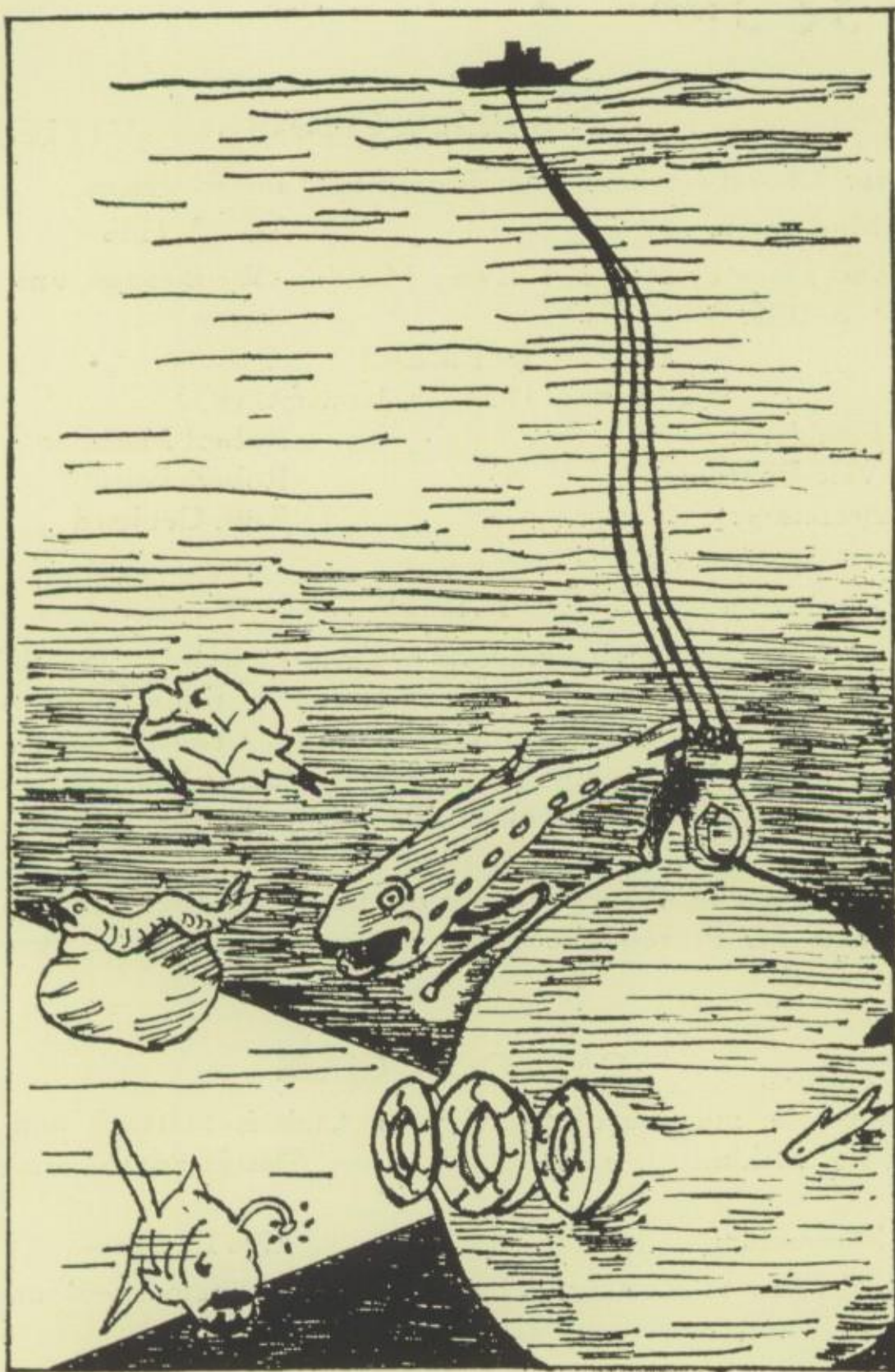
One Hundred Sixty-nine

BWANA

LIST OF EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

September, 1934-January 1935

Organization	Sponsor
1. Rough Rider	Mr. Kammerer
2. Bwana	Miss O. Solfronk
	Miss Mills
	Miss Nerud
	Miss L. Solfronk
3. Art	Miss Place
4. Art Fellowship	Miss Simon
5. Athenaeum	Miss Elmore
6. Basketball, Girls	Miss Varian
7. Cartoon	Miss Barbee
8. Chess	Mr. Bock
9. College	Miss Dockery
10. Dancing	Miss Watt
11. Engineering	Mr. Katterhenry
	Mr. Gammeter
12. Forum	Mr. Castleman
13. German	Miss Debatin
14. Literary	Mr. Schmale
15. Latin	Miss Meehan
16. Mask and Buskin	Miss Lancaster
17. O'ita	Miss Binnington
18. Pep R	Miss Schlutius
19. Philatelic	Miss Harris
20. Priscilla	Miss Gilmore
21. Publicity	Mr. Steidemann
22. Quill	Miss Peterson
23. Swimming, Girls	Miss Garesche
24. Silver Skates	Miss Eisenhardt
	Miss Wolff
25. Spanish	Miss Comfort
26. Sportsman	Miss Heddergott
27. Studio	Miss Chapman
28. Baseball	Mr. Carlson
29. Basketball	Mr. Lorenzen
30. Football	Mr. Carlson
31. Tennis, Boys	Mr. Lorenzen
32. Track	Mr. Granger
33. Golf	Mr. Cleland
34. Sixes	Miss Whitelaw
35. Sevens	Mr. Forsman
36. Seniors	Miss Wade



CLUBS

BWANA

A'CAPELLA CHOIR

Purpose: Choral singing for unaccompanied mixed voices.

Moderator: Miss B. Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8:00 A. M. in 301.

OFFICERS

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Robert Miessner
Vice-President:	Robert Baird
Secretary:	Ruth Gebhard

BAND

What would a great high school be without its band? No club, organization, or activity can contribute more to the spirit, pride, and characteristic individuality of a school than a good school band. Those who are members have the opportunity not only of securing valuable musical training and experience for themselves, but also of contributing the highest service to their school.

In Room 39, during the seventh period, those who prefer and can arrange their programs for it, rehearse daily, while others practice two or three times each week.

CARTOON CLUB

Purpose: The purpose of the Cartoon Club is to teach and stimulate interest in the making of cartoons. We use "The Landon Course of Cartooning."

Moderator: Miss Barbee

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays at three o'clock—Room 306.

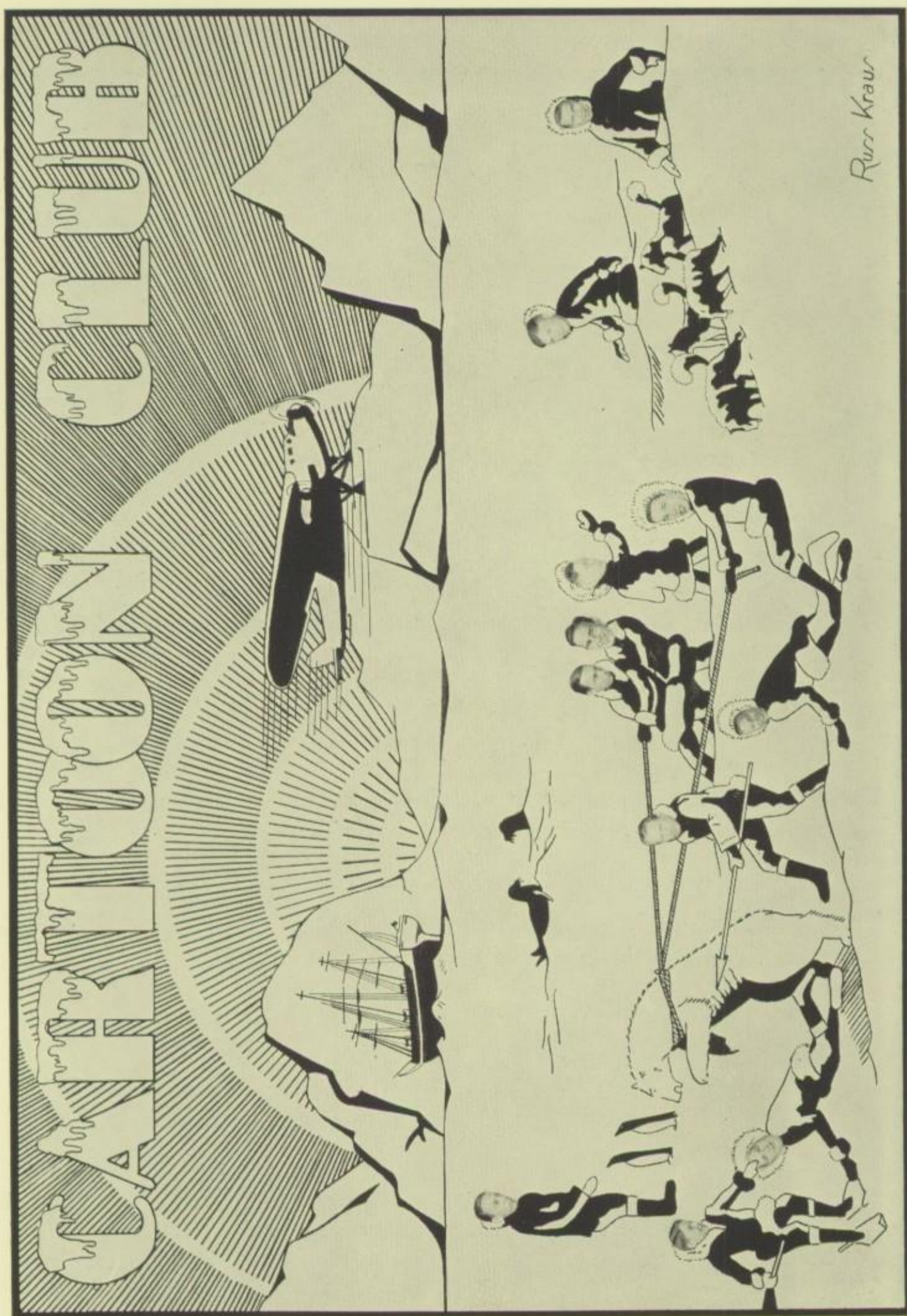
OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Russell Kraus
Vice-President:	Robert Finot
Secretary:	Edward Sepple
Treasurer:	Robert Miessner
Librarian:	Robert Goehauser

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Russell Kraus
Vice-President:	Robert Miessner
Secretary:	Robert Finot
Treasurer:	Robert Goehauser
Librarian:	Louis Nulsen



AWARDED FIRST PLACE (Original Designs for Club Pictures)

BWANA



ART CLUB

ART CLUB

Purpose: To foster interest in art among members, to make articles of artistic merit, and to be of service to school and community.

Moderator:

Miss A. L. Place

Time and Place of Meeting: First and third Tuesdays of month—Room 308. Second and fourth Tuesdays of month—Art Museum.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Emma Willer
Vice-President:	Dorothy Winkler
Secretary:	Geraldine Pemberton
Librarian:	Winifred Smith

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Geraldine Pemberton
Vice-President:	Jeannie Edsall
Secretary:	Winifred Smith
Treasurer:	Laurence Wind
Librarian:	Arthur Kluegel



ART FELLOWSHIP CLUB

ART FELLOWSHIP CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in the appreciation of the exhibits at the Art Museum; to co-ordinate the study of history, geography, and literature with a study of the art of various periods.

Moderator:

Miss Simon

Time and Place of Meeting: B Thursdays at the Art Museum.

OFFICERS

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:

Jerry Monroe

Secretary and Treasurer:

Betty Swinehart

BWANA

ATHENÆUM

Purpose: To stimulate interest in history.

Moderator: Miss Elmore

Time and Place of Meeting: B Thursdays—Room 8.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Selma Rosen
Vice-President:	Herman Wichmann
Secretary:	Dixie Matheny
Treasurer:	Junior Tidrow
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Jack Adams
Editor of "Mercury":	Audrey Thyson

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Herman Wichmann
Vice-President:	Olga Vohs
Secretary:	Helene Braeutigam
Treasurer:	Dixie Matheny
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Jack Walters
Editor of "Mercury":	Bonnie De Gonja
Associate Editor of "Mercury":	Coadia Baker

BASKETBALL CLUB

Purpose: To interest girls in the game of basketball.

Moderator: Miss Varian

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Thursday in the Girls' Gymnasium.

September, 1934, to January, 1935

Captains:	Floy Goolsby
	Mary Jane Grimm
	Doris Hill
	Betsy Hospes
	Hilda Kozeny
	June Litsch
Managers and Referees:	Dolores Fel' Dotto
	Fern Guenther
	Margaret Hill
	Loretta Menetre
Reporters:	Dolores Fel' Dotto
	Bernice Dietz



ATHENAEUM CLUB

BWANA

CAROL CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator:

Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Every day the fourth period in 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Dorthea Carl
Vice-President:	Marcia Koerner
Secretary:	Miriam Fales
Treasurer:	Audrey Thyson
Librarians:	{ Esther Huber Dolores Pitts

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Marcia Koerner
Vice-President:	Dolores Pitts
Secretary:	Ruth Helen Reinert
Treasurer:	Ruth Gebhard
Librarians:	{ Dorothy Reno Alberta Wittich

GOLF CLUB

Purpose: To promote interest in golf as a sport and as an interscholastic activity.

Moderator:

Mr. Cleland

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursdays at 2:45—Room 39.

OFFICERS

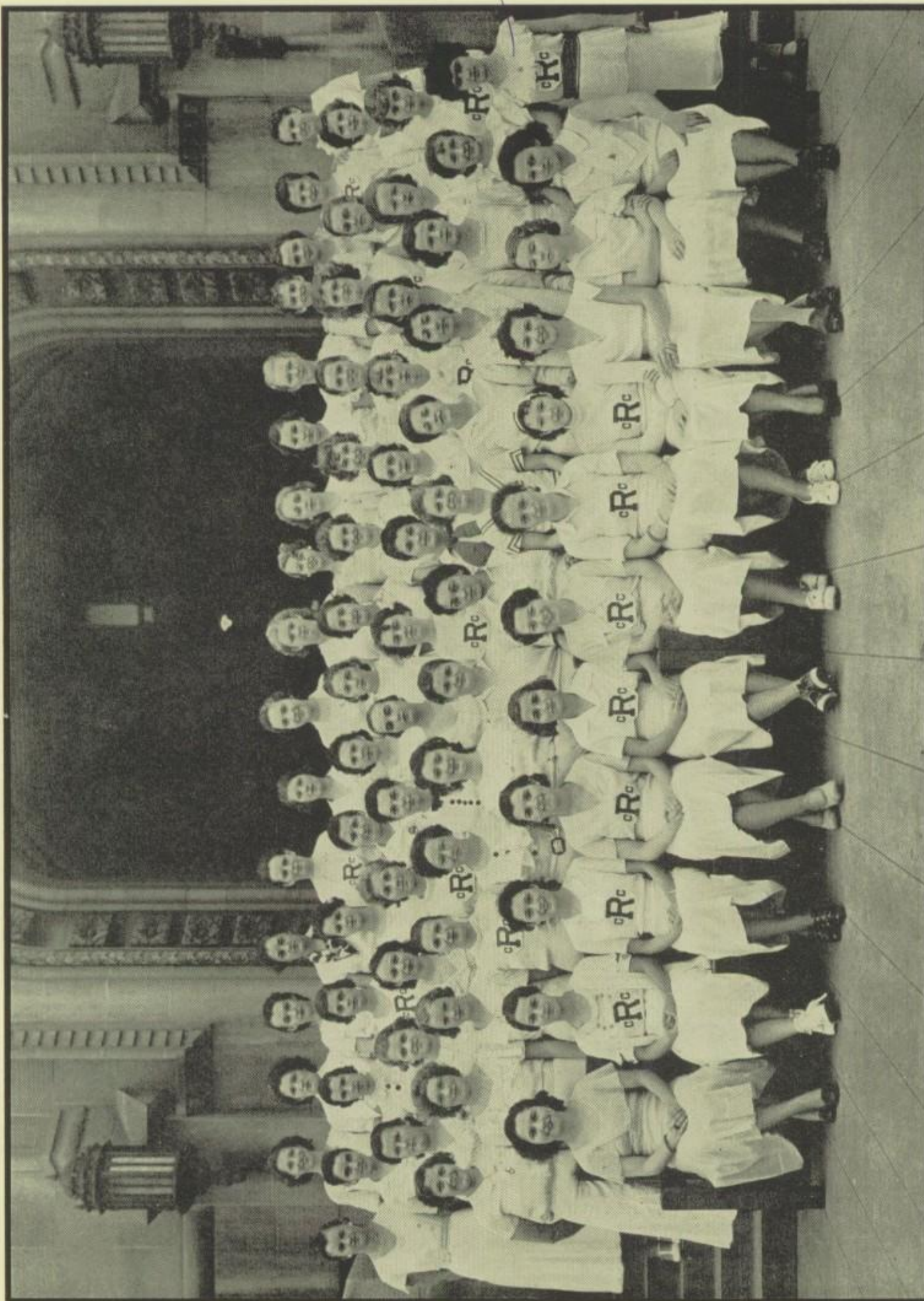
January to June, 1934

President:	Robert Griffin
Vice-President:	James Fleming
Secretary and Treasurer:	Junior Tidrow

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Junior Tidrow
Vice-President:	James McLaughlin
Secretary and Treasurer:	Frank Brooks

*Love's
Pia Parker*



CAROL CLUB

BWANA

COLLEGE CLUB

Purpose: To furnish opportunity for the development and expression of individual talent, especially in the literary field, and to train its members in the art of public speaking.

Moderator:

Miss M. C. Dockery

Time and Place of Meeting: Second and fourth Fridays—Room 301.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Marjorie Dierberger
Vice-President:	Frances Willert
Secretary:	Louise Brinkman
Corresponding Secretary:	Margaret Neumayer
Treasurer:	Sally Chase
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Patricia Doyle

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Helene Braeutigam
Vice-President:	Mariam Fales
Secretary:	Patricia Doyle
Corresponding Secretary:	Ortude Schnaedelbach
Treasurer:	Frances Nations
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Jeanne Holt

ENGINEERING CLUB

Purpose: To furnish vocational guidance to prospective engineering students by presenting to them the work and the conditions of the various engineering professions.

Moderators:

Mr. Katterhenry and Mr. Gammeter

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday at 2:45—in Room 13.

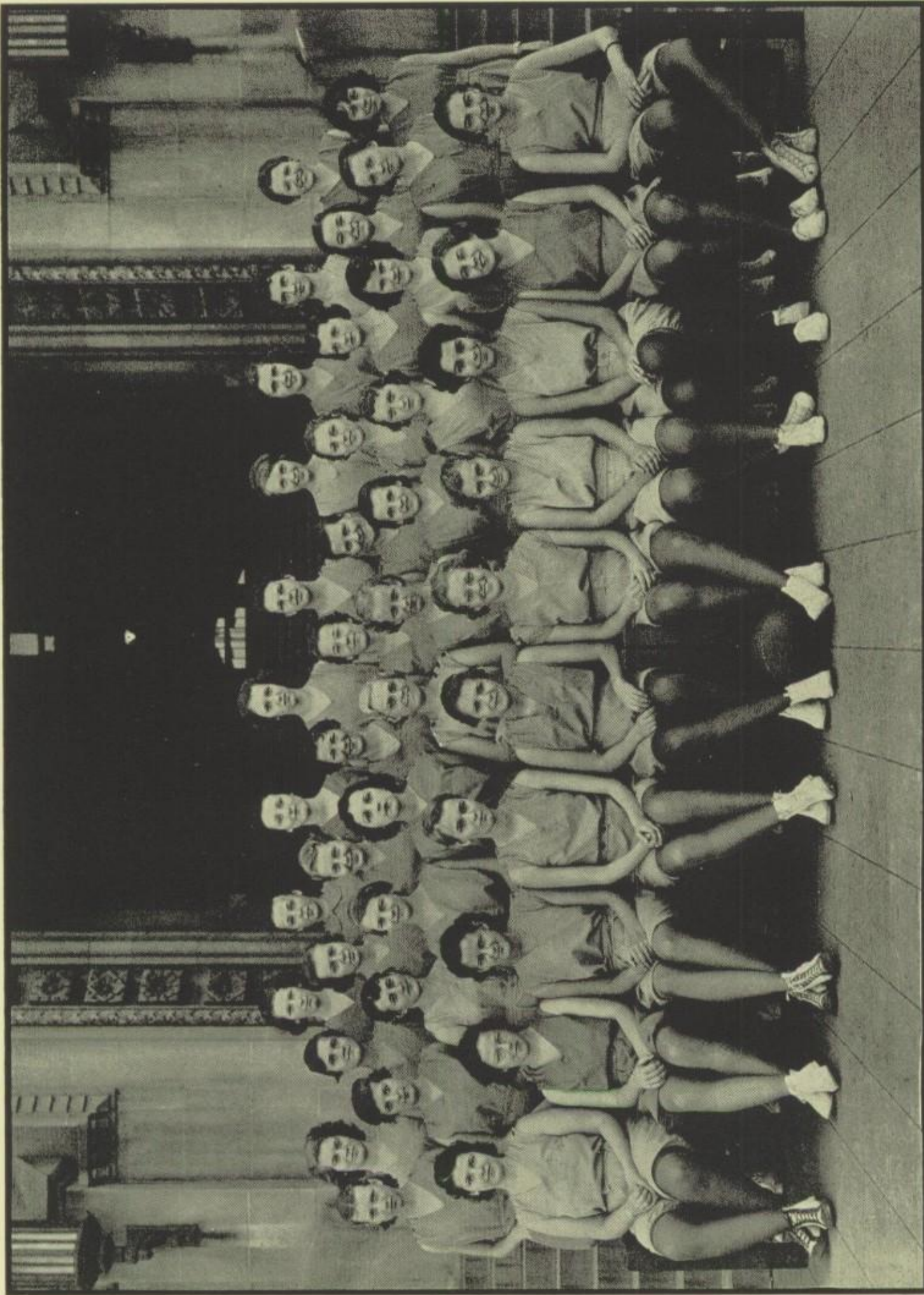
OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Harry Maher
Secretary:	Bill McConnell
Treasurer:	Herbert Markwort

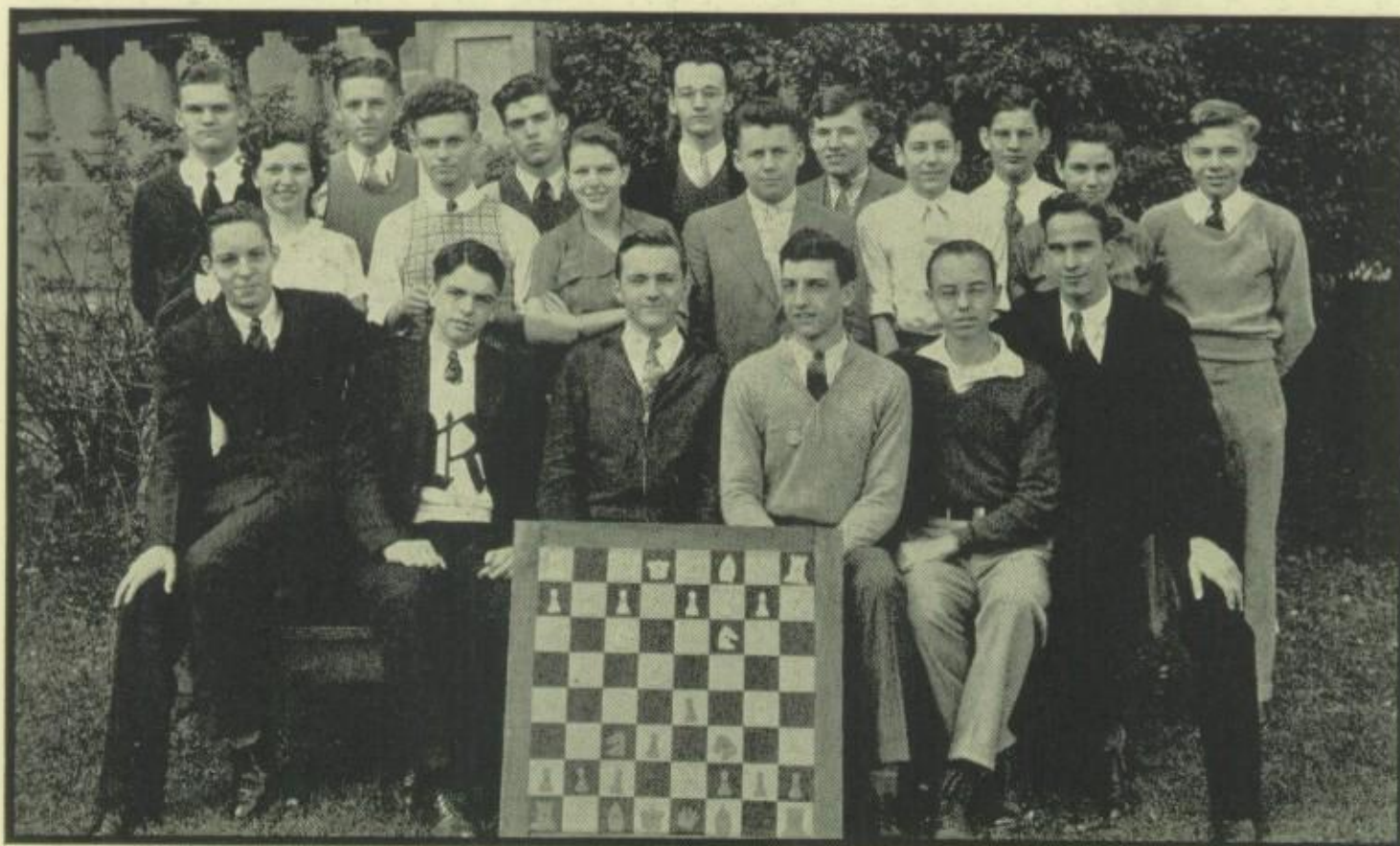
September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Bill McConnell
Secretary:	John Brenner
Treasurer:	Joseph Ruiz



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUADS

BWANA



CHESS CLUB

CHESS CLUB

Purpose: To further interest in chess and knowledge of the game.

Moderator:

Mr. Bock

Time and Place of Meeting: Mondays at 2:55—Room 310.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

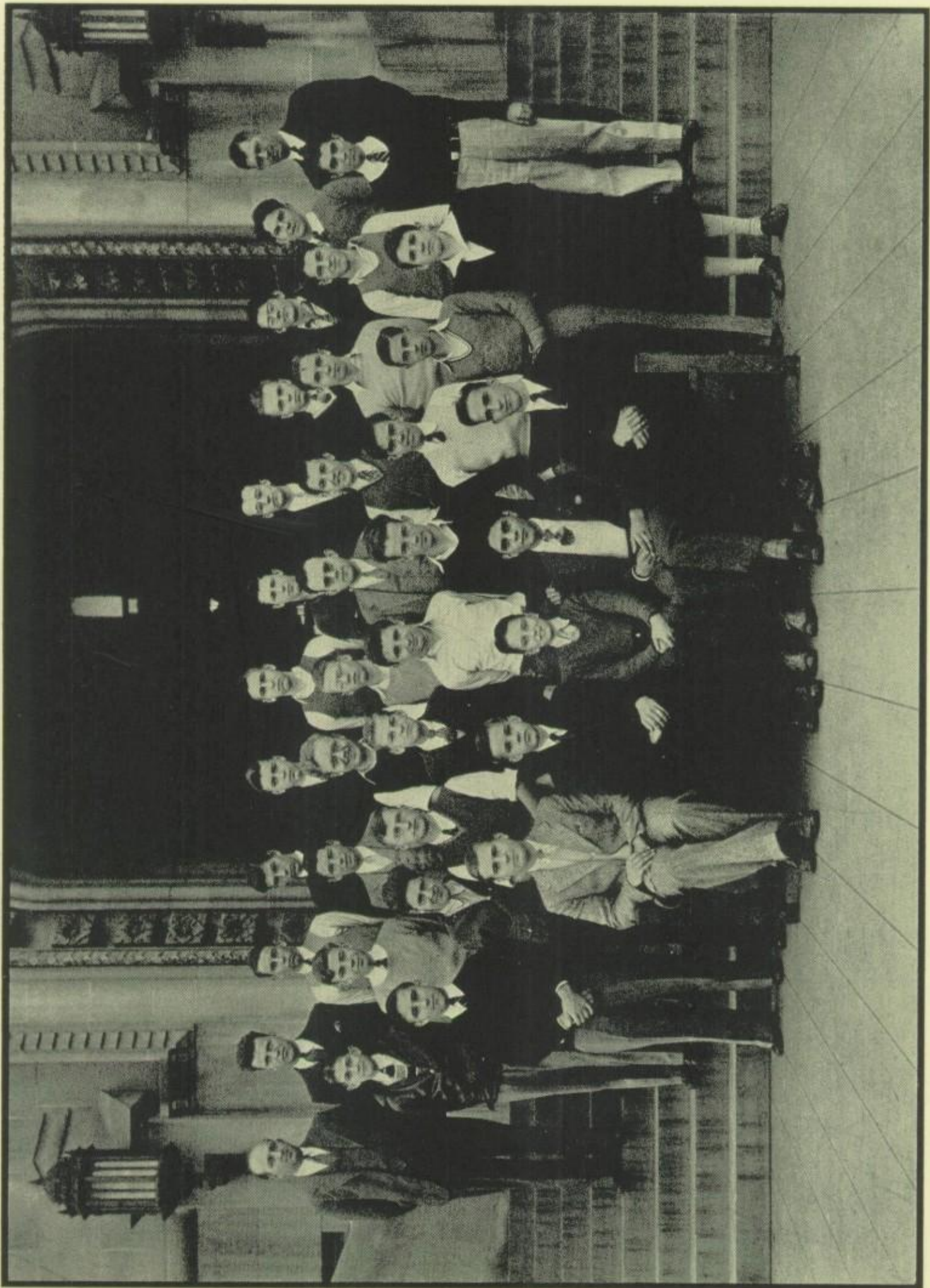
President:	Phil Thompson
Vice-President:	Moncrieff Smith
Secretary and Treasurer:	Alan Vierheller
Librarian:	Harry Voelker
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Wright Toalson

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Marion Alpiser
Vice-President:	Moncrieff Smith
Secretary and Treasurer:	Robert Bard
Librarian:	Clifford Rebbing
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Ed Guntley



COLLEGE CLUB



ENGINEERING CLUB



FORUM

Purpose: The purpose of this society is to promote an interest in public questions, literature, debating, and public speaking.

Moderator:

Mr. Castleman

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 106.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Northcutt Coil
Vice-President:	Eugene Blackwell
Secretary:	Russell Schoenbeck
Treasurer:	Jack Weinberg
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Alvin Goldfarb
Parliamentarian:	Robert Bard

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Russell Schoenbeck
Vice-President:	Steve Furbacher
Secretary:	Schierlien Van Dusen
Treasurer:	Alvin Goldfarb
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Bill McConnell
Parliamentarian:	Frank Garthoffner

BWANA

GERMAN CLUB

Purpose: The German Club not only furnishes entertainment for its members, but it also strives to give them as much practice in German as possible. The work of the club consists in acting German plays, singing German songs, playing interesting German games, reading German poetry and prose, and presenting German folk-dances. A bi-weekly paper, "Plauderei," is published entirely in German. It consists of editorials, news, literary writings, and humor.

Moderator: Miss Debatin

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Francis Sohm
Vice-President:	Barbara Jovanovich
Secretary:	Althea Hoener
Treasurer:	Mildred Auer
Editor-in-Chief, "Plauderei":	Francis Sohm
News Editor:	Theodor Tuenge
Literary Editor:	Ruth Struckmeyer
Humor Editor:	Barbara Jovanovich

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Theodor Tuenge
First Vice-President:	Elaine Foerster
Second Vice-President:	Ruth Bassler
Secretary:	Barbara Jovanovich
Treasurer:	Edna Schenk
Editor-in-Chief, "Plauderei":	Theodor Tuenge
News Editor:	Gerda Thiel
Literary Editor:	Edna Schenk
Humor Editor:	Ruth Bondi

ORCHESTRA

In Room 39, during the sixth period, orchestra rehearsals are held daily.

Of the forty-four student members approximately one-half practice every day, while the others come two or three times each week.

Monday and Thursday, advanced work is done; on the other days, easier music is studied.

The instrumentation, this term, consists of violins, one viola, one clarinet, three trumpets, two French horns, one saxophone, two tympani and drums, and three pianists.

It is hoped that sufficient talent and interest among Roosevelt students for at least two or three orchestral combinations graded to suit the individual development of each pupil will be discovered.

One Hundred Eighty-six



GERMAN CLUB

BWANA

GLEE CLUB

Purpose: The development of skill in ensemble singing.

Moderator: Miss Hilb

Time and Place of Meeting: Daily, second period—Room 402.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Bob Lewis
Vice-President:	Roland May
Secretary:	Enrico Messina
Librarian:	Bill Bickham, Jr.

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Bill Bickham, Jr.
Vice-President:	Bob Messina
Secretary:	Walter St. Denis
Treasurer:	Roland May
Librarians:	{ Bob Baird
	{ Robert Neslage
Sergeant-at-Arms	John Brandt

LATIN CLUB

Purpose: To foster an interest in classical study.

Moderator: Miss Bertha Meehan

Time and Place of Meeting: B Wednesdays at 3:00—Room 227.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Edith Griederer
Vice-President:	Bill Stephens
Secretary:	Eloise Dueringer
Assistant Secretary:	Beverly Schmidt

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Edna Schenk
Secretary:	Ruth Davison
Assistant Secretary:	Beverly Schmidt
Program Chairman:	Carolyn Lorenz



GYM CLUB

GYM CLUB

Purpose: The gym club has a threefold purpose. It aims to give all boys a chance to spend an enjoyable period of time while developing their bodies, to develop keen, alert, and clean minds, and to give boys a chance to work on athletic apparatus and receive instruction which otherwise would require a considerable outlay of money.

Moderator:

Mr. Callan

Time and Place of Meeting: Boys' gymnasium every Tuesday at 2:55.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:

Burt Schilling

Secretary:

Milton Moehl

Treasurer:

John Buchholz

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:

John Vogel

Secretary:

Robert Miessner

Treasurer:

Wilbur Grisbeck

One Hundred Eighty-nine

BWANA

MASK AND BUSKIN

Purpose: To give its members practice in public speaking and dramatic art.

Moderator: Miss Lancaster

Time and Place of Meeting: B Tuesdays—Room 109.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	William Pascoe
Vice-President:	Helene Braeutigam
Secretary:	Audrey Thyson
Treasurer:	William Leue
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Herman Waldman
Librarians:	Wilson Maile and Marianne Wobus

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Selma Rosen
Vice-President:	Marianne Wobus
Secretary:	Doris Solomon
Treasurer:	Helene Braeutigam
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Marvin Krekel
Librarians:	Audrey Thyson and Hugh Gault

ICE SKATING

Purpose: Skating.

Moderators: Misses Eisenhardt and Wolff

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday at 2:55—Room 4.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Virginia Miller
Vice-President:	Wenzel Smith
Secretary:	Jane St. Denis
Treasurer:	Alice Hibbert
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Roy Mohr

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Roy Mohr
Vice-President:	Jane St. Denis
Secretary:	Alice Hibbert
Treasurer:	Edith Reed
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Russell Beeman



MASK AND BUSKIN

BWANA

PUBLICITY CLUB

Purpose: To promote and carry out publicity programs boosting the athletic activities.

Moderator: Mr. Steidemann

Time and Place of Meeting: On notice in room 47.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Jack Winigart
Vice-President:	Robert Harle
Secretary:	Byron Watts
Treasurer:	Stanley Rafalowski

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Melvin Seibert
Vice-President:	Harold Schoenberg
Secretary:	Kenneth Nash
Treasurer:	Walter Schuermann

PHILATELIC

Purpose: To promote interest in the art of collecting stamps and studying philatelic principles.

Moderator: Miss H. J. Harris

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday at 2:45—Room 215.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Junior Tidrow
Vice-President:	Larry Roeder
Secretary:	Ferdinand Meyer
Treasurer:	John McGary
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Marie Heusler

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Louis Huber
Vice-President:	John McGary
Secretary:	Don Mattingly
Treasurer and Librarian:	George Neumayer
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Auburn Bouas

BWANA



LITERARY CLUB

Purpose: To encourage and develop ability in speech and debate.

Moderator: Mr. J. E. Schmale

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Friday at 2:55—Room 7.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	William Leue
Vice-President:	Fred Mueller
Secretary:	Alan Vierheller
Treasurer:	Laurell DuBois
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Moncrieff Smith
Librarian:	Junior Tidrow
News Editor:	Kenneth Jones

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Moncrieff Smith
Vice-President:	Laurell DuBois
Secretary:	Junior Tidrow
Treasurer:	Jack Montgomery
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Kenneth Jones
Librarian:	Bruce Bohle
News Editor:	Donald Walters

One Hundred Ninety-three

BWANA

PEP R

Purpose: To promote school spirit by backing school activities.

Moderator: Miss Schlutius

Time and Place of Meeting: A Wednesdays at 2:45—Room 228.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Barbara Schaefer
Vice-President:	Peggy Dutton
Secretary:	Sylvia Ratz
Treasurer:	Frances Willert
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Dorothy Winkler

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Miriam Fales
Vice-President	Ortrude Schnaedelbach
Secretary:	Frances Nations
Treasurer:	Eloise Davis
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Alice Wiber

PRISCILLA

Purpose: To make garments and toys and to entertain poor children.

Moderator: Miss Gilmore

Time and Place of Meeting: Thursday at 2:45—Room 16.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Dorothy Branding
Vice-President:	Katherine Rudakos
Secretary:	Wilma Wolff
Treasurer:	Ruth Bode
Corresponding Secretary:	Elanore Ludwig
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Shirley Ritter

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Dorothy Branding
Vice-President:	Marie Sack
Secretary:	Wilma Wolff
Treasurer:	Pearl Fremayne
Corresponding Secretary:	Elanore Ludwig
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Shirley Ritter



PEP "R" CLUB



PRISCILLA CLUB

BWANA



QUILL CLUB

Purpose: To promote creative writing.

Moderator:

Miss H. C. Peterson

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Wednesday at 2:55—Room 315.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Wilson Maile
Vice-President:	William Brittain
Secretary:	Grace Lee Jones
Treasurer:	Phil Thompson
Editor "Ink Spots":	Moncrieff Smith
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Bruce Bohle

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Grace Lee Jones
Vice-President:	Moncrieff Smith
Secretary:	Bruce Bohle
Treasurer:	Kenneth Jones
Editors "Ink Spots":	Moncrieff Smith and Eugene Blackwell
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Charles Collins

One Hundred Ninety-seven

BWANA

O'ITA

Purpose: To improve its members in literary attainments.

Moderator: Miss Binnington

Time and Place of Meeting: Room 301—First and third Fridays of each month.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Marjorie Lewitz
Vice-President:	Alice Percy
Secretary:	Dorothy Reno
Treasurer:	Elizabeth Wolf
Corresponding Secretary:	Etta Isabelle Snow
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Evelyn Schmittgens

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Alice Percy
Vice-President:	Roberta Bender
Secretary:	Audrey Thyson
Treasurer:	Etta Isabelle Snow
Corresponding Secretary:	June Seibt
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Marion Ware

SPANISH

Purpose: To acquaint the members with Spanish countries and customs and to foster an interest in them.

Moderator: Miss M. C. Comfort

Time and Place of Meeting: A Tuesdays at 3:00 P. M.—Room 324.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

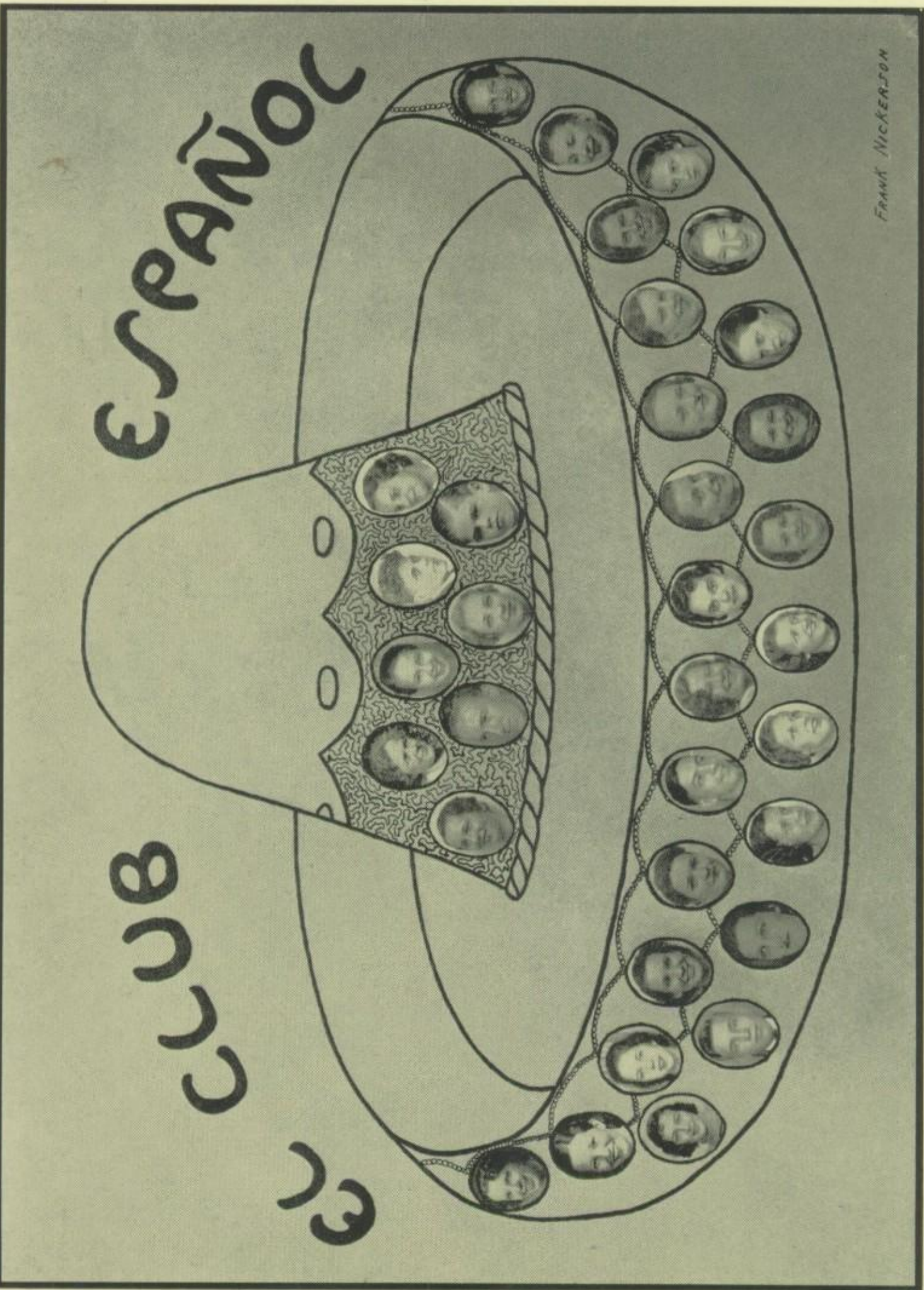
President:	John Sydow
Vice-President:	Evelyn Skiles
Secretary:	Lillian Schoen
Treasurer:	Phyllis Rau
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Lorraine Dolejsi
Editor of "Arco Iris":	Ray Mueller
Assistant Editor of "Arco Iris":	José Ruiz

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Phyllis Rau
Vice-President:	José Ruiz
Secretary:	Lorraine Dolejsi
Treasurer:	Janice Walser
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Charles Malone
Editor of "Arco Iris":	Doris Allen
Assistant Editor of "Arco Iris":	Ralph Carrouthers

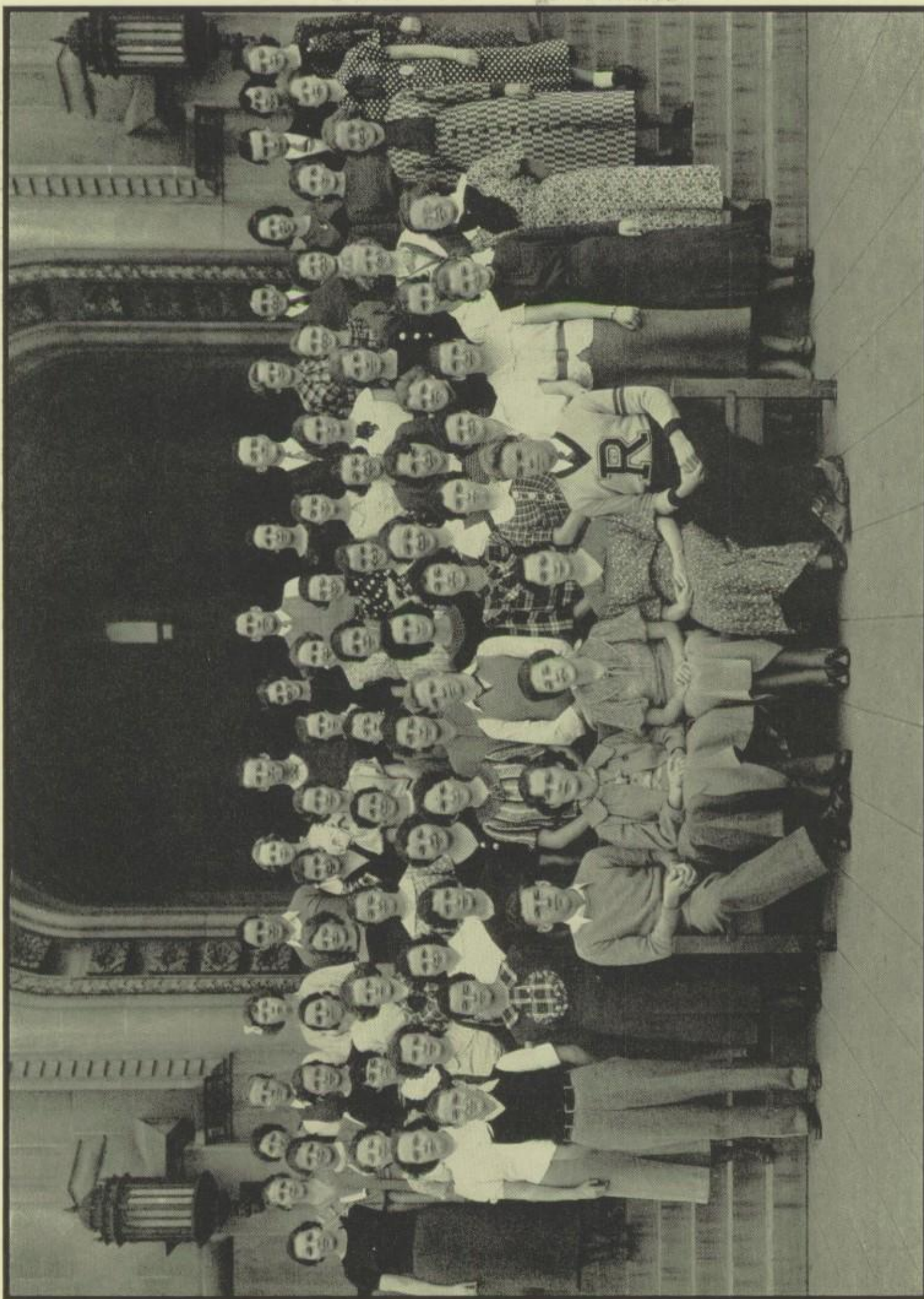


O'ITA CLUB



FRANK NICKERSON

SPANISH CLUB



SILVER SKATES CLUB

BWANA



SPORTSMAN CLUB

SPORTSMAN CLUB

Purpose: To instil good sportsmanship in our members and arouse interest in such sports as hunting, fishing, and shooting, by means of talks, hikes, and demonstrations.

Moderator:

Miss Heddergott

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Wednesday at 2:45 in Room 110.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Irbing Bundy
Vice-President:	Bob Ewers

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Jack Walters
Vice-President:	Louis Brenner
Secretary:	William Unwin
Treasurer:	Carl Prives
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Buck Jones

BWANA



STUDIO CLUB

STUDIO CLUB

Purpose: To stimulate interest in art handicrafts and to do some creative work in these fields.

Moderator:

Miss Chapman

Time and Place of Meeting: Every Tuesday except the fourth Tuesday of the month in 304 at 3:00 P. M.

OFFICERS

January to June, 1934

President:	Betty Bradley
Vice-President:	Emma Jostes
Secretary:	Mary Lou Mitchell
Treasurer:	Elizabeth Overmeyer
Librarian:	Roberta Binder

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Emma Jostes
Vice-President:	Roberta Binder
Secretary:	Sylvia Thum
Treasurer:	Mary Lou Mitchell
Librarian:	Alice Percy

Two Hundred Three

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER STAFF

September, '34-January, '35

Moderators:

Miss O. Solfronk and

Mr. Kammerer

Editor:

Gilbert Coughlin

Editor:

Doris Solomon

Business Manager:

Herbert Markwort

Exchange Manager:

John Castleman

Reporters:

Eugene Blackwell

Alice Percy

Helene Braeutigam

Ortrude Schnaedelbach

Leo Bulthaupt

Russell Schoenbeck

Jean Crowder

Wallace Schoenbeck

Laurell DuBois

Moncrieff Smith

Elaine Foerster

Bob Stanton

Johanna Greiderer

Audrey Thyson

Alice Hibbert

Junior Tidrow

Doris Hill

Helene Villard

Ken Jones

Olga Vohs

Audrey Knibb

June Weisz

Bill McConnell

Waunita Wilsdorf

Frances Nations

Marianne Wobus

Cartoonists:

Herbert Markwort

Waunita Wilsdorf

Kenneth Scheibal

Typists:

June Chesney

Jane Gerhard

Florence Droste

Harriet Morrowitz

Darlene Durr

Esther Uhlemeyer

Distributors:

Wilbert Berg

Merrill Lindley

Ed Chrisman

Harold Quinn

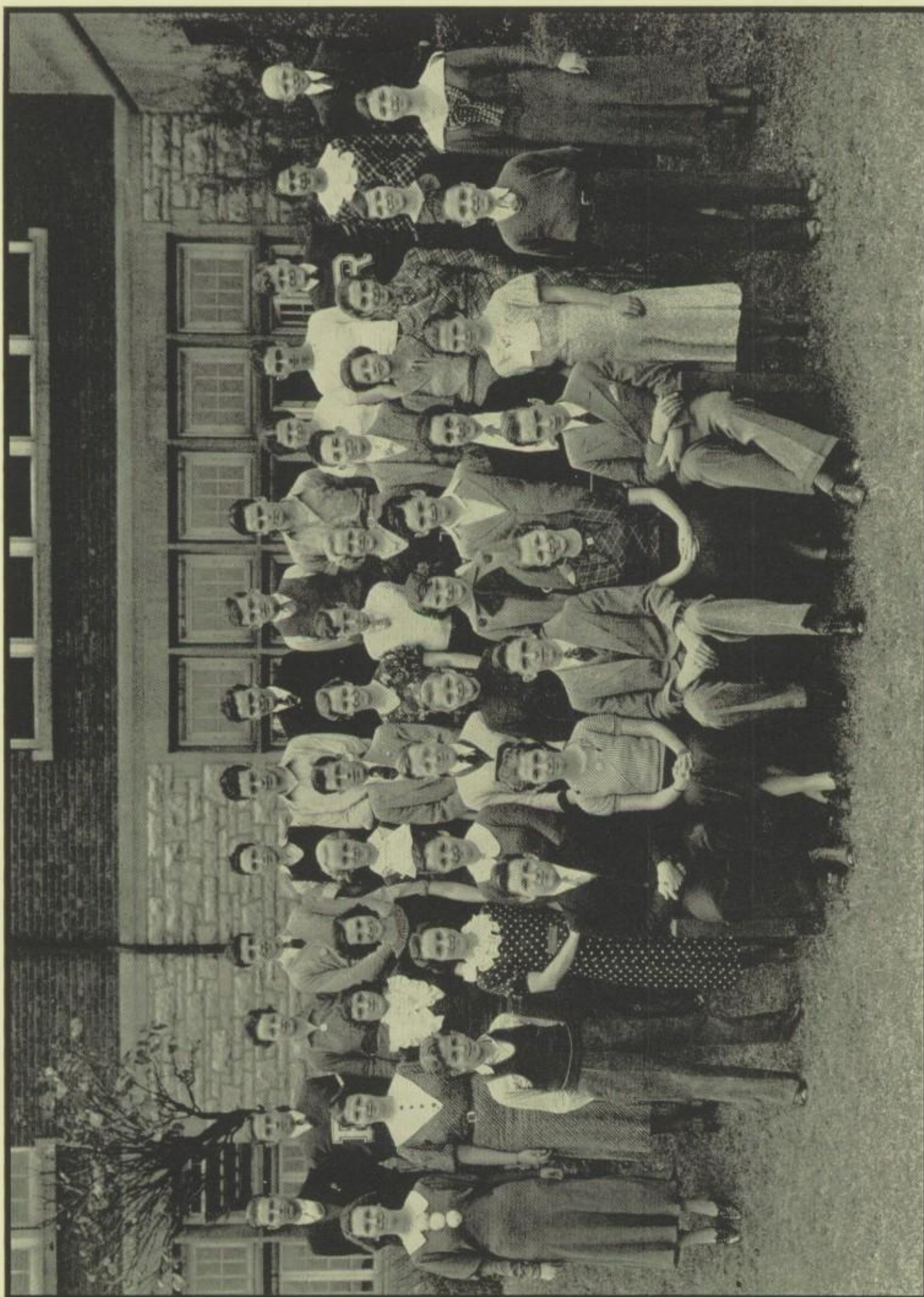
Bill Dore

Ed Spellerberg

Joe Jaeger

Donald Solomon

Joseph Tutinsky



ROUGH RIDER STAFF

BWANA

ROUGH RIDER STAFF

January, '34-June, '34

Moderator:

Mr. Kammerer

Editor:

Ralph Bradshaw

Associate Editor:

Helene Braeutigam

Business Manager:

Herbert Markwort

Assistant Business Manager:

Walter Gaul

Exchange Manager:

Bob Harle

Reporters:

Carl Anderson

Jack Montgomery

Paul Benson

Fred Mueller

Gene Blackwell

Irene Myers

William Brittain

Frances Nations

Louise Brinkman

Bill Pascoe

Gilbert Coughlin

Alice Percy

Marjorie Dierberger

Sylvia Ratz

Laurell DuBois

Russell Schoenbeck

Beryl Edwards

Ortrude Schnaedelbach

Edward Gaebler

Moncrieff Smith

Robert Gaul

Doris Solomon

Edith Greiderer

Philip Thompson

Johanna Greiderer

Audrey Thyson

Alice Hibbert

Junior Tidrow

William Leue

Olga Vohs

Don Lorenz

Emma Willer

Wilson Maile

Dorothy Winkler

Bill McConnell

Marianne Wobus

Typists:

Geraldine Fairchild

Mary Lou Ruick

Esther Goldstein

Lillian Schoen

Dorothea Hirning

Esther Uhlemeyer

Mary Liebe

Grace Wiethuechter

Cartoonists:

Gladys Johnston

Bob Miessner

Herbert Markwort

Kenneth Scheibal

Waunita Wilsdorf

Distributors:

John Bender

Jack La Barge

John Castleman

Ray Lynn

Ed Chrisman

Dick McDougall

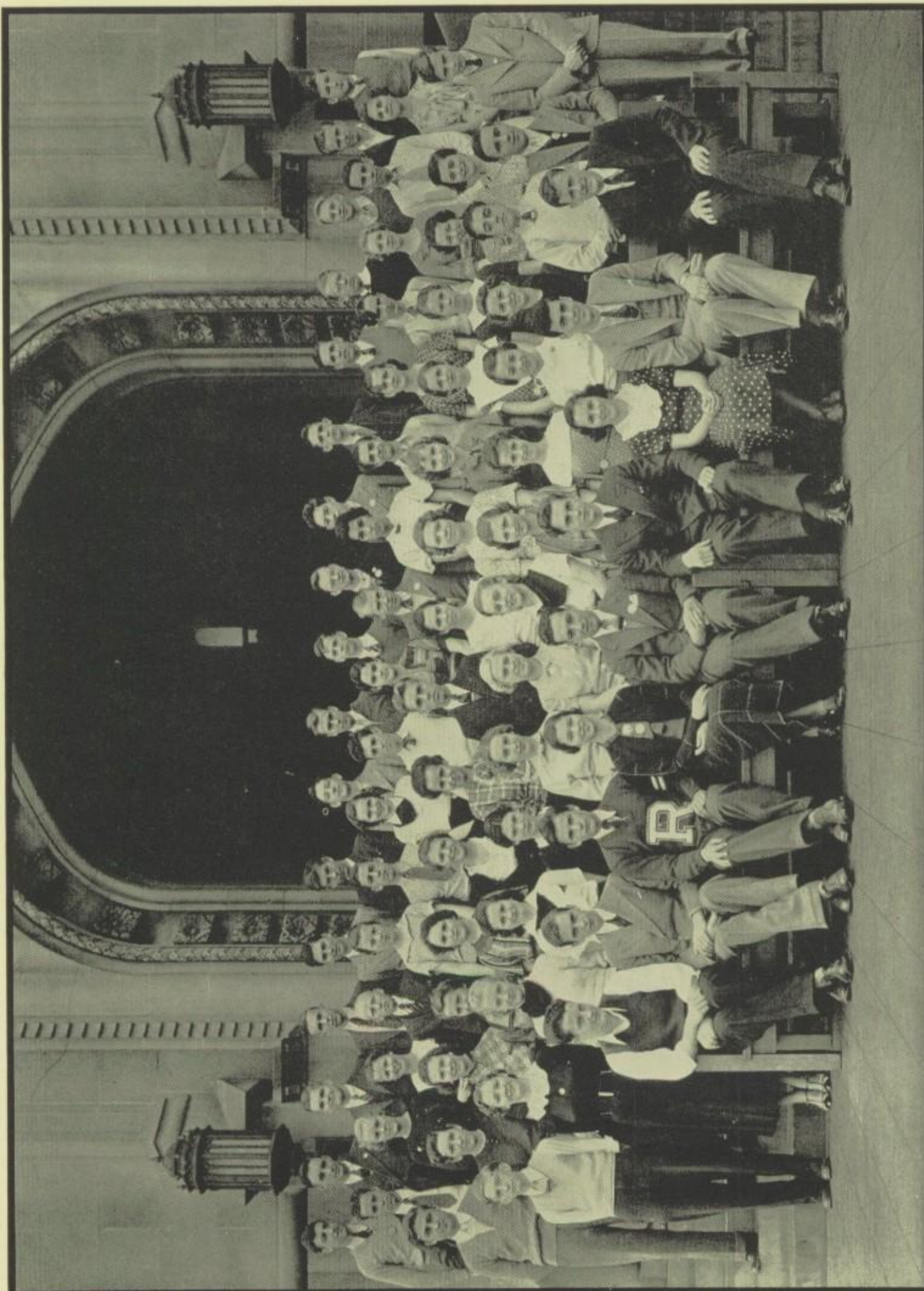
Robert Cooper

Jack Percy

Carl Grable

Joe Tutinsky

Byron Watts



STUDENT COUNCIL

BWANA

STUDENT COUNCIL

Moderator: Miss Crowder

OFFICERS

January, 1934, to June, 1934

President:	Walter Emes
Vice-President:	Fred Mueller
Secretary:	Frances Willert
Sergeant-at-Arms:	Paul Lehner

September, 1934, to January, 1935

President:	Robert Harle
Vice-President:	Marvin Krekel
Secretary:	Marianne Wobus
Sergeant-at-Arms:	William Unwin

The Student Council meets in room 301 on Thursdays during the fifth period. It discusses, and tries to remedy, various school problems that come under the students' jurisdiction. In the Council there are five standing committees: the athletic, citizenship, finance, property, and welfare. When new business is brought up, it is referred to one of these committees which investigates the matter and again brings it before the Council in the form of a report.

The following business was completed last term in the council:

THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE—This committee carried out a successful football season, the total sales of tickets reaching 1020. The plan of having girl cheer leaders at the games was followed. The basketball season ticket sales was a success.

THE CITIZENSHIP COMMITTEE—This committee presented banners to the groups leading in scholarship and explained the basis for figuring out the scholarship chart. A plan for the project for this term's Council was presented. This plan was to add an eighth period to the day to be used as a study period by those pupils failing in three or four subjects.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE distributed buttons to the Council members. Money was appropriated to meet the various school expenses.

THE PROPERTY COMMITTEE looked after the details of the trophy case that is being built by Hadley Vocational School.

THE WELFARE COMMITTEE—The plan of permitting New Juniors to vote was passed on by this group. This plan will be in force during the ensuing terms.

The **ROUGH RIDER** and **BWANA** campaigns were carried through very successfully.

Announcement was made of the Tardiness Court, which held sessions during the school term.

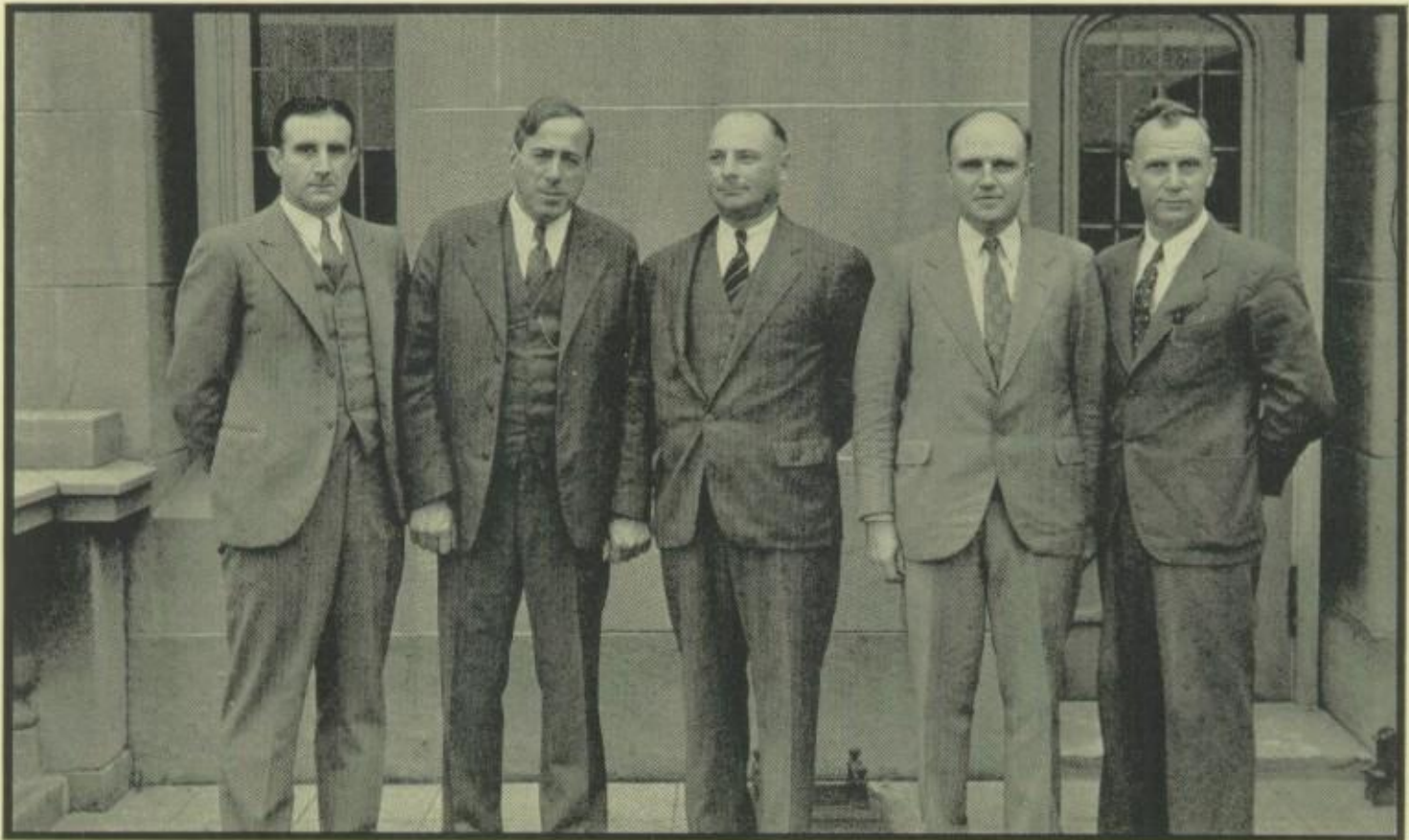
Roosevelt High School through the Council, arranged for a Thanksgiving donation by the pupils of the school. The following three charitable institutions received the donations: Kingdom House, Goodwill, and St. Vincent DePaul.

MARIANNE WOBUS



SPORTS

BWANA



OUR COACHES

Roosevelt teams are as strong as their coaches. As our teams have won championships in nearly every sport, the work of the coaches speaks for them.

Mr. Neeb has successfully filled the position of Athletic Director for the past two years. In his first year he paid our athletic debt. Last year football, for the first time in many years, did not show a deficit at the close of the season. He was manager of the St. Louis Public High School Athletic League last year.

Mr. Carlson has made an enviable reputation as coach of Roosevelt football and baseball teams. His splendid work deserves much credit.

Mr. Granger is Roosevelt's new track coach succeeding Mr. Castleman, who after his many years of outstanding work as coach at McKinley and at Roosevelt has given up this work. The team responded so well to Mr. Granger's careful training that again the track championship was brought home to Roosevelt.

Mr. Lorenzen has developed some of the finest basketball and tennis teams in this vicinity. His services are sincerely appreciated.

Mr. Gerber deserves great thanks for his success with the swimming team. He is also responsible for the football team's physical condition.

Mr. Cleland has produced excellent golf teams since the sport was made a major one at Roosevelt.

Last term Mr. Kuntz coached the midget sprinters with extraordinary success. He deserves a sincere vote of thanks for his work with the team.

Two Hundred Ten

JACK WEINBERG

BASEBALL

ROOSEVELT ENDS SEASON IN TIE FOR THIRD

The dawn of the 1934 baseball season saw many new features in the Public High School League. First, the entrance of the Ben Blewett baseball team; second, the innovation of the Saturday triple-headers with one game in the morning and two in the afternoon; finally, the "Phil Ball Memorial Scholarship". This scholarship consisted of three things: first, a championship game to be played as a preliminary to the game between the St. Louis Browns and the Cleveland Indians on June 2; second, to the two outstanding players of the league—not necessarily from the championship team—was given a free trip around the Browns' circuit, stopping at all the towns in which the Browns play, (Pete Chulick, veteran pitcher of McKinley and Ulmer Serb, Central's sparky little shortstop, were the two selected); third, to the two outstanding players of each team was given a free season pass to the Browns' games. (Captain George Hausman, pitcher and centerfielder, and Al Kleier, second baseman, were the two Rooseveltians to get these.)

After winning the championship three consecutive years, Roosevelt, handicapped by lack of experienced men, tied for third place with Cleveland, each school winning three games and losing three. Central won the championship, having won six games and lost one.

In practice games, Roosevelt defeated Normandy, 8 to 7, and Webster Groves, 4 to 2; Roosevelt tied University City, 4 to 4, lost to Kirkwood, 2 to 1, and lost to East St. Louis, 8 to 7.

LEAGUE GAMES

Roosevelt 7—Blewett 5

Having drawn a bye the first week of the season, Roosevelt played its first game against the Blewett nine on April 14 and won 7 to 5. Blewett took an early lead of two runs in the first inning; in the fifth, they added three runs, making the score read 5 to 0. In their half of the fifth the Rough Riders started slugging and when the smoke cleared away, they had six runs, making it 6 to 5 for Roosevelt. In the sixth, Roosevelt collected another run. The game ended 7 to 5. Jenny and Kiley pitched for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt 1—Central 11

The undefeated Central players stopped Roosevelt on April 21, and dropped the Rough Riders to a third place tie with McKinley, each school winning one and losing one. Roosevelt's lone run came in the second on a home run by Schaefer, Roosevelt's leftfielder. Central quickly nullified it in their half of the inning when they gathered in four runs. They added five to it in the fourth, one in the fifth, and one in the sixth to make it 11 to 1. Hausman, Kiley, and McHale pitched for Roosevelt.

Two Hundred Eleven

BWANA

Roosevelt 5—McKinley 6

On Saturday, April 28, Roosevelt lost a "heart-breaker" to McKinley, 6 to 5, and dropped down to a three-way tie with Beaumont and Blewett for fourth place. In the last part of the second, McKinley got two runs and added four to them in the third. Meanwhile, Pete Chulick, McKinley ace, held Roosevelt well under control, allowing but one run in the fourth. In the seventh the Cowboys drove Chulick to the showers in a four-run rally but couldn't get enough to win, losing by but one run. Jenny pitched for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt 8—Soldan 7

Roosevelt defeated Soldan on May 5 by the score of 8 to 7 in a thriller that went nine innings (high school games are only seven innings unless a tie results). The Carlsonmen took an early lead by gaining seven runs in the second. From then until the ninth they went scoreless. In their half of the second, Soldan got one run, another in the third, three in the fifth and tied it up 7-7 with two runs in the seventh. In the eighth both went scoreless, but in the ninth the Rough Riders had one while Soldan failed to score; so Roosevelt won its second game and tied Beaumont and Cleveland for third place. Jenny, Hausman, and McHale were the Roosevelt hurlers.

Cleveland 7—Roosevelt 3

Cleveland defeated Roosevelt, 7 to 3, on May 12 and dropped Roosevelt to a tie with Beaumont for the fourth. Cleveland started the fireworks in the third inning when they slugged the Roosevelt pitcher for three runs and two more in the fourth. In their half of the fourth, Roosevelt had two runs also and another in the sixth. Cleveland put the game "on ice" with two runs more in the seventh to win 7 to 3. Hausman hurled for Roosevelt.

Roosevelt 9—Beaumont 0

Roosevelt closed the season by winning one of the finest pitched games of the year. George Hausman, captain of the Rough Riders, shut out Beaumont and allowed them only two hits, a fluke single and a double. Meanwhile, the Carlsonmen were getting nine runs: one in the second, two in the third, and six in the sixth. Hausman, Roosevelt pitcher, and Stanton, Roosevelt shortstop, got home runs.



BASEBALL TEAM

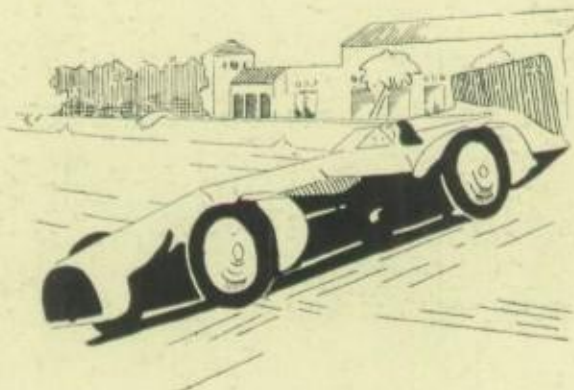
BWANA

FINAL STANDING

	Won	Lost	Percent
Central.....	6	1	.857
McKinley.....	5	2	.714
Roosevelt.....	3	3	.500
Cleveland.....	3	3	.500
Beaumont.....	2	4	.333
Soldan.....	2	4	.333
Blewett.....	1	5	.167

BATTING AND FIELDING AVERAGES OF THE ROOSEVELT PLAYERS

Player	Position	G.	A.B.	Runs	Hits	Dbls.	Tpls.	H.R.	S.B.	Bat.Av.	O.	Fielding		
												A.	E.	Av.
Cap. Hausman	CF, P.....	6	21	5	6	1	0	1	1	.286	8	8	1	.941
Wurtz.....	RF, 3B, 1B...	6	19	2	6	0	0	0	1	.317	7	12	0	1.000
Stanton.....	LF, SS.....	6	22	5	9	0	2	1	3	.409	4	8	3	.750
Kleier.....	2B, SS.....	6	18	5	6	1	1	0	2	.333	16	13	1	.966
Melise.....	1B.....	6	20	3	3	1	0	0	0	.150	46	0	3	.935
Kiley.....	P, CF, RF.....	6	20	4	5	1	0	0	0	.250	6	1	1	.857
Zavorka.....	C, LF, C.....	6	18	4	5	0	0	0	0	.278	13	1	2	.857
Naumann.....	3B, C.....	5	10	1	4	0	0	0	0	.400	9	3	0	1.000
Schaefer.....	2B, LF.....	5	13	2	3	0	0	1	0	.231	1	1	0	1.000
Kitrogen.....	2B, RF.....	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	1	2	1	.667
Scharpel.....	C.....	5	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	.600	13	0	0	1.000
Soloman.....	3B.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Heath.....	1B.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Volker.....	RF, CF.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Jenny.....	P.....	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	7	1	.857
McHale.....	P.....	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	2	0	0	1.000
Albersworth.....	Pinch Hitter	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000





BASEBALL AND FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS

BWANA

BASKETBALL 1933-1934

Roosevelt's basketball team, under Coach Lorenzen, showed the result of its pre-season practice by winning its first non-league game of the season, a 24-19 victory over McBride. But in the next game, against the alumni, the stars of other years defeated our team 27-18.

The boys were groomed for the opening league encounter and defeated Soldan 25-17. In the second game the Rough Riders just couldn't get going and lost to Cleveland 21-16.

Playing Beaumont next, the team won with a 23-20 score. Continuing in their stride, the Crimson slipped by 24-23 at De Soto, Missouri.

Then playing Central in the fourth league game, Roosevelt came out ahead in an extra period thriller: 19-17.

Participating in an Athletic Night at C. B. C., the Rough Riders were defeated 27-15 by the Brothers. In league play again, Roosevelt lost to McKinley 29-21 and to Soldan in a 19-17 game.

Disheartened by these defeats, the Crimson lost to Cleveland 30-18. Then the Rough Riders came back into line by whipping Beaumont in a tight defensive game, 14-12.

Following a 19-13 non-league victory over Webster Groves, Roosevelt won from Central 29-26. With only a few seconds to play the Crimson trailed Central 26-25 but Wally Gaul and Dick Hill brought the fans to their feet with a field goal apiece in the last ten seconds, winning the victory.

Then Roosevelt completely outclassed Ben Blewet to the tune of 46-15 in a non-league encounter. Meeting McKinley in the next league game, the Rough Riders gained revenge for an earlier defeat with a 23-17 score.

Entering the District Tournament, Roosevelt surprised the experts by defeating the strong University City High quintet 17-14; but lost the next game 25-10 to McBride, the "prep" league champions.

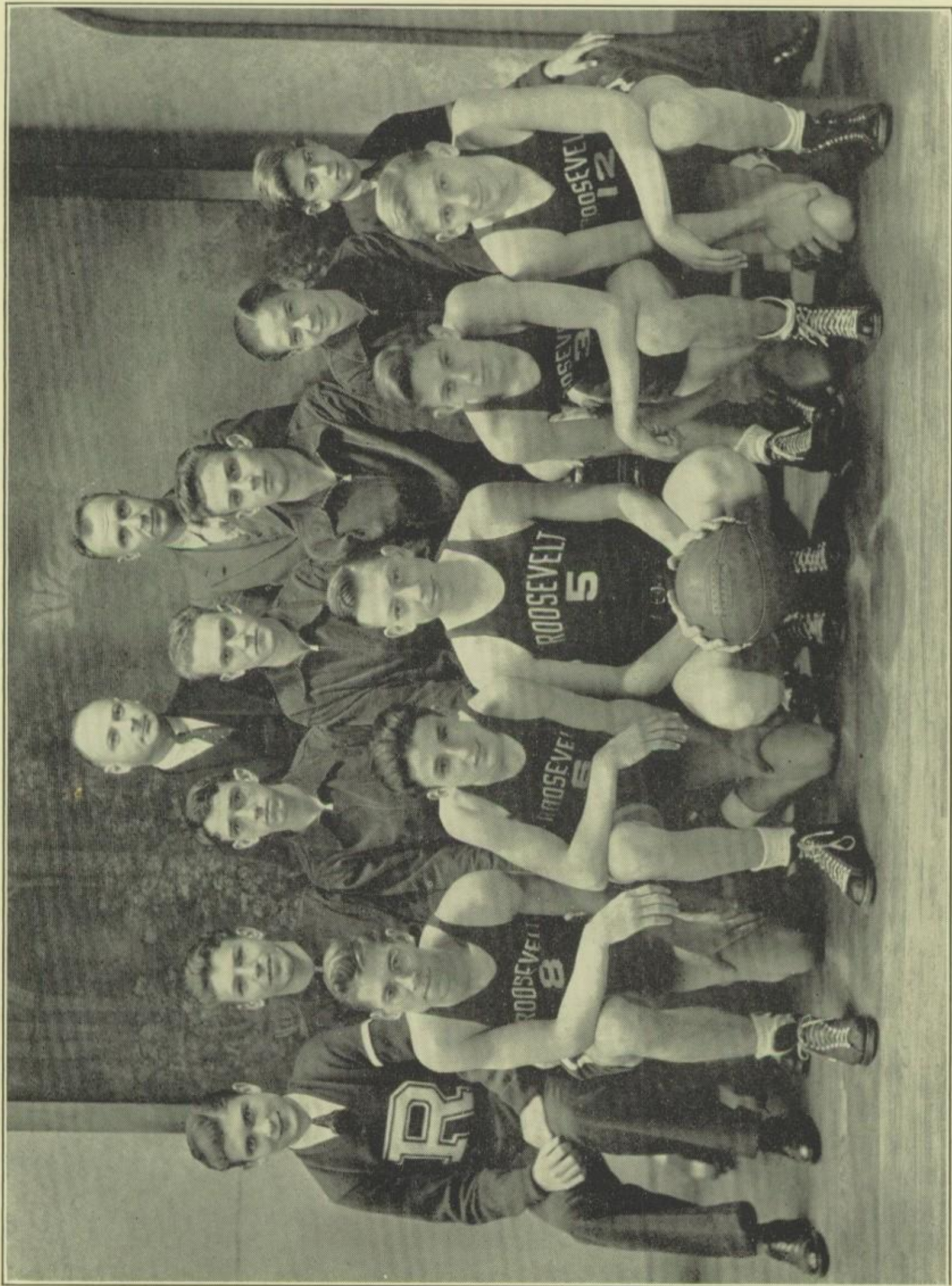
Since the season closed with Roosevelt and Beaumont tied for third place, the two teams played to decide the final standing. Wearied somewhat by the long season the Rough Riders lost to Beaumont 26-16.

Altogether the season was a success. Captain Bob Gaul, guard, was honored by being placed on the Interscholastic All-Star Team.

During the season Roosevelt won six games and lost five in league play and won five and lost three in non-league competition.

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Final Standing.....	11	8	.579

RALPH RAUSCHER



BASKETBALL TEAM—DECEMBER, 1934



THE GOLF TEAM

ALTHOUGH the golf team did not fare well during the 1934 season, it had a safe hold on fourth place by an eight point margin. The team, coached by Mr. Cleland, consisted of Richard Koopman, James Fleming, Junior Tidrow, Frank Brooks, and James McLaughlin. The method of scoring, very different from that of the 1933 season, accounted for the poor showing of our team. Our boys finished in second place for medal score—second only to the league-leading Soldan enthusiasts.

Each team had four members, which were divided into two teams themselves. In each match with the opposing schools, there were two separate games. The scoring was as follows: the team winning the most holes on the first nine holes acquired one point; the one winning the most on the second nine holes acquired one point; and, finally, the team winning the most on the whole eighteen holes received one point. In this way a team in one of its matches could get three points, and both teams together could thus win a total of six points during one Saturday of play against its opponent.

The schedule of the games was as follows:

- September 22—Roosevelt tied Beaumont, 3-3.
- October 6—Roosevelt lost to Soldan, 0-6.
- October 13—Roosevelt defeated Cleveland, 5-0.
- October 20—Roosevelt lost to McKinley, 1-4.
- October 27—Roosevelt defeated Central, 5-0.

BWANA

When the points of the schools were totalled, it was found that Soldan had amassed a sum of twenty-two points, leading the league by a small margin of two. The final standings were as follows:

Soldan	22	Roosevelt	14
Beaumont	20	Cleveland	6
McKinley	20	Central	1

None of the five lettermen, Richard Koopman, James Fleming, Junior Tidrow, Frank Brooks, James McLaughlin, who are seniors, will be back for the tournament next fall.

JUNIOR TIDROW



After this, keep away from my girl!

Two Hundred Nineteen

FOOTBALL NOTES

N THE 1934 football season, Roosevelt finished in a three-way tie for first place with Cleveland and McKinley. The Crimson ended the season with a league percentage of .800, defeating Beaumont, Central, Soldan, and McKinley, and losing only to Cleveland. In the practice games, the Rough Riders did not fare quite so well, tying East St. Louis, defeating McBride, and bowing to Farmington and Centralia.

ROOSEVELT 0—EAST ST. LOUIS 0

In an extremely well played practice game, Roosevelt held an unusually powerful East St. Louis team to a scoreless tie. The Crimson outplayed the East-siders throughout the game, and, if luck had been with them, they would probably have been the victors. In the opening minutes of the game, the Rough Riders rushed the ball to their opponents' four-yard line, but a Roosevelt fumble ended the only real scoring promise of the game. Roosevelt did most of the ground-gaining after that, but all of their scoring threats were stopped by a determined East St. Louis defense.

ROOSEVELT 12—CENTRAL 0

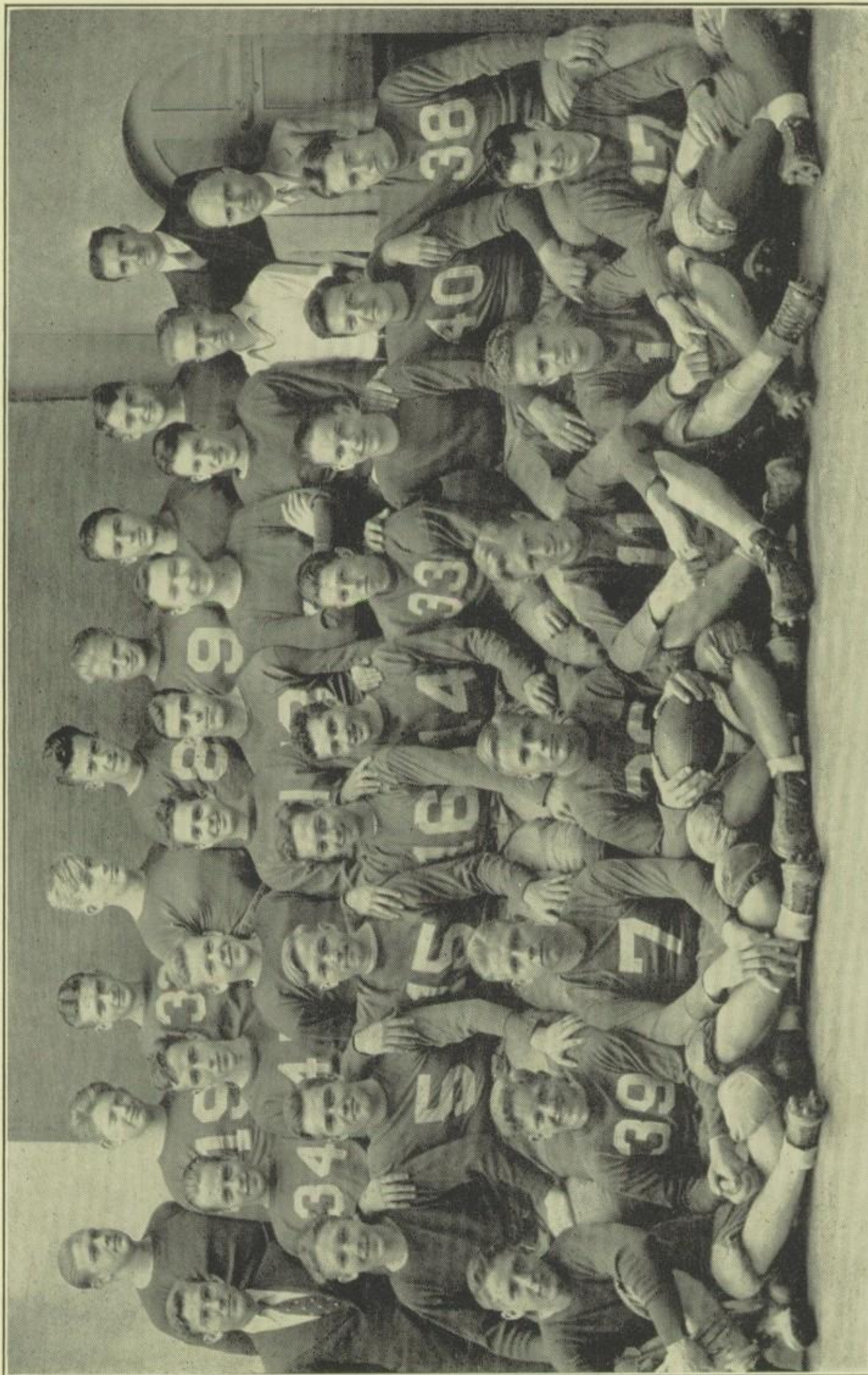
Roosevelt rounded into form and defeated Central by a score of 12-0 in the opening game of the Interscholastic season. The game was played on an extremely muddy field. Despite this condition, Roosevelt played an excellent game. The blocking of the Crimson eleven was as good as that of any of the high school teams in this vicinity. Al Seidel and Captain Schoenberg scored the touchdowns; Guy Moser and Bob Harle reeled off several long runs. Joe Szuch called signals ably and blocked unusually well. That the line held like a stone wall may be seen from the fact that Central gained only eight yards during the entire game.

ROOSEVELT 20—McBRIDE 6

In a non-league tilt, Roosevelt decisively trounced McBride by a score of 20-6. In defeating last year's Prep League champions, the Rough Riders showed their real power. Bob Harle, who was Roosevelt's main ground gainer, scored all three touchdowns. Joe Szuch place-kicked the two extra points. The Hartford Street eleven suffered an unusual amount of penalties; otherwise the game might have been more of a rout than it was. The Roosevelt line was again a tower of defense, holding McBride's powerful offense to one touchdown; it was really the Crimson offense that won the game.

ROOSEVELT 12—FARMINGTON 14

The Rough Riders journeyed to Farmington to play a game which they lost by the score of 14 to 12. All of the "pep" and drive that characterized the team's playing throughout the year was lacking in this contest. It was heart-breaking to lose this game as Roosevelt was trying to give Farmington



FOOTBALL TEAM

BWANA

its first defeat in two years. Captain Schoenberg and Bill Koch were the Crimson point-winners, each getting a touchdown.

ROOSEVELT 0—CLEVELAND 18

Returning to league competition, Roosevelt dropped a game to Cleveland. The Rough Riders entered the game, favored to win, but they lost to a greatly under-estimated Cleveland team, 18 to 0. In the middle of the first quarter the Orange and Blue started a drive which culminated in the first touchdown of the game. They also received the extra point. In the second quarter, Roosevelt started a march that carried the ball to the Cleveland five-yard stripe. Here Cleveland's defense stiffened, and the Crimson lost the ball on downs.

At the start of the second half, Cleveland intercepted one of Roosevelt's attempted passes. Immediately afterwards, she completed one of her own for a fifty-yard gain and made another touchdown. Cleveland's last touchdown came in the closing minutes of the game.

ROOSEVELT 20—BEAUMONT 12

In one of the most exciting games of the year, Roosevelt drubbed a powerful Beaumont eleven, 20 to 12. The Gold and Blue opened a great drive early in the game, scoring a touchdown when one of their men crossed the goal-line after an eighty-yard run. Roosevelt kept fighting, however, and in the third quarter, Bob Harle plunged over the double-marker for a touchdown. Joe Szuch place-kicked the extra point; but Beaumont came right back, and one of their men took the ball on an off tackle sweep for a fifty-yard run and a touchdown. The Rough Riders opened a drive late in the third period, taking the ball to Beaumont's four-yard line. Then on the first play of the fourth quarter, Schoenberg plunged over the line, raising Roosevelt's score to 13 and providing the winning margin. Just to make sure, however, Bob Harle added another touchdown and Szuch kicked the extra point.

ROOSEVELT 33—SOLDAN 0

In a one-sided contest, Roosevelt routed Soldan, 33 to 0. The Rough Riders got off to an early lead, Schoenberg scoring a touchdown in the first few minutes of play. Szuch place-kicked the extra point. Later in the first quarter Koch carried the ball to the one-yard mark on some excellent running. Schoenberg again ran the pig-skin across the double stripe, with Szuch winning the extra point. In the third quarter, Seidel electrified the stands with beautiful ball-carrying. Twice in this period he received the kick-offs and raced for touchdowns; the first came after a ninety-five yard run, and the second after an eighty-eight-yard sprint. Then, in the fourth quarter, he skirted left end for a thirty-five-yard dash and his third touchdown of the day. Besides the excellent back-field work of Seidel, Koch, and Schoenberg, the game was featured by the excellent playing of Szuch and the defense that the Roosevelt team offered.

Two Hundred Twenty-two

BWANA

ROOSEVELT 20—CENTRALIA 24

The Rough Riders went to Centralia for a night practice game which they lost by the close score of 24 to 20. The team played excellent ball, considering the fact that this game was their first experience in playing at night. The line was dotted with substitutes, as Coach Carlson was trying to keep the regulars in condition for the McKinley game. The Centralia battle was a see-saw contest, with first one team ahead, and then the other. Centralia finally emerged as the victors. Roosevelt's points were scored on touchdowns by Al Seidel, Bob Harle, and Captain Schoenberg, with Joe Szuch converting two of the extra points.

ROOSEVELT 18—McKINLEY 0

Roosevelt went into a three-way tie for first place with Cleveland and McKinley, when she handed the McKinley Goldbugs their only defeat. The Rough Riders displayed a championship brand of football in defeating this team. The Roosevelt defense was marvelous, stopping the famed McKinley offense.

Early in the second quarter, successive plunges by Harle and Schoenberg carried the ball to the Goldbugs' twelve-yard line. From there, Al Seidel took the ball over the goal line on a beautiful end-run. Szuch's try for the extra point was blocked. Later in the same quarter, McKinley fumbled the ball on their own thirty-yard line, and Roosevelt recovered it. A completed pass from Harle to Szuch advanced the ball twenty-two yards. Then Seidel ran around end, being forced out of bounds on the one-foot line. Schoenberg plunged over, raising Roosevelt's score to twelve. Szuch's kick was again blocked. In the last quarter, Bogasch broke through and blocked one of McKinley's punts. He picked up the ball and ran with it thirty yards for Roosevelt's final touchdown.

MEMBERS OF ROOSEVELT'S FIRST TEAM

L. E.—Heineman	R. G. —Bogasch	Q. B.—Szuch
L. T.—Jacob	R. T.—J. McCue	L. H. B.—Harle
L. G.—Turner	R. E.—E. McCue	R. H. B.—Seidel
C.—Paffrath		F. B.—Schoenberg

Substitutes used at various times during the season were Dixon, Huesman, Koch, Mueller, Moser, Polster, Stanton, Zimmer.

Due to their all-round good play, Joe McCue, Curtis Bogasch, and Al Seidel were placed on the city all-star team. Schoenberg and Turner were put on the second team, while Joe Szuch, Bob Harle, and Max Paffrath received honorable mention.

RUSSELL SCHOENBECK
Term 4

Two Hundred Twenty-three



SWIMMING TEAM

SWIMMING TEAM

This year the Roosevelt Swimming Team, with six letter men back, had a highly successful season. Under Coach Gerber's direction the team lost only three dual meets and came in second and third in the Interscholastic and District meets.

The team started the season by defeating McKinley forty-eight to twenty-seven.

The second meet was lost to Cleveland by the narrow margin of one point, thirty-eight to thirty-seven.

The third meet was with the Western Military Academy at Alton, Illinois, and was one of the worst defeats that Roosevelt received during the season. During the meet, Winklemeyer, a Western student, broke the one hundred yard backstroke record for the academy. After the final score was compiled, it was found that Western had doubled Roosevelt in points. The final score was fifty to twenty-five.

The next meet was with Central and resulted in a Roosevelt victory, thirty-nine and one-half to thirty-one and one-half.

The next six meets all resulted in Roosevelt victories up to the next to the last meet with Beaumont. In this meet Coach Gerber tried to give the boys who needed a few points for letters a last chance. The result was the worst defeat of the season, fifty-two to twenty-three.

Two Hundred Twenty-four

BWANA

In the last meet with Cleveland, Roosevelt won over Cleveland forty-nine to twenty-six.

In the Interscholastic Meet Roosevelt fought determinedly but was disqualified in the two-hundred yard relay, and lost several points. At the end Roosevelt, with twenty-eight points, was second to Beaumont with thirty-five points.

In the District Meet, Roosevelt fought resolutely and took one first and several second places but won only enough points to take third place after Beaumont and St. Louis University High School.

Altogether, Coach Gerber is to be complimented upon his success with his 1933-1934 team. Captain Paul Benson and the team are to be congratulated upon their success.

MILTON MOEHL

AFRICA

*The wilds of the jungle, they stir the soul;
A lion's roar, a tiger's growl,
A monkey's chatter, a vulture's screech.
A lone giraffe goes down,
Dead.
Africa!*

*A winding animal path, narrow and crooked;
The elephants' burial grounds;
The flowing rivers, swarming with crocodiles,
Hippopotami, or fish.
An ever-present danger.
Africa!*

*A mountain of skulls, one on one;
A prisoner,—white;
The witch doctor's chant;
The mad tom-toms;
The horrible dance.
Africa!*

*A diamond mine with great rich stores;
Blacks working day and night;
Precious ore drawn in cars;
A chance thief;
A murderous whip.
Africa!*

—Lewis Wickes

Term 8

Two Hundred Twenty-five

BWANA

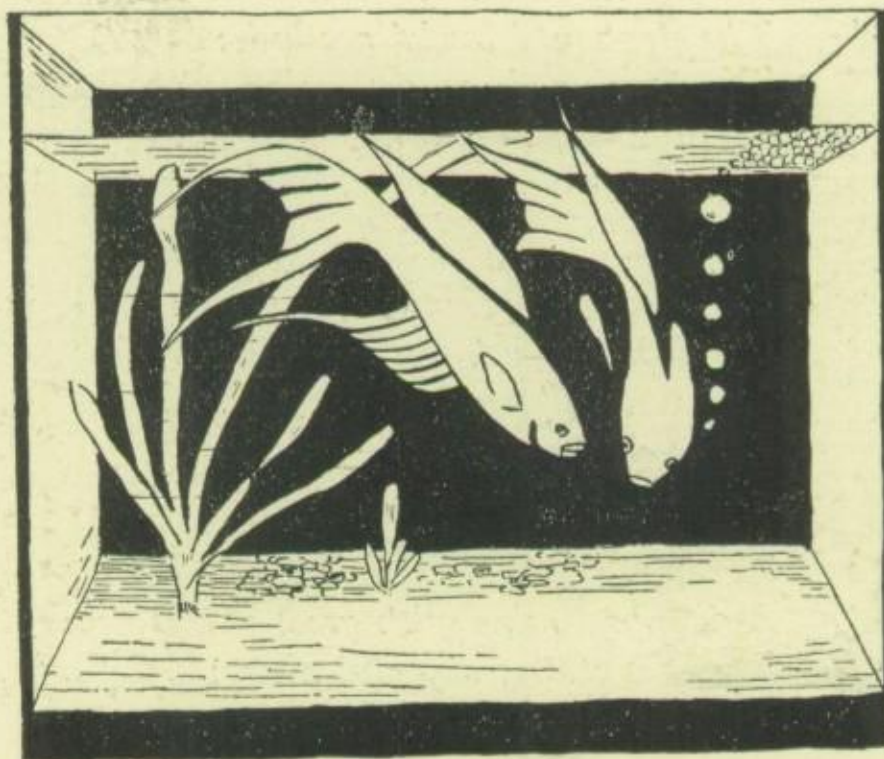
TENNIS

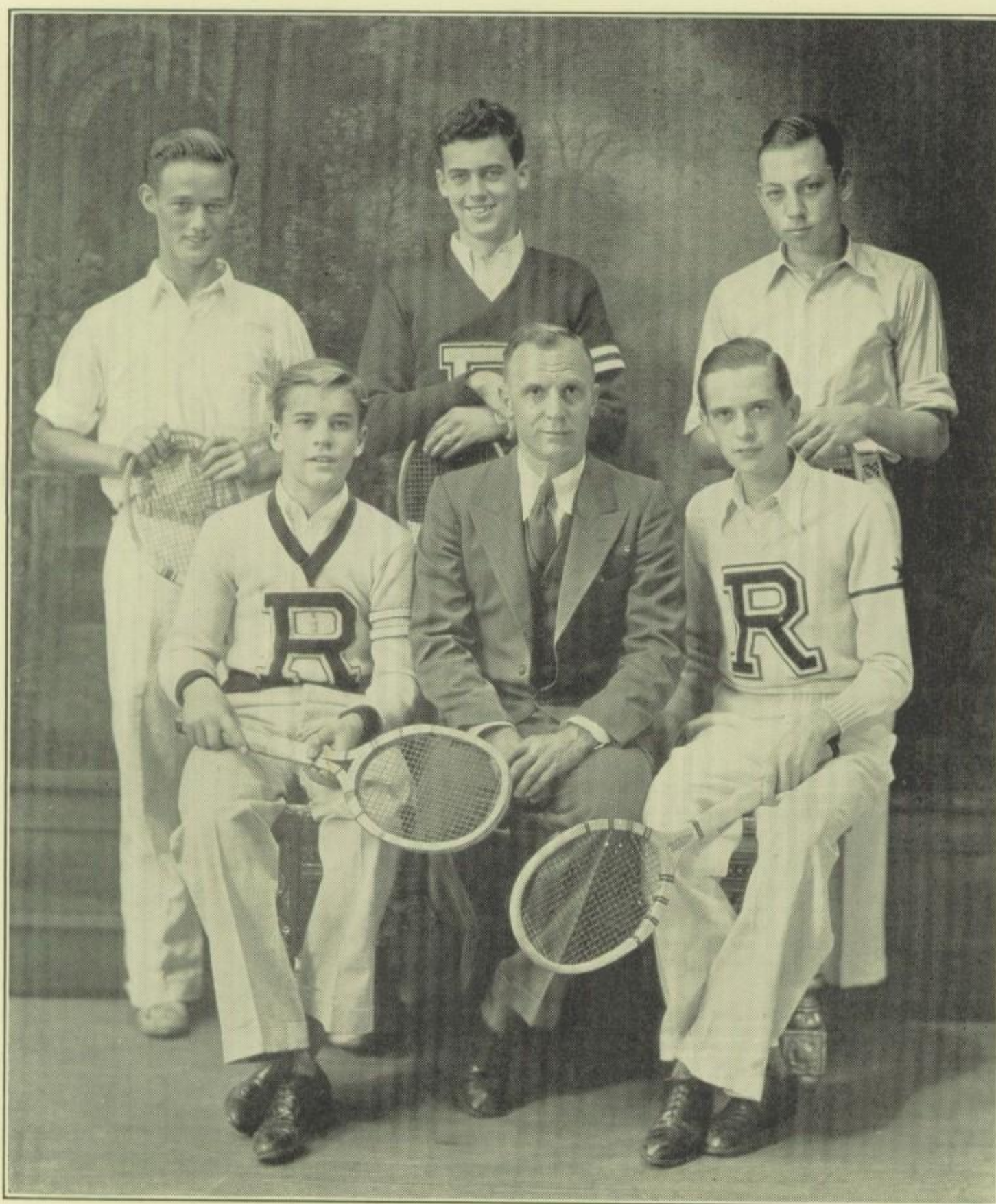
The Roosevelt tennis team has established a record that cannot be surpassed. The establishment of this record is a feat of which Roosevelt may well be proud. The members of the team won all of their twenty-four matches without the loss of a single match. Herbert Markwort, Eugene Weber, and Henry Boecler played singles; Northcutt Coil and Richard Wilhelm played doubles. Soldan, our deadly rival, went down in defeat just as easily as the other schools. The tennis team played Soldan, Beaumont, Cleveland, Central, Ben Blewett, and McKinley.

The tennis championship has come home to Roosevelt this year for the first time since 1928. Richard Wilhelm will be the only letter man back next year from this year's team. The other tennis players of our school will have a good chance of making the team if they will come out and play in the spring tournament.

Much praise is due Coach Lorenzen for his efficient handling of the players.

NORTHCUTT COIL





TENNIS TEAM

BWANA



BARBARA SCHAEFFER
Queen of the Track Meet

TRACK

SENIOR AND JUNIOR DIVISIONS

Roosevelt seems to have a habit of winning the track championship of the city, for the seven years that she has been competing she has won seven championships.

Although this year the team lost its beloved coach, Mr. Castleman, it received in return another just as good, Mr. Granger. Both have the ability to turn out championship teams.

Due to financial trouble, Roosevelt was not able to send a team to the state meets, and for the same reason was not fully represented in the Maplewood Relays. Several men, however, were entered in these meets and won places.

The season proper opened with the meet with East St. Louis. Among the high lights of the meet was the high jumping of Wally Schoenbeck. Wally tied for first by clearing 5 feet $8\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Although this was not official, it smashed the junior record. In addition to this performance, Wally won the low hurdles, placed in the pole vault and in the 220 to become high score man. Close behind him was Bill Brooks, who won in the 220 and 440 and secured a place on the relay team, to score 12 points. With the help of others, especially Hoffman, Roosevelt piled up $124\frac{1}{2}$ points to East St. Louis's $74\frac{1}{2}$.

The next meet, the juniors with Soldan, was an easy victory for Roosevelt, 69 to 26.

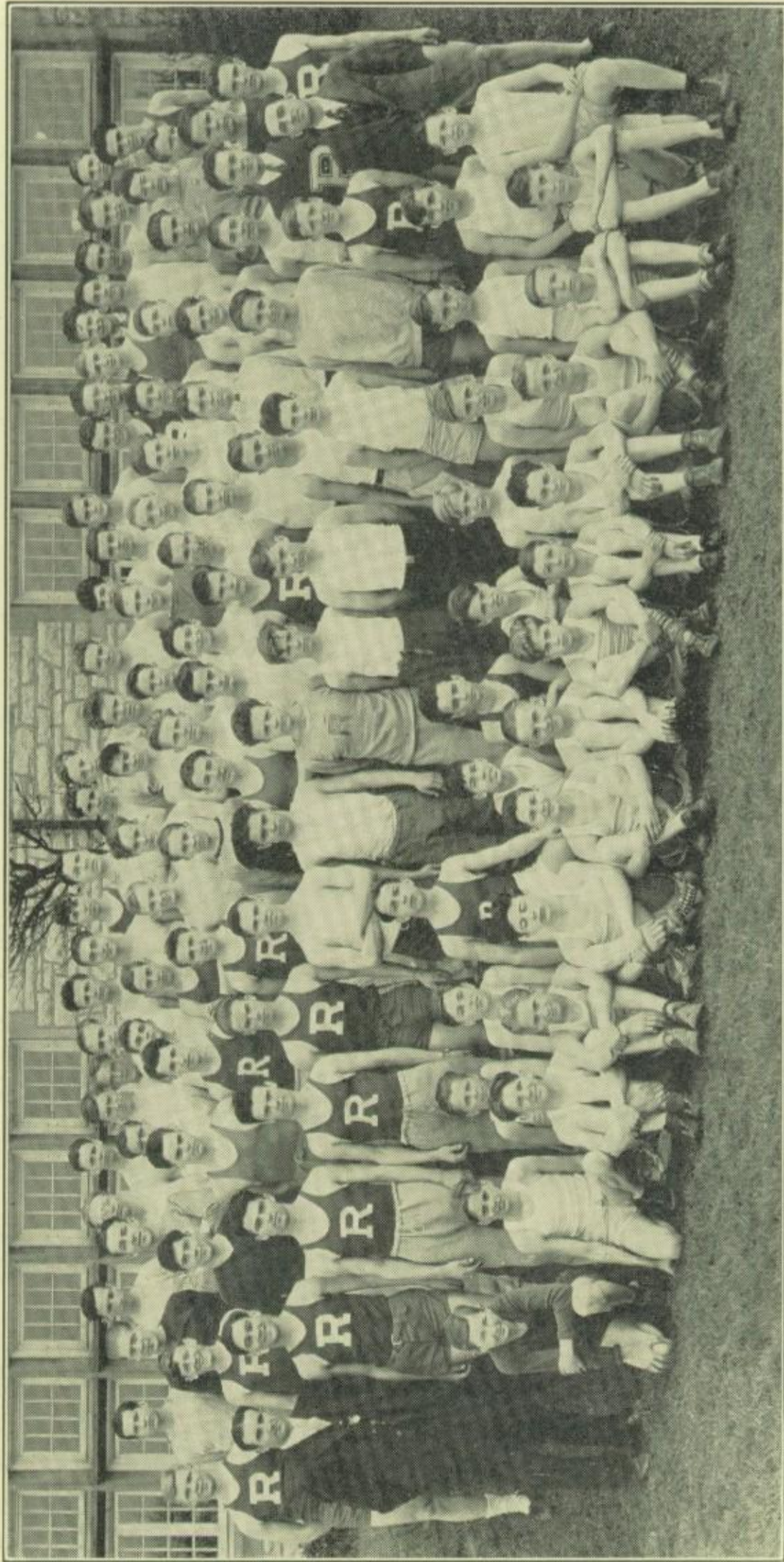
Roosevelt suffered her only defeat at the hands of the state champions, University City. Hoffman came through in fine style to win the 100 and 220-yard dashes in the senior division, but University City was a little too much for the team as a whole. The score was: University City— $135\frac{1}{2}$, Roosevelt— $63\frac{1}{2}$.

The team was far from downhearted by its defeat, for in its next meet, with Beaumont, the two divisions piled up a total of $200\frac{1}{3}$ points to Beaumont's $68\frac{2}{3}$.

The last dual meet was with Central. The team was rounding out in good condition and had no trouble in taking the meet, 139 to 59.

Then came the climax of the track season, the Interscholastic. Roosevelt, lead by George Hancock, the senior captain, and Wally Schoenbeck, the junior captain, and inspired by Barbara Schaefer, the Track Queen, led by far in the number of qualifiers. In the finals, Coach Granger's work bore fruit as Roosevelt, winning all divisions, amassed a grand total of $113\frac{1}{2}$ points, more than twice as much as the nearest rival, Soldan, with $51\frac{1}{2}$ points.

Starting with the 100-yard dash, Hoffman won first in near record time. In the senior 440, Hancock took only a third. Beeman took fourth. Hoffman



TRACK TEAM

BWANA

won the 220. Jacobi won the mile easily, and Toon took third. Graul lost first in the shot put by a few inches and had to be content with second. Heineman took third. Militzer won the 880, and Percy took fourth. Heineman tied for third in the high jump. At this point, with only the relay left to be run, the senior team was tied with Soldan for first place. The relay team, composed of Ashby, Howlett, Hancock, and Hoffman, had to show its fighting spirit, and the boys did, fighting all the way.

The junior division was easier. J. Seidel won first in the 100 in 10.4, tying the record. Brooke came from behind to take second in the 440. He started slowly, and was not able to take first as he was expected to do. A. Seidel took fourth in the 50. J. Seidel took first; Berg, second; and St. Denis, fourth in the 220. The Seidel brothers did a lot for Roosevelt. In the 120 low hurdles Wally Schoenbeck was an easy winner with a time of 14:6, breaking the old record. McDougall took second; and St. Denis, fourth. In the 880, Brooks put up a strong fight but was defeated. In taking second, he pushed Green of Blewett to a new record. Hilmer took third in the shot. Wally Schoenbeck won the high jump by setting a new record of 5 feet, 8 inches. This was not as good as he had done against East St. Louis. In the pole vault, Kincaid took second. In the broad jump, J. Seidel took second and Wally Schoenbeck took fourth. The relay team, composed of Berg, Loftus, St. Denis, and J. Seidel, won, winding up the junior division with a victory for Roosevelt.

MONCRIEFF SMITH



POINT WINNERS—TRACK MEET

Two Hundred Thirty-one

BWANA

MIDGET DIVISION

The Midgets under Coach Kuntz again did their share of point-winning at the twenty-fourth annual Field Day Meet and won the championship in their division. Led by their diminutive captain, Russell Schoenbeck, who broke the record for the 75-yard low hurdles, they secured a total of twenty-eight points, a score which was fifteen points ahead of their closest competitor, Ben Blewett. The Rough Riders had only four dual meets but did exceptionally well in each. They started their brilliant season by trouncing Soldan 43 to 16. Russell Schoenbeck, Herbert Meredith, Edwin Reid, and Houska were the leading scorers. In the following meet which was held with Beaumont, they walked away from Beaumont, for they won $48\frac{2}{3}$ to $10\frac{1}{3}$. Charles Link paced the attack by securing 10 points, including a tie for first in the 75-yard dash, first in the 50-yard dash, and third in the broad jump. The meet with Blewett was rather exciting due to the close score of $31\frac{1}{2}$ to $27\frac{1}{2}$, with the Rooseveltians again coming out on top. They then journeyed to the Stadium and overwhelmed Central in their last dual meet by a score of $40\frac{1}{2}$ to $18\frac{1}{2}$. Houska led his team-mates with $10\frac{1}{2}$ points.

In the preliminaries the midgets qualified fourteen men for the finals to the seven qualifying for Central, which was second in the listing of the seven schools. Schoenbeck broke the only record when he raced over the 75-yard low hurdles in 10:9 seconds to beat Bill Layne of McKinley, another fine hurdler.

In the interscholastic meet the midgets secured twenty-eight points to help Roosevelt win in all three divisions for the third consecutive time. Russell Schoenbeck again proved his record breaking caliber when he set a new interscholastic record of 10:9 seconds for the 75-yard low hurdlers. Other outstanding midgets were Link, Meredith, Allen, Fleming, Hellwig, and Houska. May next year's team be as successful and keep up the fine record of the previous midget teams!

BOND FLOWER





Real Rooseveltians



Cheer Leaders and Rooters



Rough Riders



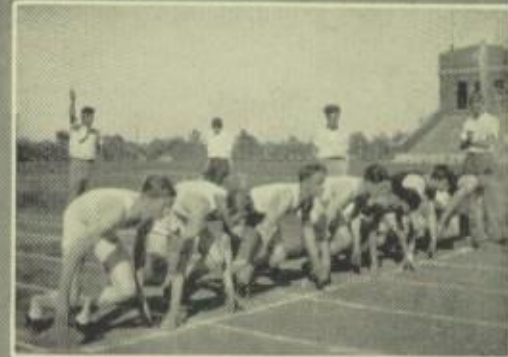
Track Queen and Maids of Honor



Milton Hoffmann



Dead Heat



Win/ Roosevelt/



On Your Marks!



Loading The Busses

FIELD DAY VIEWS



Point Winners



Wilfred Jacobi



Mr. Castleman



Mr. Lorenzen



View From Library



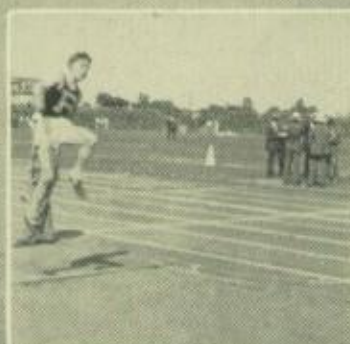
Crimson — White



Yea — Roosevelt!



Our Cheer Leaders



'Warming Up'



Fred Mueller Harold Krause

FIELD DAY VIEWS

HUMOR



H. H.

BWANA

Orator: Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster——"

Listener: "Good night! I'm going to get out of here before he gets started on the dictionary."

✓ ✓ ✓

Golfer (far off in the rough): "Say, caddy, why do you keep looking at your watch?"

Caddy: "It isn't a watch; it's a compass."

✓ ✓ ✓

Sandy: "Hoo is it, Jack, that ye make sich an enairmous profit off your potatoes whin ye gie a special price to each friend?"

Jack: "Well, I take a half-crown off the price because he's a friend o' mine; then I take ten pounds off the hundred because I'm a friend of his."

✓ ✓ ✓

Read this trick sentence:

Federal Fuses Are The Result Of Years Of Scientific Study Combined With The Experience Of Years.

How many F's are there in that sentence? Count them only once—don't go back and count them again.

Look for answer on page 251 in Adv. section.

✓ ✓ ✓

Discontented Wife: "Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now."

Husband: "That's why."

✓ ✓ ✓

Teacher: "In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, say, 'I die happy'."

John: "I think it was his last battle."

Two Hundred Thirty-six

A match has a head but no face.
A watch has a face but no head.

A river has a mouth but no tongue.
A wagon has a tongue but no mouth.

An umbrella has ribs but no trunk.
A tree has a trunk but no ribs.

A clock has hands but no arms.
The sea has arms but no hands.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"
"The woman."

✓ ✓ ✓

Dealer: "That, sir, is a rare old revolver. It was carried by Christopher Columbus."

Customer: "What! Why, revolvers were not invented in that time."

Dealer: "I know that; that is what makes them so valuable."

✓ ✓ ✓

"Dad, can we move soon?"
"Move? Why?"
"Aw, I've licked all the kids around here."

✓ ✓ ✓

Bronson: "Isn't Jenkins fond of arguing?"

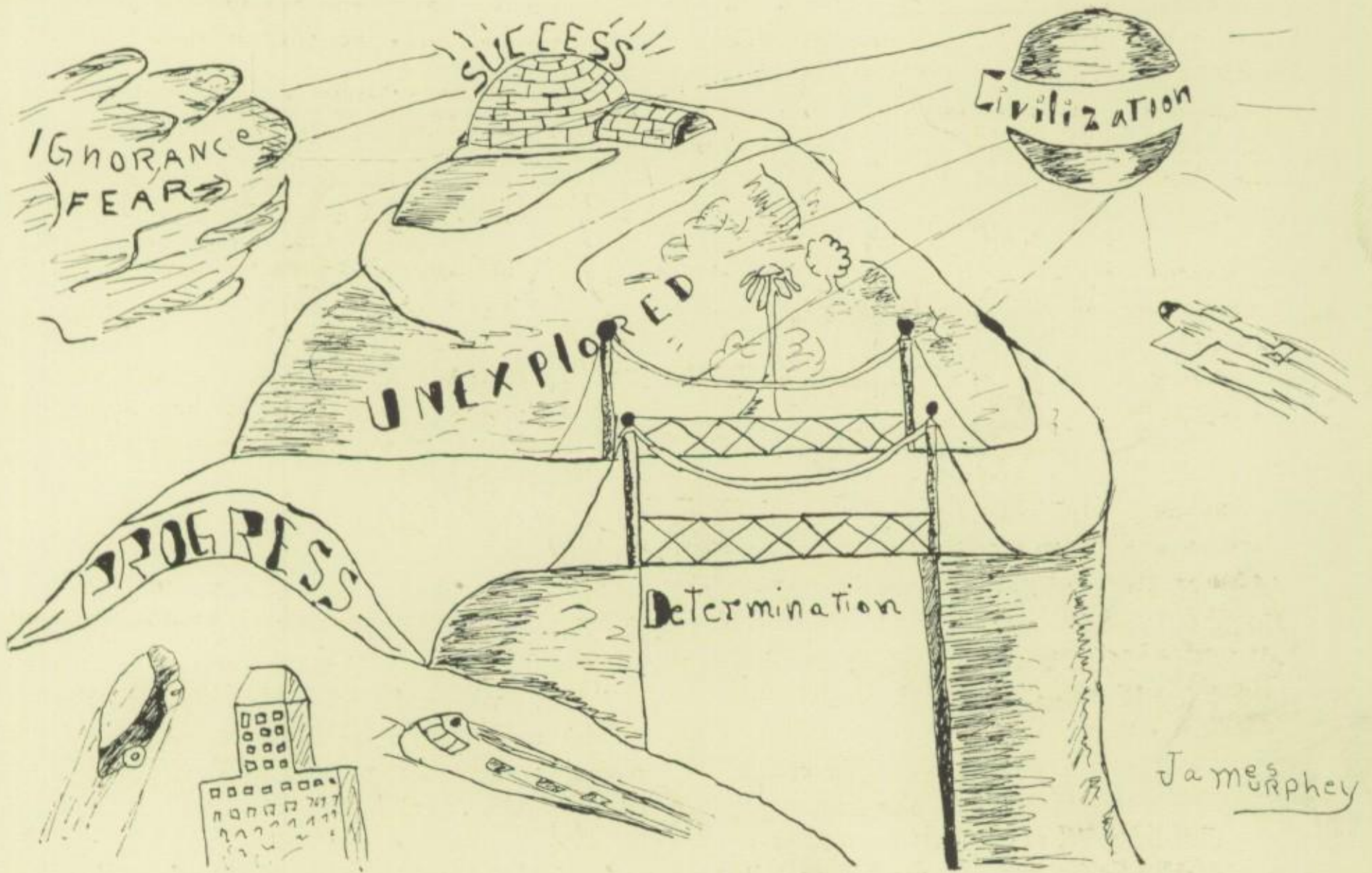
Johnson: "I should say he is. Why he won't even eat anything that agrees with him."

✓ ✓ ✓

Nervous Passenger: "Don't drive so quickly around the corners. It makes me frightened."

Chauffeur: "You don't want to get scared. Do what I do—shut your eyes when we come to the corners."

BWANA



She: "Why, Doctor, you told me to show my tongue, and you haven't even looked at it."

Doctor: "No, it was only to keep you quiet while I wrote the prescription."

1 1 1

Would-be Poet: "I put my whole mind in this verse."

Teacher: "I see that it is blank verse."

1 1 1

Teacher: "Use the word 'gender' in a sentence."

Student: "The gender in our apartment house never has it warm enough in winter."

First Waiter: "What is the difference between a Scotchman and a canoe?"

Second Waiter: "What?"

First Waiter: "A canoe tips sometimes."

1 1 1

"How much do you get out of your new car?"

"Oh, about fifty miles to a fender."

1 1 1

Doctor (to a railroad employee): "Your operation will be a minor one, and I will give you a local anesthetic."

Employee: "If it hurts any at all, Doctor, cut out the local and run me through on a sleeper."

Two Hundred Thirty-seven

BWANA



Marvin Schneider

Visitor: "Weren't there two windmills here before?"

Boy: "Yes, but there wasn't enough wind for both, so they took one down."

1 1 1

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the lady from the country to the bell boy. "I am not going to pay my good money for such a small room, just because I'm from a small town."

The boy interrupted, "Step in, madam. This is the elevator."

1 1 1

Teacher: "Where is Chicago located?"

Pupil: "At the bottom of Lake Michigan."

1 1 1

Oak: "What suit is that you're wearing?"

Broke: "That's my insomnia suit!"

Oak: "What d'you mean — insomnia suit?"

Broke: "Hasn't had a nap for years."

1 1 1

Downstairs: "Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs: "Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."

"Here's a pass to the carnival," said the Scotchman.

"Thank ye, 'arry," said his wife.

"And hark ye, Bonnie, when he comes to the trick where he takes a teaspoon o' sugar and one egg and makes fifteen sponge cakes, watch ver' careful."

1 1 1

Social Worker: "Is your husband much of a provider?"

Woman: "He ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He's the pervidin'est man I ever see. He's gwine to get some new furniture, providin' he gets de money, providin' he goes to work, providin' de job suits him."

1 1 1

Rastus and Sam were both working one day when all of a sudden Rastus sat down.

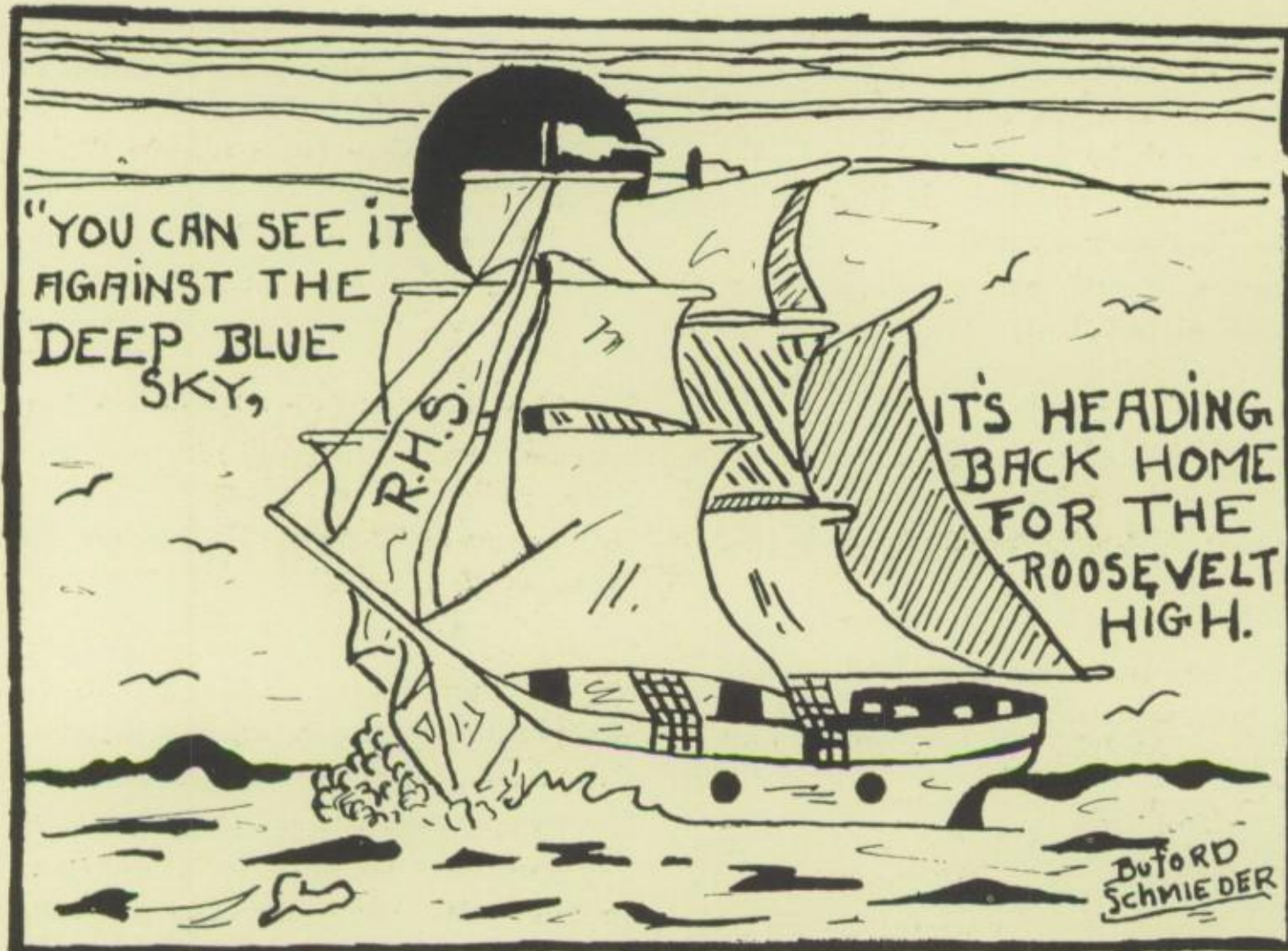
"Yo'-all am plum' lazy," commented Sam. "What yo' studyin' about?"

Rastus replied, "Ah was jest a-wishin' foh a million-times-a-million dollahs."

"Effen yo' had dat much money, wouldn't yo' give ole Sam jest a leetle?"

"What yo' talkin' about bein' lazy foh," returned Rastus, "when yo'-all too lazy to wish foh yo' own money!"

BWANA



Athlete: "Mom, this spaghetti reminds me of football."

Mother: "How, son?"

Athlete: "Always ten more yards to go."

1 1 1

Teacher: "Is there anything that hibernates in the summer?"

Pupil: "There's Santa Claus."

1 1 1

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Big Business man.

"Communication from your college son," answered Miss Stenographer. "A short letter."

"How much is he short?"

1 1 1

Steward: "How would you like your breakfast, sir?"

Seasick Passenger: "With an anchor on it, if you don't mind."

It was pouring. Two men who had quarreled went out in the rain to settle their differences. They fought until one got the other on his back and held him there.

"Will you give up?" he asked, and the reply was "No."

After a time the question was repeated, but again the reply was "No."

"Then," said the other, "will you get on top for a while and let me get under? I'm getting all wet."

1 1 1

"If I were trying to match politeness," said the woman customer, glaring at the shop assistant, "I'd have rather a job to find it here."

The assistant, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Let me see your samples, madam," he said.

Two Hundred Thirty-nine

BWANA

A Scotchman was about to start a round of golf and was looking for a caddie. At length he picked out one who seemed to have the qualities he required and asked him: "Are you good at finding balls?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then find one, and we shall begin," commanded the Scot.

1 1 1

Patient: "My wife tells me I talk in my sleep, doctor. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Nothing that you shouldn't."

1 1 1

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a professor to a college student who was more fond of sports than study. "You ought to learn to write better."

"It's all very well for you to tell me that," replied the student, "but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

1 1 1

Before a football game, a small boy said to his mother, "I can tell you the score of the game before it starts."

"All right, dear, what is it?" asked the mother.

"Nothing to nothing, before it starts," replied the son.

1 1 1

Grandmother: "Why, Bennie, what a big dinner you are eating for such a very little boy!"

Bennie: "Yes, Grandma, I know I ain't very big but I've got an awful thin shell."

1 1 1

Why is it dangerous to keep a clock at the head of a pair of stairs?

Because it sometimes runs down.

Two Hundred Forty

Junior Partner (to pretty stenographer): "Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Dale?"

Stenographer (hopefully): "No, not a thing."

Junior Partner: "Then try to be at the office earlier Monday morning, will you?"

1 1 1

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Jimmy: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

1 1 1

A young woman advanced to the paying teller's window and presented a check for \$100.00, saying that it was a birthday present from her husband. The teller told her that she must first endorse it.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, hesitatingly.

"Well, you see," he explained, "you must write your name on the back of the check so that when we return it to your husband, he will know we have paid you the money."

"Oh, I see," she replied, evidently relieved.

A minute later she returned the check with the following endorsement:

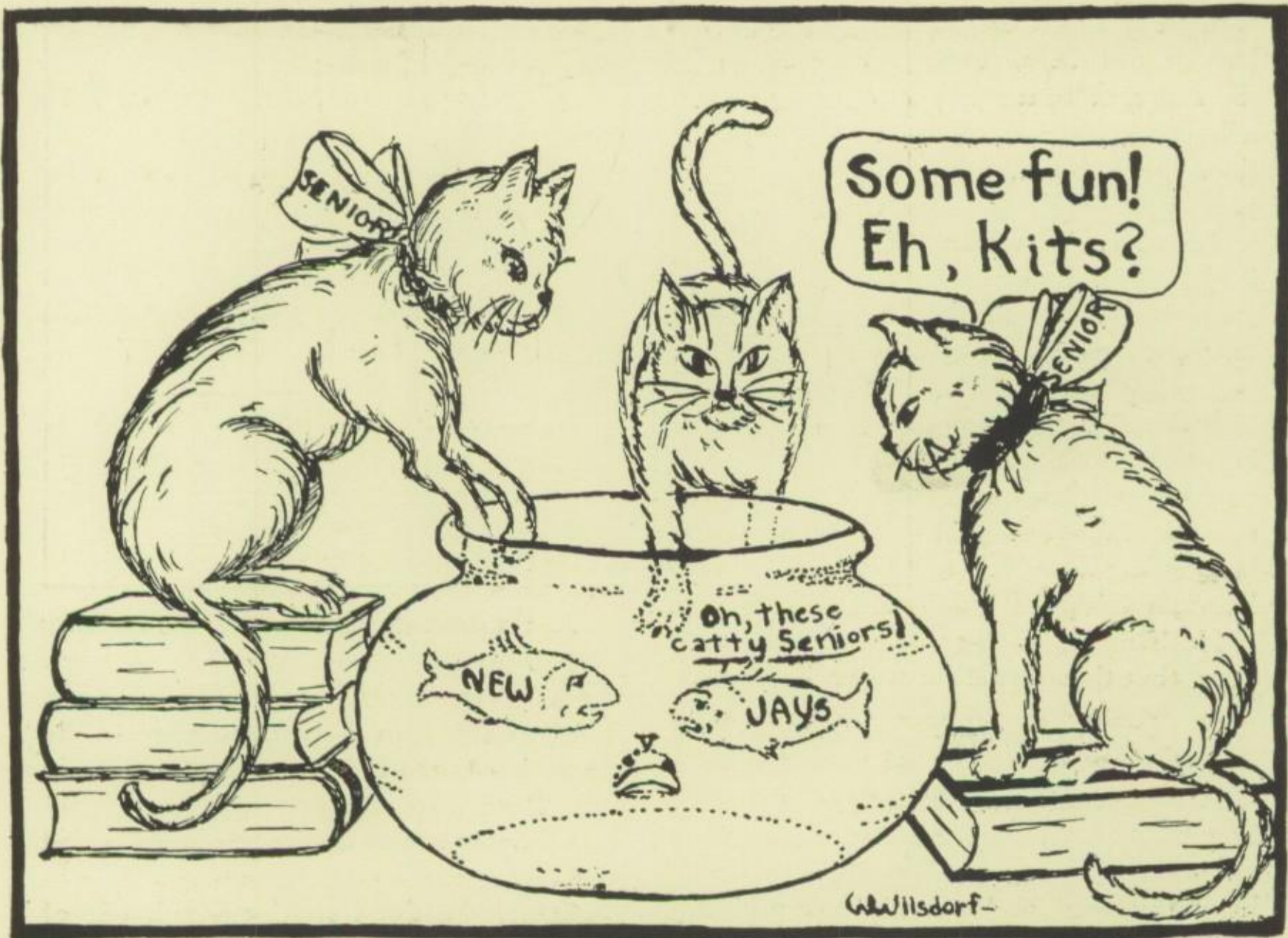
"Many thanks, darling, I've got the money. Your loving wife, Helen."

1 1 1

Mrs. New-Rich (looking at the house plan): "What's this thing here going to be?"

Architect: "That is an Italian staircase."

Mrs. New-Rich: "Just a waste of money. We probably won't ever have any Italians coming to see us."



Teacher: "How many fingers have you?"

Bobbie: "Ten."

Teacher: "Well, if four were missing, what would you have then?"

Bobbie: "No music lesson."

1 1 1

Recruiting Officer: "Do you want to join the cavalry?"

Colored Recruit: "No, sah, when they blows retreat, ah cain't be bothered wit a hoss."

1 1 1

Fond Mother: "Northcutt has many original ideas, has he not?"

Teacher: "Yes, especially in spelling."

"You surprise me, for look at the time you take. Jack would be horribly annoyed."

"It is like this, when he tells me to hurry, I say, 'All right, dear. Get your hat and stick, and I will be with you!'"

"Well?"

"You see, I previously hide them both, and when I go down and find them for him, it is he who has to apologize for keeping me waiting."

1 1 1

Lady about to take her first airplane ride: "Is this airplane absolutely safe?"

Pilot: "Yes, sir! Safest on earth!"

Two Hundred Forty-one

BWANA

Mrs. Snooper: "I wonder if it is true, as Dr. Jacobi says, that the baby of today has a better chance of life than the baby of fifty years ago."

Snooper: "Certainly it is. The baby of fifty years ago is half a century old now."

Wife: "John, I saw in the paper that a nautical mile is nearly seventy more than a land mile. Why is that, I wonder?"

Husband: "Well-er-, you know, my dear, that things swell in water."

A physician tells this story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of nine, after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks. His restless nature had made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said: "I certainly will have to ask your father to come to see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy.

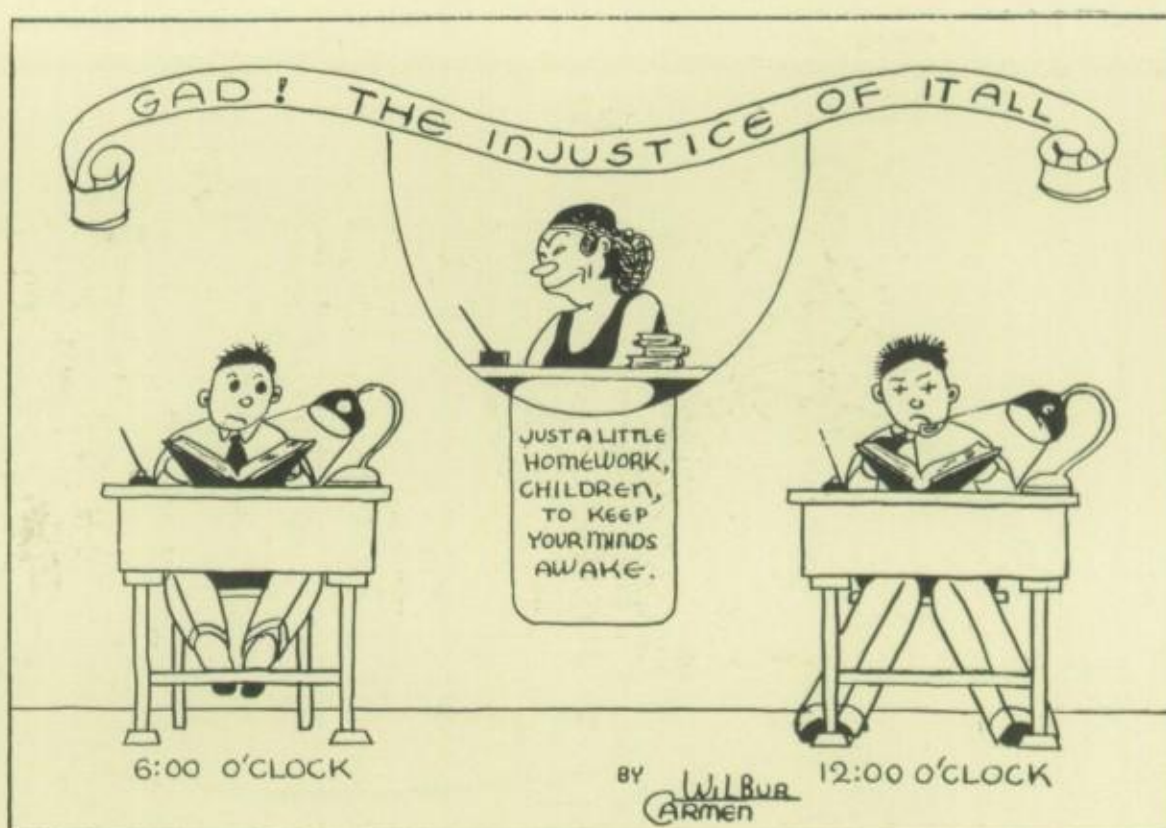
The teacher thought that she had made an impression. "Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he charges three dollars a visit," said the scamp.

Two Hundred Forty-two



A prominent physician was recently called to his telephone by a colored woman formerly in the service of his wife. In great agitation the woman advised the physician that her youngest child was in a bad way.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Doc, she done swallowed a bottle of ink!"

"I shall be over there in a short while to see her," said the doctor. "Have you done anything for her?"

"I done give her three pieces o' blottin' paper, doc," said the colored woman doubtfully.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were working together on the docks in Liverpool when somehow the Scotchman slipped and fell into the water, and, being unable to swim and struggling in the water for some time, he shouted out: "Pat, will you drop me a line?"

"What is the use, man?" Pat said. "Sure there is no postoffice where you are going."

BWANA



"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"What for?"

"Cause every time I ask Dad for anything he says, 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"

"Jim, I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked in your pockets?"

"Sure, all but the left-hand hip pocket."

"Well, why don't you look in that?"

"Because—if it isn't there, I'll drop dead."

1 1 1

Boy Scout to elderly lady: "May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

Elderly Lady: "Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

1 1 1

Billy said to his daddy, "Daddy, if you give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mother."

"All right," said the father.

"Do you want some ice today?"

1 1 1

Liza, the cook, answered the telephone one morning, and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

Liza was in no mood for trifling questions and said with some asperity, "You ought to know. You called it."

Mistress: "When do you think you could come? You see, I have the spring housekeeping to consider."

Maid: "Well, I could come in about three weeks if you are quite sure you could get it all finished before then."

1 1 1

A corporal was marching in front of his squad when he overheard a voice in the rear rank say, "This squad is like a flivver. The crank is in front."

"Yes," snapped the corporal, "but the nuts are all behind."

1 1 1

Pedestrian (to boy leading a skinny mongrel pup): "What kind of dog is that, my boy?"

Boy: "This is a police dog."

Pedestrian: "That does not look like a police dog."

Boy: "Nope, it is in the secret service."

1 1 1

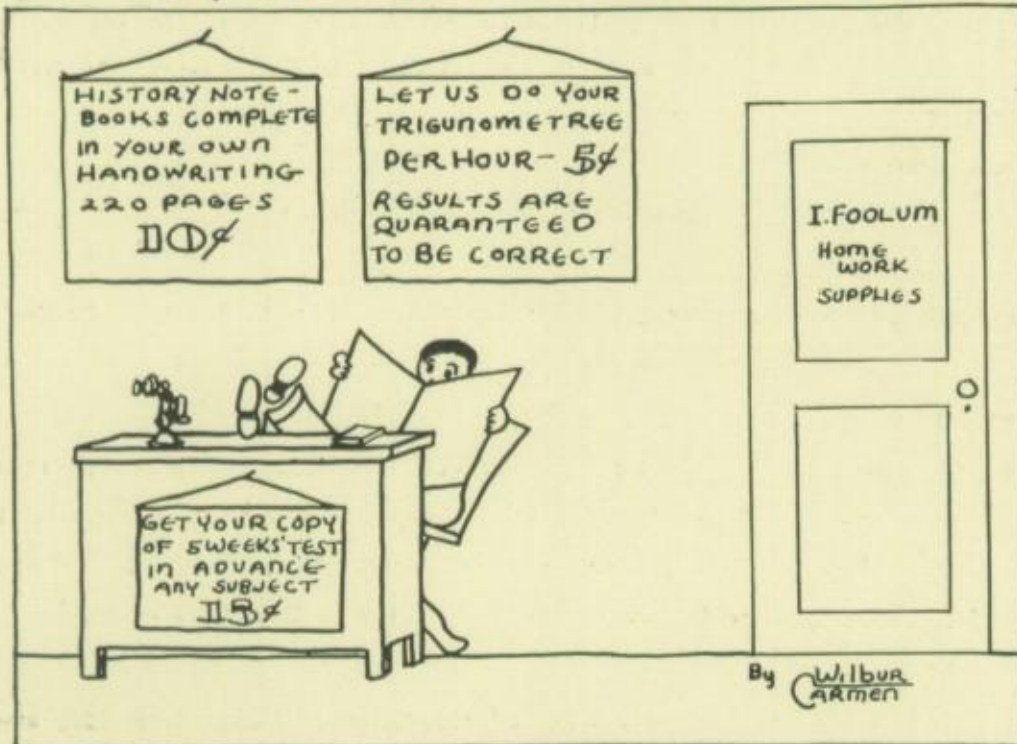
"Did you pay cash for your new car?"

"All but the battery — I had that charged."

Two Hundred Forty-three

BWANA

GOOD NEWS FOR FAILURES



WOULD YOU THINK IT?

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth \$65,000. *That's genius.*

Some men can sign a check and make it worth \$50,000. *That's capital.*

The government can take an ounce of silver worth 50c and make it worth one dollar. *That's money.*

A mechanic can take material worth \$15.00 and make it into watch springs worth \$50.00. *That's skill.*

An artist can take a 50c piece canvas, and paint a picture on it worth hundreds of dollars. *That's art.*

A merchant can take an article costing 75c and sell it for \$1. *That's business.*

A girl can buy a hat for \$2.99 but prefers one for \$29.00. *That's vanity.*

The author of this can write a check for \$9,000, but it wouldn't be worth a cent. *That's tough.*

1 1 1

Wanted—A man for gardening, also to take charge of a cow who can sing in the choir and play the organ.

Two Hundred Forty-four

Rufus: "Why are you looking so sad, Sambo?"

Sambo: "Well, first I get rheumatism, then, arteriosclerosis, and then tuberculosis."

Rufus: "Why, you do not look so sick, Sambo."

Sambo: "I was not sick. I was in a spelling contest."

1 1 1

Policeman: "How did you come to get hit by an automobile?"

Rube: "I did not come to get hit by an automobile. I came to see my nephew."

1 1 1

"That electrician, I notice, had a professional eye when he bought his dog."

"How so?"

"He selected a wire-haired terrier."

1 1 1

There was a young fellow named Hall
Who fell in the spring in the fall.

'Twould have been a sad thing
Had he died in the spring,
But he didn't, he died in the fall.

1 1 1

Dolly was just home after her first day at school.

"Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied Dolly, "I've got to go again."

1 1 1

Politician: "I'm exceedingly pleased to see such a dense crowd gathered here tonight."

Voice: "Don't be too pleased; we're not all dense."

BWANA

Policeman: "We'll have to get out the whole force to handle the crowd today."

Friend: "What is it, parade or convention?"

Policeman: "Neither. The manager at the ball park has advertised for an office boy."

1 1 1

"James," said the wife to her husband, "how do you like my new hat?"

"Well, my dear," said the husband, with great candor, "to tell you the truth——"

"Stop right there, James," said she, "if you're going to talk that way about it, I don't want to know."

1 1 1

"Do you think he put enough fire into his speech?"

"Rather. The trouble was he didn't put enough of his speech in the fire."

1 1 1

Tidrow to Caddy: "Notice any improvement since last year?"

Caddie: "Had your clubs shined up, haven't you?"

1 1 1

Irate Father: "Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner?"

Dubious Danny: "Now that I have seen her in the daylight I rather wonder myself."

1 1 1

A: "What became of that bill the store sent to us?"

B: "Oh, I sent it back marked 'insufficient funds'."

1 1 1

A student who had been conditioned telegraphed this to his anxious family: "Examinations splendid; professor enthusiastic; they wish me to repeat in October."

"Bobbie, don't you know it is not polite to take the last piece of cake? Why don't you offer it to your friend?"

"I would, mother, only I know too well he would take it."

1 1 1

Gas Station Attendant: "How's your oil?"

Negro Motorist: "Ah's fine. How's you' all?"

1 1 1

Have you heard the one about the two Scotchmen who walked twenty miles to a ball game? But they didn't see it—they were too tired to climb the fence.

1 1 1

It was little George's first time at the opera. The conductor took his place in the orchestra pit and began to wave his baton, and the famous soprano began to sing. "What's the man shaking the stick at the woman for?" the boy asked his mother.

"Keep quiet," whispered his mother. "He isn't shaking the stick at the woman."

Little George was not convinced. "Well, then, what's she hollering for?"

1 1 1

Mary: "I want to do some shopping today if the weather is nice. What is the forecast?"

Father (consulting paper): "Rain, hurricane, tornado, thunder, and lightning."

1 1 1

Teacher: "Now, Harold, can you tell me what letter this is?"

Small Harold: "No, ma'am."

Teacher: "You can't? Why, surely you know what comes after 'T', don't you?"

Small Harold: "Yes, ma'am; sister Geraldine's young man."

Two Hundred Forty-five

BWANA



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Two Hundred Forty-six

1935



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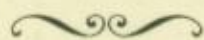
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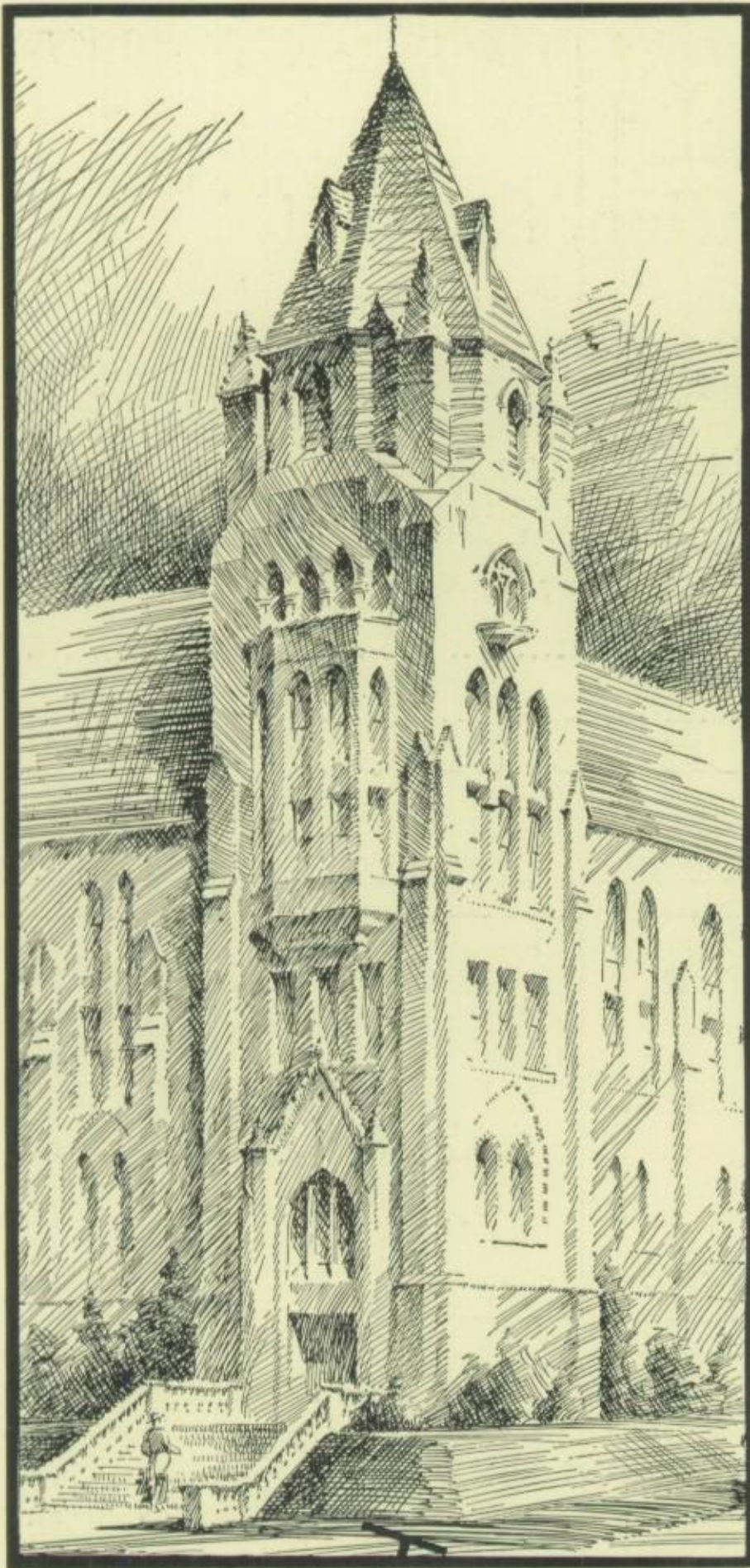
Answer to trick sentence on page 236.

There are six F's in the sentence. An average intelligence recollects three of them. If you spotted four, you're above average. If you got five, you can turn up your nose at almost anybody. If you caught all six you're a genius.

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Indian: "No sick."

Druggist: "Then what is all this cough syrup for?"

Indian: "Likum on pancakes."

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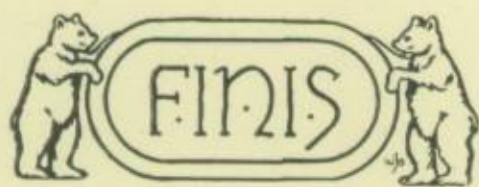
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